THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:

COMPREHENDING

A Life of the Poet,

AND

AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

BY

THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.

WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ
ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

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RICHARD II.

HENRY IV. PART I.

KING RICHARD II.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS history comprises but little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the Duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret Castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in Camden's Annals, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the Earl of Essex, who was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my Lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of Cuffe and Merick, vol. iv. p. 412, of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing King Richard the Second;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly, however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakspeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*. FARMER.

Bacon elsewhere glances at the same transaction: "And for your comparison with Richard II. I see you follow the example of them that *brought him upon the stage, and into print in Queen Elizabeth's time*." *Works*, vol. iv. p. 278. The partizans of Essex had, therefore, procured the publication as well as the acting of this play. HOLT WHITE.

There is not any ground for supposing that the old play above-mentioned, which represented the deposition and murder of

Richard the Second, was ever printed; nor does the passage quoted from Bacon, by Mr. Holt White, furnish any authority for such a supposition. If that gentleman had informed us from what edition of Bacon his extract was made, we might have more minutely examined the context; which, for want of that aid, is beyond my reach. Certainly the passage is not in p. 278 of the fourth volume of Bacon's Works, edited by Mallet. But, be it where it may, it has been entirely misunderstood. "Those who brought Richard the Second upon the stage, and those who brought him into *print*," were different persons: Sir Gilly Merick and others brought him on the stage, and Sir John Heyward brought him into *print*, in Queen Elizabeth's time, which was in 1599, when he published his history of the first year of Henry the Fourth; for which he was imprisoned. Unquestionably, this old play, like many others, was never printed, and I fear has long since perished. If it could be recovered, it would be a great curiosity.

It is, in my apprehension, highly improbable that it should have afforded a single line to Shakspeare; and I cannot but wonder that Dr. Farmer should have given any countenance to the idle notion entertained by Mr. Pope on this subject, that "some of the rhyming parts in this tragedy were of a different hand." Whoever will carefully examine the productions of Shakspeare's predecessors, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Kyd, will find that they rhymed whenever they could conveniently; and ceased to rhyme when they grew weary of its fetters; and betook themselves to their ordinary metre. It appears always to have been thought a beauty whenever it could be attained. Shakspeare, therefore, in all his early plays, and particularly in his early tragedies, after the example of the elder dramatists, introduced rhyme where he could; in his latter plays he employed it more sparingly. To suspect, therefore, any of his plays, or any part of them, not to be genuine, because they abound in rhyming couplets, is certainly a very idle and unfounded notion.

This beautiful tragedy, of which Mr. Garrick thought so highly, that he once intended to have revived it, in my opinion bears the stamp of our poet's hand as evidently as any he ever wrote; by which I mean, that it is as manifestly his production, as his more highly wrought and finished pieces. It was, I conceive, his first tragick performance; and, I believe, was written in 1593. See the Essay on the Chronological Order of his Plays, vol. i. MALONE.

The passage referred to by Mr. Holt White may be found in Mallet's edition, vol. iv. p. 320. BOSWELL.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of Henry IV. and not of Richard II.

Camden calls it—"exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi;" and Lord Bacon (in his account of The

Effect of that which passed at the Arraignment of Merick and others,) says: "That the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick had procured to be played before them, the play of deposing King Richard the Second." But in a more particular account of the proceeding against Merick, which is printed in the State Trials, vol. vii. p. 60, the matter is stated thus: "The story of Henry IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly Merick and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of Henry IV. The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir Gilly Merick gives forty shillings to Phillips the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

Augustine Philippes was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouse with Shakspeare, in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not Shakspeare's Henry IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakspeare was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

There were four quarto editions of this play published during the life of Shakspeare, 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615. Most of the material alterations have been already pointed out in the notes.

BOSWELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD the Second.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York; } Uncles to
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster; } the King.
HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards KING HENRY IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE[1], Son to the Duke of York.
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY. EARL BERKLEY[2].
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } Creatures to King Richard.
GREEN, }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND: HENRY PERCY, his Son.
LORD ROSS[3]. LORD WILLOUGHBY. LORD FITZWATER.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE. Abbot of Westminster.
LORD MARSHAL; and another Lord.
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

[1] Duke of AUMERLE,] *Aumerle,* or *Aumale,* is the French for what we now call *Albemarle,* which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS.

[2] EARL Berkley.] It ought to be *Lord* Berkley. There was no *Earl* Berkley till some ages after. STEEVENS.

[3] Lord ROSS.] Now spelt *Roos,* one of the Duke of Rutland's titles. STEEVENS.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN OF GAUNT, *and other Nobles, with him.*

K. RICH. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster[4],

[4] OLD John of Gaunt, TIME-HONOUR'D Lancaster,] It may not be improper here to make an observation to which I shall have frequent occasion to refer. Our ancestors, in their estimate of old age, appear to have reckoned somewhat differently from us, and to have considered men as old whom we should now esteem middle aged. With them, every man that had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man. John of Gaunt, who is here introduced in that character with the additional of "*time-honour'd* Lancaster," was at this time only 58 years old. He was born at Ghent in 1340, and our present play commences in 1398; he died in 1399, aged 59.

King Henry is represented by Daniel, in his poem of Rosamond, as extremely old when he had a child by that lady. Henry was born at Mentz in 1133, and died on the 7th July, 1189, at the age of 56. Robert, Earl of Leicester, is called an old man by Spencer in a letter to Gabriel Harvey in 1582; at which time Leicester was not fifty years old: and the French Admiral Coligny is represented by his biographer, Lord Huntington, as a very old man, though at the time of his death he was but fifty-three.

These various instances fully ascertain what has been stated, and account for the appellation here given to John of Gaunt. I believe this is made in some measure to arise from its being customary to enter into life, in former times, at an earlier period than we do now. Those who were married at fifteen, had at fifty been masters of a house and family for thirty-five years. MALONE.

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band[5],
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son[6];
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

[5] — thy oath and BAND,] When these publick challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. iii. st. 3:

"The day was set, that all might understand,
"And pledges *pawn'd* the same to keep aright."

The old copies read *band* instead of *bond*. The former is right. So, in The Comedy of Errors:

"My master is arrested on a *band*." STEEVENS.

Band and *bond* were formerly synonymous. See note on The Comedy of Errors, Act IV. Sc. II. MALONE.

[6] Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;] It is clear, from the original quarto copy of this play, 1597, where we constantly find Bolingbroke's title written *Herford*, that the author used the word as a dissyllable.

Hardynge, in his Chronicle, always writes either *Herford* or *Harford*; and so also Rastal, in his Pastime of the People. This, therefore, we may be sure, was the pronunciation of Shakspeare's time, as well as of a preceding period. MALONE.

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE[7] *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come[8];
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;

[7] —BOLINGBROKE—] Drayton asserts that Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was not distinguished by the name of Bolingbroke till after he had assumed the crown. Our ancient historians, in speaking of his contest with the Duke of Norfolk, denominate him Earl of Hereford. He was surnamed of Bolingbroke town, in Lincolnshire, from his having been born there about the year 1366. MALONE.

[8] —by the cause you come;] i. e. you come on. The suppression of the preposition has been, on more than one occasion, shewn to have been frequent with Shakspeare. BOSWELL.

Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn [9] sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable [1]

[9] — right-drawn—] Drawn in a right or just cause. JOHNSON.

[1] —inhabitable —] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable.* JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the word in the same sense in his Catiline:
" And pour'd on some *inhabitable* place."

Again, in Taylor the water-poet's Short Relation of a Long Journey, &c. " —there stands a strong castle, but the town is all spoil'd, and almost *inhabitable* by the late lamentable troubles." STEEVENS.

Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king [2];
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise [3].

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light *,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us [4]
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

* Quarto 1608,—And when I mount *alive*, alive may I not light.

So also, Braithwaite, in his Survey of Histories, 1614: "Others, in imitation of some valiant knights, have frequented desarts and *inhabited* provinces." Malone.

[2] — the king;] So the first quarto. The second quarto reads *a king*, and was followed by all subsequent editors. Malone.

[3] What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.] So the quarto 1597. Quarto 1598, "What I have spoke, or thou canst devise." Quarto 1608, "What I have spoke, or *what* thou canst devise." Folio, "What I have *spoken*, or thou canst devise." Boswell.

[4] — that can INHERIT us, &c.] To *inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare. Again, in Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. II.:

"———— such delight
"Among fresh female buds shall you this night
"*Inherit* at my house." Steevens.

See vol. vi. p. 28, n. 8. Malone.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments[4],
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further, I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death[5];
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries[6];
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

[4] —for LEWD employments,] *Lewd* here signifies *wicked*. It is so used in many of our old statutes. MALONE.

It sometimes signifies—*idle*.

Thus, in King Richard III.:

"But you must trouble him with *lewd* complaints."

STEEVENS.

[5] —the duke of Gloster's death;] Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III.; who was murdered at Calais, in 1397. MALONE.

See Froissart's Chronicle, vol. ii. cap. CC. xxvi. STEEVENS.

[6] SUGGEST his soon-believing adversaries;] i. e. prompt, set them on by injurious hints. Thus, in The Tempest:

"They'll take *suggestion*, as a cat laps milk." STEEVENS.

Till I have told this slander of his blood[7],
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my scepter's awe[8] I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen[9]:

[7] —this slander of his blood,] i. e. this reproach to his ancestry. Steevens.

To the king's ancestry, as Richard's answer shows. Malone.

[8] — my scepter's awe —] The reverence due to my scepter. Johnson.

[9] Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:] The Duke of Norfolk was joined in commission with Edward Earl of Rutland (the Aumerle of this play) to go to France in the year 1395, in the king's name, to demand in marriage (Isabel, the queen of our present drama) the eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth, then between seven and eight years of age. The contract of marriage was confirmed by the French King in March, 1396; and on November, 1396, Richard was married to his young consort in the chapel of St. Nicholas, in Calais, by ———, Archbishop of Canterbury. His first wife, Anne, daughter to the Emperor of Germany, Charles the Fourth, whom he had married in 1382, died at Shene, on Whitsunday, 1394. His marriage with Isabella, as is manifest from her age, was merely political; and accordingly it was accompanied with an agreement for a truce between France and England, for thirty years. Malone.

Now swallow down that lie.——————For Gloster's death,——
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician[1];
Deep malice makes too deep incision:

[1] This we prescribe, though no physician; &c.] I must make one remark in general on the *rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are so much inferior to the rest of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect, without the inserted rhymes, except in a very few places; and just there too, the rhyming verses are of a much better taste than all the others, which rather strengthens my conjecture.

POPE.

"This observation of Mr. Pope's (says Mr. Edwards) happens to be very unluckily placed here, because the context, without the inserted rhymes, will not *connect* at all. Read this passage as it would stand corrected by this rule, and we shall find, when the rhyming part of the dialogue is left out, King Richard

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed[2].—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry[3]? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot[4].

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

begins with dissuading them from the duel; and in the very next sentence, appoints the time and place of their combat."

Mr. Edwards's censure is rather hasty; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that some rhymes must be retained to make out the connection. Steevens

[2] Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.] Richard alludes to the almanacks of the time, where particular seasons were pointed out as the most proper time for being bled.

Thus the first quarto, 1597. The folio has—"no *time*.—" But the above mentioned allusion shows that the original is the true reading. Malone.

[3] When, Harry?] This obsolete exclamation of impatience is likewise found in Heywood's Silver Age, 1613:

"Fly into Affrick; from the mountains there,
"Chuse me two venomous serpents: thou shalt know them:
"By their fell poison and their fierce aspect.
"*When*, Iris?
"*Iris*. I am gone."

Again, in Look About You, 1600:

"—— I'll cut off thy legs,
"If thou delay thy duty. *When*, proud John?"

Steevens.

[4] — no boot.] That is, *no advantage, no use*, in delay, or refusal. Johnson.

(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave[5],)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here[6];
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame[7].

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots[8]: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

[5] — my fair name, &c.] That is, 'my name that lives on my grave, in despight of death.' This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

[6] — and BAFFLED here;] *Baffled* in this place means 'treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable.' So, Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it: "*Bafulling*," says he, "is a great disgrace among the Scots, and it is used when a man is openlie perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heels upward, with his name wondering, crieing, and blowing out of him with horns." Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. v. c. iii. st. 37, and b. vi. c. vii. st. 27, has the word in the same signification. TOLLET.

The same expression occurs in Twelfth-Night, Sc. ult.:

"Alas, poor fool! how have they *baffled* thee?"

Again, in King Henry IV. Part I. Act I. Sc. II.:

"—— an I do not, call me villain, and *baffle* me."

Again, in The London Prodigal, 1605: "— chil be *abaffelled* up and down the town, for a *messel*;" i. e. for a *beggar*, or rather a *leper*. STEEVENS.

[7] — Lions make leopards tame.] There is a peculiar allusion here which has not been noticed. The Norfolk crest was a golden leopard. MALONE.

[8] — but not change HIS spots:] The old copies have—*his* spots. Mr. Pope altered it to *their* spots; but the change from the singular to the plural number was not uncommon in our poet's time. See the Essay on Shakspeare's phraseology. MALONE.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear [9] impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive [1] of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face. [*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you [2], we shall see
Justice design [3] the victor's chivalry.—

[9] —with pale beggar-FEAR—] This is the reading of one of the oldest quartos, [quarto 1597] and the folio. The quartos 1608 and 1615, read—beggar-*face*; i. e. (as Dr. Warburton observes,) with a face of supplication. STEEVENS.

[1] The slavish MOTIVE—] *Motive*, for *instrument*. WARBURTON.

Rather that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

[2] —ATONE you.] i. e. reconcile you. So, in Cymbeline:

"I was glad I did *atone* my countryman and you."
STEEVENS.

[3] Justice DESIGN—] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope reads—"Justice *decide*," but without necessity. *Designo*, Lat. signifies

Lord Marshal, command [4] our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke of LANCASTER'S Palace.

Enter GAUNT, *and Duchess of* GLOSTER [5].

GAUNT. Alas! the part I had [6] in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;

to mark out, to point out: "Notat *designatque* oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrûm." *Cicero in Catilinam.* STEEVENS.

To *design*, in our author's time, signified to *mark out*. See Minsheu's Dict. in v.: "To *designe* or *shew by a token*. Ital. *Denotare*, Lat. *Designare*." At the end of the article the reader is referred to the words "to *marke, note, demonstrate*, or *shew*." —the word is still used with this signification in Scotland.

MALONE.

[4] Marshal, command, &c.] The old copies—*Lord* Marshal; but (as Mr. Ritson observes,) the metre requires the omission I have made. It is also justified by his Majesty's repeated address to the same officer, in Scene III. STEEVENS.

"Lord Marshal." Mr. Steevens, with his usual disregard of the ancient copies, omits the word *Lord*, forsooth to assist the metre; and he says, the omission is "justified by his Majesty's repeated address to the same officer in Sc. III." We are therefore to suppose that whatever form of address the poet has used in one scene, must be likewise employed by him in every other!

The truth is, the metre is such as the poet has used in innumerable other places. MALONE.

[5] —*Duchess of Gloster.*] The Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III.

WALPOLE.

[6] —the part I had—] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. HANMER.

Who when he sees [7] the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded [8],
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent [9]

[7] — HEAVEN;
Who when HE SEES—] The old copies erroneously read:
"Who when *they see* ——."
I have reformed the text by example of a subsequent passage, p. 20:
"—— *heaven's* substitute,
"*His* deputy, anointed in *his* sight," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] One phial, &c.] Though all the old copies concur in the present regulation of the following lines, I would rather read:—
"One phial full of Edward's sacred blood
"Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spill'd;
"One flourishing branch of his most royal root
"Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all *faded.*
Some of the old copies in this instance, as in many others, read *vaded*, a mode of spelling practised by several of our ancient writers. After all, I believe the transposition to be needless. STEEVENS.

[9] — thou dost CONSENT, &c.] i. e. assent. So, in St. Luke's

In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

GAUNT. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

DUCH. Where then, alas! may I complain myself [1]?

GAUNT. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Gospel, xxiii. 51: "The same had not *consented* to the counsel and deed of them." STEEVENS.

[1] — may I COMPLAIN myself?] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. So, in a very scarce book entitled A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels, &c. Translated from the French, &c. by H. W. [Henry Wotton] Gentleman, 4to. 1578: "I coulde finde no companion, eyther to comforte me, or helpe to *complaine* my great sorrowe." Again, p. 58: "—wyth greate griefe he *complained* the calamitie of his countrey."

Again, in The Queenes Majesties Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke, by Thomas Churchyard: "—Cupid encountring the Queene, beganne to *complayne* hys state and his mothers," &c.

Dryden also employs the word in the same sense in his Fables:

"Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme *complain*
"The death of Richard with an arrow slain."

Complain myself (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) is a literal translation of the French phrase, *me plaindre*. STEEVENS.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt[2].
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant[3] to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:

[2] Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.] The measure of this line being clearly defective, why may we not read?—

"Why then I will. *Now* fare *thee* well, old Gaunt."

Or thus:

"Why then I will. Farewell, old *John of* Gaunt."

There can be nothing ludicrous in a title by which the King has already addressed him. Ritson.

Sir T. Hanmer completes the measure, by repeating the word —*farewell*, at the end of the line. Steevens.

[3] A caitiff recreant —] *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave:

Ἡμισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς αποαίνυται εὐρυοπα Ζευς
Ανερος, ευτ' αν μιν κατα δουλιον ημαρ ελησιν.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations.

Johnson.

This just sentiment is in Homer; but the learned commentator quoting, I suppose, from memory, has compressed a couplet into a single line:

Ημισυ γαρ τ' αρετης αποαινυται ευρυοπα Ζευς
Ανερος, ευτ' αν μιν κατα δουλιον ημαρ ελησιν.
Odyss. lib. xvii. v. 322. Holt White.

I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified *a prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captiff*, but from *chetif*, Fr. poor, miserable. Tyrwhitt.

I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls[5],
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what cheer there[6] for welcome, but my groans?

[5] — unfurnish'd walls,] In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the preface to The Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in 1512. STEEVENS.

[6] — and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled OFFICES, untrodden stones?
And what CHEER there for welcome, but my groans?] Thus the first quarto, 1597; in those of 1598 and 1608, and in the folio, which appears to have been printed from the last mentioned quarto, *hear* was substituted in the fourth line for *cheer;* an alteration which was adopted in all the subsequent copies, till the true reading was noticed in the Appendix to my former edition.

This passage furnishes an evident proof of the value of first editions; and also shows at how very early a period the revisers of Shakspeare's pieces began to tamper with his text, under the notion of improving it, or of correcting imaginary errors of the press; of which kind of temerity the edition of his Lucrece in 1616 is a very remarkable instance.

Groans occurring in this passage, the reviser conceived that the word in the former part of the line where it is found, must have been *hear*, which gives a clear and plausible meaning; but certainly not that intended by Shakspeare.

Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted, in a preceding note, the words—*unfurnish'd walls;* but neither he nor any other editor has taken any notice of the word *offices* in this passage, which requires to be particularly explained, because it is immediately connected with the word *cheer*, and shows that the original reading is the true one.

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where [7]:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

The *offices* of our old English mansions, as I have already had occasion to mention, vol. xiii. p. 305, n. 5, particularly denote the rooms designed for keeping the various stores of provisions, bread, wine, ale, &c. and for culinary purposes; that is, the butler's pantry, cellars, and kitchen; and they were always situated within the house, on the ground floor (for there were no subterraneous rooms till about the middle of the reign of Charles the First), and nearly adjoining to each other. When dinner had been set on the board by the sewers, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, these offices were all thrown open, and unlimited licence given to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. Thus, in Othello, where notice is given by a trumpeter, that, on account of the destruction of the Turkish Fleet, and in honour of the General's nuptials, every man was to put himself into triumph: "All *offices* are opened, and there is full licence from the present hour of five, till the bell hath toll'd eleven!"

So also, in Timon of Athens:

"———— So the gods bless me,
"When all our *offices* have been oppress'd
"With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
"With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
"Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
"I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
"And set mine eyes at flow."

The Duchess of Gloster, therefore, laments, that in consequence of the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end; "the walls are unfurnished, the lodging rooms empty, the courts untrodden, and the *offices* unpeopled; being now no longer filled by the proper officers, who attended daily to execute their several functions in her husband's life-time. All now (she adds,) is solitude and silence, and my groans are the only *cheer* that my guests can now expect." MALONE.

[7] — let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:] Perhaps the pointing may be reformed without injury to the sense:

"—— let him not come there
"To seek out sorrow:—that dwells every where."
WHALLEY.

SCENE III.

Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal[8], *and* AUMERLE[9].

MAR. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

AUM. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

MAR. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

AUM. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his Throne;* GAUNT, *and several Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. RICH. Marshal, demand of yonder champion

[8] —*Lord* MARSHAL,] Shakspeare has here committed a slight mistake. The office of Lord Marshal was executed on this occasion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from the Marshal, in the present drama.

Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the Duke of Surrey officiated as Earl Marshal for the day. MALONE.

[9] — AUMERLE.] Edward Duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was the eldest son of Edward of Langley Duke of York, fifth son of King Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists of Coventry, as High Constable of England. MALONE.

The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour [1]!
Nor.[2] My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue [3],

[1] As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!] i. e. as you hope that heaven and your valour may defend you. Thus the original quarto, 1597, and the other ancient copies. Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—*And* so, &c. Malone.

[2] Norfolk.] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, from Holinshed, that the Duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this, indeed, must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first. Steevens.

[3] —my succeeding issue,] *His* is the reading of the first folio; other editions read—*my* issue. Mowbray's issue was, by this accusation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reasons, for their sake: but the reading of the folio is more just and grammatical. Johnson.

The three oldest quartos read *my*, which Mr. M. Mason prefers, because, says he, Mowbray subjoins—

"To prove him, in defending of myself,
"A traitor to my God, my king, and *me*." Steevens.

"—and *my* succeeding issue." Thus the first quarto. The folio reads—*his* succeeding issue. The first quarto copy of this play, in 1597, being in general much more correct than the folio, and the quartos of 1608 and 1615, from the latter of which the folio appears to have been printed, I have preferred the elder reading. Malone.

Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
[*He takes his seat.*

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour; preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms[4],
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

[4] —Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,] Why not, as before: "Marshal, *demand of* yonder knight in arms."

The player, who varied the expression, was probably ignorant that he injured the metre. The insertion, however, of two little words would answer the same purpose:

"Marshal, *go* ask *of* yonder knight in arms." RITSON.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.——
My loving lord, [*To Lord Marshal.*] I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
[*To Gaunt.*
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat[5],

* Quarto 1597, *the dead.*

[5] — WAXEN coat,] *Waxen* may mean *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in

And furbish [6] new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque [7]
Of thy advérse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency [8], and Saint George to thrive! [*He takes his seat.*

Nor. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form to every motion of the body. Of these many are still to be seen in the Tower of London. Steevens.

The object of Bolingbroke's request is, that the temper of his lance's point might as much exceed the mail of his adversary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax. Henley.

I do not perceive how this meaning can be drawn from the words in the text. Malone.

[6] And furbish —] Thus the quartos 1608 and 1615. The folio reads—*furnish*. Either word will do, as to *furnish* in the time of Shakspeare signified to *dress*. So, twice in As You Like It: "*furnished* like a huntsman."—" —*furnished* like a beggar." Steevens.

The original quarto, 1597, reads *furbish*. Malone.

[7] Fall like amazing thunder on the casque —] To *amaze*, in ancient language, signifies to *stun*, to *confound*. Thus, in Arthur Hall's translation of the third Iliad, 4to. 1581:

" And striking him upon the helme, his foe *amazed* makes."

See also, King John, Act IV. Sc. III. Steevens.

[8] Mine innocency,] Old copies—*innocence*. Corrected by Mr. Capell.

So, in King Richard III.:

" God and mine *innocency* defend my right."

This feast of battle [9] with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest [1],
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.——
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

9 This FEAST of battle—] "War is death's *feast*," is a proverbial saying. See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

I apprehend there is no allusion to this image here; Norfolk means that he would so willingly engage in battle that he would consider it as a feast. BOSWELL.

1 As gentle and as jocund, as to JEST,] Not so neither. We should read to *just*; i. e. to tilt or tourney, which was a kind of sport too. WARBURTON.

The sense would perhaps have been better if the author had written what his commentator substitutes; but the rhyme, to which sense is too often enslaved, obliged Shakspeare to write *jest*, and obliges us to read it. JOHNSON.

The commentators forget that to *jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*. Thus, in Hieronymo:

"He promised us in honour of our guest,
"To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*."

And accordingly a mask is performed. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer has well explained the force of this word. So, in The Third Part of King Henry VI.:

"———— as if the tragedy
"Were play'd in *jest* by counterfeited actors." TOLLET.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A Charge sounded.*

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down[2].

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and
their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:——
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered[3];
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds[4] plough'd up with neighbours'
swords;

[2] —hath thrown his WARDER down.] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. So, in Daniel's Civil Wars, &c. b. i.:

"When lo, the king, suddenly chang'd his mind,
"Casts down his *warder* to arrest him there." STEEVENS.

[3] With that dear blood WHICH IT HATH FOSTERED;] The quarto 1615, reads—

"With that dear blood *which* it hath *been* foster'd."

Perhaps the author wrote—

"With that dear blood *with* which it hath *been* foster'd."

But the other quartos and the folio read as in the text. MALONE.

[4] Of CRUEL wounds, &c.] The quarto copy now before me, 1597, and the folio, read—"Of *civil* wounds." But Mr. Capell's quarto copy of the same date, (now in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge,) and printed by the same printer, has—*cruell* instead of *civill*; which must have been an alteration

[And for we think the eagle-winged pride [5]
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on [6]
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms *,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace [7],

* Quarto 1597, *harsh resounding arms.*

made while the play was working off, and therefore I imagine was made in conformity to the manuscript. However, the very contrary may have been the case; and the printer, after having worked off Mr. Capell's copy, might have discovered his mistake, and printed *civil* in all the subsequent copies, on finding that to be the author's word. As I have never seen another copy but these two, I have no means of ascertaining this point. However, as the word *cruel* furnishes a new idea, I have adopted it: "Wounds made by neighbour's swords," were necessarily *civil* wounds. The folio gives no additional strength to this reading; for that copy merely followed the quarto of 1608, where the reading is *civil.*

Swords is the reading of the folio. The original quarto has—*sword.* MALONE.

[5] And for we think the eagle-winged pride, &c.] These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE.

Mr. Pope is not quite correct. The first quarto was in 1597; the five lines in question are in that copy, and in all the other quartos, 1598, 1608, and 1615. They were omitted in the folio, doubtless merely for the purpose of shortening the speech.

By the omission, the speech was rendered unintelligible: for the words—"Which so rous'd up," &c. are immediately connected with "gentle sleep," in the preceding line, and do not afford any meaning when connected with "civil wounds," above.

MALONE.

[6] —set YOU ON—] The old copy reads—*on you.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

I see no necessity for any alteration. BOSWELL.

[7] To wake our peace,————
Which so rous'd up————
Might——fright fair PEACE,] Thus the sentence stands in the common reading absurdly enough; which made the Oxford editor, instead of "fright fair peace," read, *be affrighted;* as if

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories:——
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

these latter words could ever, possibly, have been blundered into the former by transcribers. But his business is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticism direct. In a word then, the true original of the blunder was this: the editors, before Mr. Pope, had taken their editions from the folios, in which the text stood thus:

" ——— the dire aspect
" Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords;
" Which so rouz'd up————
" ————fright fair peace."

This is sense. But Mr. Pope, who carefully examined the first printed plays in quarto, (very much to the advantage of his edition,) coming to this place, found five lines, in the first edition of this play, printed in 1598, omitted in the first general collection of the poet's works; and, not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by Shakspeare himself, as not agreeing to the rest of the context; which, on revise, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as spurious, but as rejected on the author's revise; and, indeed, with great judgment; for—

" To wake our peace which in our country's cradle
" Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,"

as pretty as it is in the image, is absurd in the sense: for peace awake is still peace, as well as when sleep. The difference is, that peace asleep gives one the notion of a happy people sunk in sloth and luxury, which is not the idea the speaker would raise, and from which state the sooner it was awaked the better.

WARBURTON.

To this note, written with such an appearance of taste and judgement, I am afraid every reader will not subscribe. It is true, that " peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep;" but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. " To wake peace," is to introduce discord. " Peace asleep," is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frighted by the clamours of war. STEEVENS.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,——
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly-slow hours [7] shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved [8] at your highness' hand.

[7] The FLY-SLOW hours —] The old copies read—"The *sly*-slow hours." Mr. Pope made the change; whether it was necessary or not, let the poetical reader determine.

In Chapman's version of the second book of Homer's Odyssey, we have:

"—— and those *slie hours*
"That still surprise at length."

It is remarkable, that Pope, in the 4th book of his Essay on Man, v. 226, has employed the epithet which, in the present instance, he has rejected:

"All *sly* slow things, with circumspective eyes."

See Warton's edit. of Pope's Works, vol. iii. p. 145.

STEEVENS.

The latter word appears to me more intelligible:—"the thievish minutes as they pass." MALONE.

[8] A dearer MERIT, not so deep a maim——
Have I deserved —] To *deserve* a *merit* is a phrase of which I know not any example. I wish some copy would exhibit:

"A dearer *meed*, and not so deep a maim."

To deserve a meed or *reward*, is regular and easy. JOHNSON.

As Shakspeare uses *merit* in this place, in the sense of *reward*, he frequently uses the word *meed*, which properly signifies *reward*, to express *merit*. So, in Timon of Athens, Lucullus says:

The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate[9];
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
[*Retiring.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves[1],)

" —— no *meed* but he repays
" Seven fold above itself."

And in The Third Part of King Henry VI. Prince Edward says:

" We are the sons of brave Plantagenet,
" Each one already blazing by our *meeds*."

And again, in the same play, King Henry says:

" That's not my fear, my *meed* hath got me fame."

M. Mason.

9 — compassionate;] For *plaintive*. Warburton.

1 (Our part, &c.)] It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile.

To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised [2] purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy [3];—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

Tully and Lord Chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative; Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

[2] — advised —] i. e. concerted, deliberated. So, in The Merchant of Venice:

"—— with more *advised* watch." STEEVENS.

[3] Norfolk, so far, &c.] I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line; but suppose the meaning to be this: Hereford immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity, addresses Norfolk, and, fearing some misconstruction, turns to the King, and says—"so far as to mine enemy,"—that is, 'I should say nothing to him but what enemies may say to each other.'

Reviewing this passage, I rather think it should be understood thus. '*Norfolk, so far* I have addressed myself to thee *as to mine enemy;* I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness; *Confess thy treasons.*' JOHNSON.

"— so *fare*, as to mine enemy." i. e. he only wishes him to *fare* like his enemy, and he disdains to say *fare* well as Aumerle does in the next scene. TOLLET.

Surely *fare* was a misprint for *farre*, the old spelling of the word now placed in the text.—Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in speaking this line should show some courtesy to Mowbray;—and the meaning may be: 'So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee.' MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer's marginal direction is—*In salutation.*

STEEVENS.

The first folio reads *fare;* the second *farre*. Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend*. Norfolk, says he, so far as a man may speak to his enemy, &c. RITSON.

Banish'd this frail sepúlchre of our flesh [4],
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way [5].
[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspéct
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*To Boling.*] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!

[4] — this frail sepúlchre of our flesh,] So, afterwards:

" —— thou King Richard's *tomb*,
" And not King Richard —."

And Milton, in Samson Agonistes:

" *Myself* my *sepulchre*, a *moving grave*." Henley.

[5] — all the world's my way.] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

" The world was all before them, where to choose
" Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Johnson.

The Duke of Norfolk after his banishment went to Venice, where, says Holinshed, " for thought and melancholy he deceased." Malone.

I should point the passage thus:

" —— Now no way can I stray,
" Save back to England:—all the world's my way."

There's no way for me to go wrong, except back to England.

M. Mason.

Most certainly, by such a punctuation, the poet's meaning would be lost. Malone.

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow [6]:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice [7],
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave [8];
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—

[6] And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

[7] — upon good advice,] Upon great consideration. MALONE. So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"But with *advice* and silent secrecy." STEEVENS.

[8] — a PARTY-verdict gave;] i. e. you had yourself a part or share in the verdict that I pronounced. MALONE.

O, had it been a stranger [9], not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander [1] sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and Train.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant * dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

* Quarto 1597, *aboundant.*

9 O, had it been a stranger,] This couplet is wanting in the folio. Steevens.

1 A partial slander —] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. Johnson.

This couplet, which is wanting in the folio edition, has been arbitrarily placed by some of the modern editors at the conclusion of Gaunt's speech. In the three oldest quartos it follows the fifth line of it. In the fourth quarto, which seems copied from the folio, the passage is omitted. Steevens.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make[2]
Will but remember me, what a deal* of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief[3]?

* Quartos, 1598, 1608, and 1615, *what deal.*

[2] *Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make—] This, and the six verses which follow, I have ventured to supply from the old quarto. The allusion, it is true, to an *apprenticeship*, and becoming a *journeyman*, is not in the sublime taste; nor, as Horace has expressed it: "spirat tragicum satis:" however, as there is no doubt of the passage being genuine, the lines are not so despicable as to deserve being quite lost. THEOBALD.

[3] —journeyman to grief?] I am afraid our author in this place designed a very poor quibble, as *journey* signifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be censured for what he himself rejected. JOHNSON.

The quarto, in which these lines are found, is said in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than most of the other single copies. There is now, however, no certain method of knowing by whom the rejection was made. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has here made a great mistake. The lines in question are found in the first quarto of 1597, and continued in those of 1598, 1608, and 1615, all of which are now before me; but what these late copies read, what they insert, or what they omit, it is quite loss of time to examine. Not the smallest authority belongs to them; nor would they carry any with them, even if their title-pages announced that they were revised and corrected by the

GAUNT. All places that the eye of heaven visits [4],
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee [5];

author. But the title-pages of not one of these copies contains any such assertion: though in some other of his plays, the booksellers were hardy enough to add those words.

Unquestionably, Shakspeare never revised a single quarto copy of any of his plays, whether in a first or second edition; nor is the edition of Romeo and Juliet, in 1599, an exception to this assertion. It was not revised by him, but printed from an enlarged and corrected copy. To suppose that he did, is to shut our eyes to his habits, character, and history. He suffered plays to be imputed to him (with his name affixed to them), of which he had not written a word. When Thorpe, a bookseller, in 1609, printed his beautiful poem, entitled The Lover's Complaint, together with his Sonnets, in the most incorrect manner, he never took the trouble to print a second edition, or even to point out the numerous errors of the press with which these pieces abound. Can it then be supposed that he would revise or correct the second or third editions of such of his plays as had been fraudulently obtained from the players, against his will, and against his interest? MALONE.

[4] All places that the EYE OF HEAVEN visits, &c.] So, Nonnus: αιθερος ομμα: i. e. the sun. STEEVENS.

So, in Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis, 1593:

"And *Titan*, tired in the mid-day heat,
"With burning *eye* did hotly overlook them."

Again, in his Lucrece, 1594:

"The *eye of heaven* is out."

So also Spencer, Faery Queene, b. i. c. iii. st. 4:

"—— Her angel face,
"As the great *eye of heaven*, shyned bright." MALONE.

The fourteen verses that follow are found in the first edition. POPE.

The whole of this speech and the preceding one, are omitted in the folio; but they are found in all the quartos. BOSWELL.

I am inclined to believe that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have restored were expunged in the revision by the author: If these lines are omitted, the sense is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. JOHNSON.

[5] — did banish thee;] Read:

"*Therefore*, think not, the king did banish thee."
RITSON.

But thou the king[6]: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say,—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exíl'd thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd[7];
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more

[6] Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king:] The same thought occurs in Coriolanus:

"I banish you." M. MASON.

"All places that the eye of heaven visits,
"Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:—
"Think not, the king did banish thee;
"But thou the king." Shakspeare, when he wrote the passage before us, probably remembered that part of Lyly's Euphues, 1579, in which *Euphues exhorts Botonio to take his exile patiently.* Among other arguments he observes, that "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Græcian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished, that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined: whereby he noted that *every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.*—When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth, that the Sinoponetes had banished him Pontus, yea, said he, I them of Diogenes." MALONE.

[7] — the presence strew'd;] Shakspeare has other allusions to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber.* HENLEY.

So, in Cymbeline:

"—— Tarquin thus
"Did softly press the *rushes,* ere he waken'd
"The chastity he wounded—." STEEVENS.

See Hentzner's account of the presence chamber, in the palace at Greenwich, 1598. *Itinerar.* p. 135. MALONE.

Than a delightful measure [8], or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus [9]?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites *, but lanceth not the sore.

* Qnarto 1597, *he bites.*

[8] Than a delightful MEASURE,] A *measure* was a formal court dance. So, in King Richard III.:

"Our dreadful marches to delightful *measures*."

STEEVENS.

It is described by our author as being "full of state and ancientry." See Much Ado About Nothing, vol. vii. p. 36.

MALONE.

[9] O, who can hold a FIRE in his hand, &c.] *Fire* is here, as in many other places, used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

It has been remarked, that there is a passage resembling this in Tully's Fifth Book of Tusculan Questions. Speaking of Epicurus, he says:—"Sed unâ se dicit recordatione acquiescere præteritarum voluptatum: ut si quis æstuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiatur, recordari velit se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus circumfusum fuisse. Non enim video, quomodo sedare possint mala præsentia præteritæ voluptates." The Tusculan Questions of Cicero had been translated early enough for Shakspeare to have seen them. STEEVENS.

The Tusculan Questions were translated by John Dolman, and published in 1561.

Shakspeare, however, I believe, was thinking on the words of Lyly, which are found in the page preceding that from which an extract has been already made: "I speake this to this end, that though thy exile seem grievous to thee, yet guiding thy selfe with the rules of philosophie, it shall be more tolerable: he that is colde doth not cover himselfe with *care* but with clothes; he that is washed in the rayne, drieth himselfe by the *fire*, not by his *fancie*; and thou which art banished," &c. MALONE.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,——
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman [1].
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King Richard, Bagot, and Green; Aumerle following.

K. Rich. We did observe [2].—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. 'Faith, none for me [3]: except the north-east wind,

[1] — yet a trueborn Englishman.] Here the first Act ought to end, that between the first and second Acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second Act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the King is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the last two scenes of the first Act, than between the first Act and the second. Johnson.

[2] We did observe.—] The King here addresses Green and Bagot, who we may suppose had been talking to him of Bolingbroke's "courtship to the common people," at the time of his departure. "Yes, (says Richard,) we did observe it." Malone.

[3] 'Faith, none for me:] i. e. none on my part. Thus, we say, "*For me*, I am content;" Where those words have the same signification as here.

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green [3],

Thus the authentick copies, the quarto 1597, and the folio 1623. The reviser of the second folio, 1632, who altered whatever he did not understand, substituted—*by* me, instead of the words in the text, and has been followed by all the subsequent editors. Malone.

If we read—*for* me, the expression will be equivocal, and seem as if it meant—no tears were shed *on my account*. So, in the preceding scene:

"O, let no noble eye profane a tear
"*For me*," &c. Steevens.

According to the doctrine here laid down, if the words of an author clearly and precisely admit of the meaning which he intends to convey, but at the same time may also bear a different sense, we are always to suppose that the passage is corrupt. I conceive, however, that if a writer has expressed his meaning, in proper and significant words, he may rest satisfied, though the words may be distorted to another sense from that which he intended. Malone.

[3] Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,] The first quarto, 1597, has only—"Ourself and Bushy," in which way the line

Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee [4],
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope [5].

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
Expedient [6] manage must be made, my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.

appears in the subsequent quartos of 1597, 1608, and 1615. The folio reads:

"Ourself, and Bushy here, Bagot, and Greene."

Which was perhaps what the author wrote, intending to point differently, by placing a comma after *here*; for it appears from the scenical direction of the quarto 1597, that Bushy was now on the stage: "Enter the King, with *Bushie*," &c. But in the folio the direction is "Enter the King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot," because it was observed that Bushy comes in afterwards with *news* (as the old quarto terms it.) On this account we cannot read *Bushy* here, and are obliged to adopt a transposition made in the quarto 1634:

"Ourself and Bushy, *Bagot here*, and Green." Malone.

[4] —the tribute of his supple knee,] To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that *courtesying*, (the act of reverence now confined to women,) was anciently practised by men. Steevens.

[5] And he our subjects' next degree in hope.] Spes altera Romæ. *Virg.* Malone.

[6] Expedient —] i. e. expeditious. So, in King John:

"His marches are *expedient* to this town." Steevens.

And, for our coffers[7]—with too great a court,
And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

BUSHY. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. RICH. Where lies he?

BUSHY. At Ely-house.

K. RICH. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*

[7] — FOR our coffers —] i. e. because. So, at the beginning of this scene:

"And, *for* my heart disdained that my tongue," &c.

Again, in Othello:

"—— Haply, *for* I am black —:" STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. A Room in Ely-house.

GAUNT on a Couch; the Duke of YORK[8], *and Others standing by him.*

GAUNT. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth.

YORK. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

[8] — *the Duke of York,*] Edmond Duke of York was the fifth son of Edward the Third, and was born in 1441, at Langley, near St. Alban's, in Hertford, from whence he had his surname. This prince, as Bishop Lowth has observed, (Life of William of Wykeham, 8vo. 1777, p. 205,) "was of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still, and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion." That such was his disposition and character is ascertained by the following graphical description, given by Harding (a contemporary) in his Chronicle:

"That Edmonde hight of Langley, of good chere
"Glede and mery, and of his owne ay lived
"Withoutyn wronge, as chroniclers have breved.
"When al lordes went to counsels and parlement,
"He wolde to huntes and also to hawkynge,
"All gentilnes disporte that myrth appent
"He used aie, and to the poor supportynge,
"Wherever he wase in any place bidynge,
"Withoute supprise or any extorcion,
"Of the porayle or any oppression.
* * * * * * * *
"The kynge than made the Duke of Yorke be name
"Maister of the Mewhouse, and of hawkes feire,
"Of his venerie and maister of his game.
"In whatt cuntraie that he dyde repeire,
"Whiche wase to hym withoute any dispeyre,
"With more comforte and a gretter gladnes neire,
"Than been a lorde of worldly great riches."

Hardyng's Chronicle, MS. Harleian. No. 661, fol. 147.

MALONE.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more,
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun, and musick at the close [9],
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found *
Lascivious metres [1]; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy [2];

* Quarto 1597, *As praises of whose taste the wise are found.*

[9] — at the CLOSE,] This I suppose to be a musical term. So, in Lingua, 1607:

"I dare engage my ears, the *close* will jar." STEEVENS.

[1] Lascivious METRES;] The old copies have—*meeters;* but I believe we should read *metres* for *verses.* Thus the folio spells the word *metre* in The First Part of King Henry IV.:

"—— one of these same *meeter* ballad-mongers."

Venom sound agrees well with *lascivious ditties,* but not so commodiously with *one who meets another;* in which sense the word appears to have been generally received. STEEVENS.

[2] Report of fashions in proud Italy;] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard [3].
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose [4];
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash [5] fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infestion [6], and the hand of war:

[3] Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

[4] —whose way himself will choose;] Do not attempt to *guide him, who*, whatever thou shalt say, *will take his own course*. JOHNSON.

[5] —rash—] That is, *hasty, violent*. JOHNSON.
So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:
"Like aconitum, or *rash* gunpowder." MALONE.

[6] Against INFECTION,] I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *invasion*; but the copies all agree, and I suppose Shakspeare meant to say, that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*. JOHNSON.
In Allot's England's Parnassus, 1600, this passage is quoted: "Against *intestion*," &c. Perhaps the word might be *infestion*, if such a word was in use. FARMER.

This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,

For the substitution of the word *infestion*, which was suggested by Dr. Farmer, and differs from the original word but by a single letter, I am answerable.

Since the year 1665, this happy island has been entirely free from the plague; and if ever we should be again molested by that fatal malady, it will unquestionably arise from *infection* communicated from foreign parts. A poet therefore of the present day, in speaking of Great Britain, might naturally mention its being, by its insular situation, exempt from that contagion to which the natives of the continent are exposed; and also from the hostile incursions of its enemies. But in our poet's time there was in London every year an indigenous plague, if I may use the expression, from May till October; and a considerable number of the inhabitants were annually destroyed by this malignant disease. Shakspeare, therefore, I conceive, would never mention the circumstance of our being secured, by our insular situation, from foreign infection, as a fortunate circumstance, knowing that such security availed nothing; since, notwithstanding our being possessed of a fortress built by nature for herself, our own native pestilence was annually extremely destructive. I think, therefore, that in both parts of this line, he had only one circumstance in his thoughts, our not being exposed to foreign hostile incursions; and the copulative *and* seems to countenance this supposition. I may add, that the preceding verse strongly supports this notion; for a natural *fortress*, such as is here described, is opposed properly and immediately to the open hostile attacks of an enemy, and not to the lurking infection of the plague, which seems here entirely out of place.

Though I have not met with an example of the use of the word *infestion*, in the sense of *infestation*, similar abbreviations occur in other places in our author's plays: thus we have *probal* for *probable* in Othello, and *captious* for *capacious* in All's Well That Ends Well. In like manner, Bishop Hall, in his Cases of Conscience, 8vo. p. 202, edit. 1651, uses *acception* for *acceptation*: "Against *infestion*, and the hand of warriors; against the *infesting* or assailing force of an enemy." I shall only add, that Bacon employs the word *infestation* in the same sense. "Touching the *infestation* of pirates he hath been careful, and is." Speech in the Star-chamber, 1617. Works, iv. 278, Mallet's edition. MALONE.

Against the envy of less happier lands[7];
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth[8],
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

[7] — LESS HAPPIER lands;] So read all the editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, which has *less happy*. I believe, Shakspeare, from the habit of saying *more happier*, according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier*. JOHNSON.

[8] Fear'd BY their breed, and famous BY their birth,] The first edition in quarto, 1598, reads:

"Fear'd *by* their breed, and famous *for* their birth."

The quarto in 1615:

"Fear'd *by* their breed, and famous *by* their birth."

The first folio, though printed from the second quarto, reads as the first. The particles in this author seem often to have been printed by chance. Perhaps the passage, which appears a little disordered, may be regulated thus:

"————— royal kings,
"Fear'd *for* their breed, and famous *for* their birth,
"*For Christian service, and true chivalry:*
"Renowned for their deeds as far from home
"As is the sepulchre—." JOHNSON.

The first folio could not have been printed from the second quarto, on account of many variations as well as omissions. The quarto 1608 has the same reading with that immediately preceding it. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson was in an error in supposing the quarto of 1598 to be the first. The original copy was printed in 1597, and reads—

"Fear'd *by* their breed, and famous *by* their birth."

"By their breed," i. e. by means of their breed.

There is some resemblance in the mode of expression between this passage and the following in The Farewell to Follie, one of the tracts of his predecessor Green's, which appeared in 1598: "My lordes and worthy peeres of Buda, *feared for your valour and famous for your victories*, let not the private will of one be the ruin of such a mighty kingdom." MALONE.

Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm [9]:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots [1], and rotten parchment bonds [2];
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

9 This land———
Is now LEAS'D out (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting FARM:] "In this 22d yeare of King Richard (says Fabian,) the common fame ranne, that the kinge had *letten to farm* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knightes."
MALONE.

A *pelting* farm, is a small paltry farm. So, in Measure for Measure:

"For every *pelting* petty officer,
"Would use his heaven for thunder." MALONE.

1 With inky BLOTS,] I suspect that our author wrote—*inky* bolts? How can *blots* bind any thing? and do not *bolts* correspond better with *bonds? Inky bolts* are *written restrictions*. So, in The Honest Man's Fortune, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. Sc. I.:

"—— *manacling* itself
"In *gyves* of parchment." STEEVENS.

"Inky *blots*," is a contemptuous term for writings. BOSWELL.

2 — rotten parchment bonds;] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GREY.

Gaunt does not allude, as Grey supposes, to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumstances of his having actually *farmed* out his royal realm, as he himself styles it. In the last scene of the first Act he says:

"And, for our coffers are grown somewhat light,
"We are enforc'd to *farm* our royal realm."

And it afterwards appears that the person who farmed the realm was the Earl of Wiltshire, one of his own favourites.
M. MASON.

Enter King RICHARD, *and Queen*[3]; *Aumerle*[4], *Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross*[5], *and Willoughby*[6].

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more[7].

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

[3] — *Queen*;] Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests to me, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE.

[4] — *Aumerle*,] Was Edward, eldest son of Edmund Duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. WALPOLE.

[5] — *Ross*,] Was William Lord *Roos*, (and so should be printed,) of Hamlake, afterwards Lord Treasurer to Henry IV. WALPOLE.

[6] — *Willoughby*.] Was William Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York. WALPOLE.

[7] For young hot colts, being RAG'D, do rage the more.] Read: "—— being *rein'd*, do rage the more." RITSON.

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill[8].
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself[9].

[8] Ill in myself TO SEE, and in thee seeing ill.] I cannot help supposing that the idle words—*to see*, which destroy the measure, should be omitted. STEEVENS.

[9] Which art POSSESS'D now to depose thyself.] *Possess'd*, in this second instance, was, I believe, designed to mean—afflicted with madness occasioned by the internal operation of a dæmon.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame, to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law[1];
And thou——

So, in The Comedy of Errors:—"Both man and master is *possess'd*. STEEVENS.

[1] Thy STATE OF LAW is bondslave to the law;] "State of law," i. e. *legal sovereignty*. But the Oxford editor alters it to "state o'er law," i. e. *absolute sovereignty*. A doctrine, which, if ever our poet learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, Queen Elizabeth's, but in the reign after it, King James's. By "bondslave to the law," the poet means his being inslaved to his *favourite subjects*. WARBURTON.

This sentiment, whatever it be, is obscurely expressed. I understand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite so zealous for Shakspeare's political reputation. The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: "By setting the royalties *to farm* thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art *now no longer king but landlord of England*, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords: by making thy condition *a state of law*, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, *thou art become a bondslave to the law*; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt."

Whether this explanation be true or no, it is plain that Dr. Warburton's explanation of "bondslave to the law," is not true. JOHNSON.

Warburton's explanation of this passage is too absurd to require confutation; and his political observation is equally ill-founded. The doctrine of absolute sovereignty might as well have been learned in the reign of Elizabeth, as in that of her successor. She was, in fact, as absolute as he wished to be.

Johnson's explanation is in general just; but I think that the words, *of law*, must mean, *by law*, or *according to law*, as we say, *of course*, and *of right*, instead of *by right*, or *by course*. —Gaunt's reasoning is this—"Having let your kingdom by lease, you are no longer the king of England, but the landlord only; and your state is by law, subject to the law." M. MASON.

Mr. Heath explains the words "state of law," somewhat differently: "Thy royal estate is now, in virtue of thy having leased it out, subjected," &c.

K. Rich. —— a lunatick lean-witted fool [3],
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,

"Thy state of law," may be briefly interpreted "thy legal state;" that rank in the state and these large demesnes which the constitution has allotted to thee, are now bond-slave to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary pelting farm that has been let on lease. MALONE.

[3] *Gaunt.* And thou——

K. Rich. —— a lunatick LEAN-WITTED fool,] In the disposition of these lines I had followed the folio, in giving the word *thou* to the king; but the regulation of the first quarto, 1597, is perhaps preferable, being more in our poet's manner:

"*Gaunt.* And thou——

"*K. Rich.* —— a lunatick, lean-witted fool—."

And thou *a mere cypher in thy own kingdom*, Gaunt was going to say. Richard interrupts him, and takes the word *thou* in a different sense, applying it to Gaunt, instead of himself. Of this kind of retort there are various instances in these plays.

The folio repeats the word *And:*

"*Gaunt.* And——

"*K. Rich. And* thou," &c. MALONE.

"— lean-witted—" Dr. Farmer observes to me that the same expression occurs in the 106th Psalm:

"—— and sent *leanness* withal into their *soul*."

STEEVENS.

That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower [4].

[4] And thy unkindness be like CROOKED AGE,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.] Thus stand these lines in all the copies, but I think there is an error. Why should Gaunt, already *old*, call on any thing *like age* to end him? How can age be said to *crop at once?* How is the idea of *crookedness* connected with that of *cropping?* I suppose the poet dictated thus:

" And thy unkindness be *time's* crooked *edge*
" To crop at once ——."

That is, 'let thy unkindness *be time's scythe* to crop.'

Edge was easily confounded by the ear with *age*, and one mistake once admitted made way for another. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying a *sickle* as well as a *scythe*. A *sickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and sometimes, as in the following instances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. So, in Kendall's Epigrams, 1577:

" The regall king and *crooked* clowne
" All one alike death driveth downe."

Again, in the 100th Sonnet of Shakspeare:

" Give my love, fame, faster than time wastes life,
" So thou prevent'st his scythe and *crooked knife*."

Again, in the 119th:

" Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
" Within his *bending sickle's* compass come."

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet bestowed on age in the tragedy of Locrine, 1595:

" Now yield to death o'erlaid by *crooked* age."

Locrine has been attributed to Shakspeare; and in this passage quoted from it, no allusion to a *scythe* can be supposed. Our poet's expressions are sometimes confused and abortive.

STEEVENS.

I do not believe that our author had the figure of Time in his thoughts; but merely gave to age the same epithet which is given to it by many of his contemporaries and predecessors. So, in A Flourish upon Fancie, by N. B. [Nicholas Breton,] 1577:

" Who, when that he awhile hath bin in fancies schoole,
" Doth learne in his old *crooked age* to play the doting foole."

Again, in Sylvester's translation of Dubartus, 4to. 1605, p. 251:

Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they[5] to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty[6], impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland[7].

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

"Fathers, if you desire your children sage
"Should by their blessings blesse your *crooked* age."

Again, in Tuberville's Songs and Sonets, 8vo. 1567:

"Would death would spare to spoyle,
"And *crooked* age to rase,
"(As they are wont by course of kinde)
"P's beautie in this case." Malone.

Shakspeare had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind; the bend of age, and the sickle of time, which he confounded together. M. Mason.

[5] Love they—] That is, 'let them love.' Johnson.

[6] 'Beseech your majesty,] The old copies redundantly read—"*I do* beseech," &c.

Mr. Ritson would regulate the passage differently (and perhaps rightly,) by omitting the words—*in him*:

"I do beseech your majesty, impute
"His words to wayward sickliness and age." Steevens.

[7] *Northumberland.*] Was Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. Walpole,

K. Rich. What says he[8]?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be[9]:
So much for that.——Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else[1],
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

[8] What says he NOW?] I have supplied the adverb—*now*, (which is wanting in the old copy,) to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

Of these short addresses in prose, in the midst of a metrical dialogue, we have numberless instances in Shakspeare, particularly in this very play. MALONE.

[9] — our pilgrimage must be:] That is, 'our pilgrimage is yet to come.' M. MASON.

[1] — where no venom else,] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. So, in Decker's Honest Whore, P. II. 1630:

"—— that Irish Judas,
"Bred in a country where *no venom* prospers,
"But in his blood."

Again, in Fuimus Troes, 1633:

"As Irish earth doth *poison poisonous* beasts."

See also, Thomas Lupton's Fourth Book of Notable Things, 4to. bl. l. STEEVENS.

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage [2], nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours [3];
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

[2] Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. Steevens.

[3] Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;] i. e. when he was of thy age. Malone.

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery [4], and deny his offer'd homage [5],
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business: To-morrow next

[4] — to sue
His LIVERY,] On the death of every person who held by knight's service, the escheator of the court in which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king's; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, that is, his *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. MALONE.

[5] — deny his offer'd homage,] That is, '*refuse* to admit the *homage*, by which he is to hold his lands.' JOHNSON.

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou would'st speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts[5]: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what[6]:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing[7],
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

[5] And lost their hearts:] The old copies erroneously and unmetrically read:

"And *quite* lost their hearts."

The compositor's eye had caught the adverb—*quite*, from the following line. STEEVENS.

[6] — daily new exactions are devis'd;
As *blanks*, benevolences, and I wot not what:] Stow records, that Richard II. "compelled all the Religious, Gentlemen, and Commons, to set their seales to *blankes*, to the end he might, if it pleased him, oppresse them severally, or all at once: some of the Commons paid 1000 markes, some 1000 pounds," &c.

Chronicle, p. 319, fol. 1639. HOLT WHITE.

[7] — we HEAR this fearful TEMPEST SING,] So, in The Tempest:

"—— another *storm* brewing; I *hear it sing* in the wind."

STEEVENS.

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not [8], but securely perish [9].
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger [1] now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britanny, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter [2],

[8] And yet we STRIKE not,] To *strike* the *sails*, is, to *contract* them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"Than bear so low a sail, to *strike* to thee." STEEVENS.

[9] — but SECURELY perish.] We perish by too great confidence in our security. The word is used in the same sense in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "Though Page be a *secure* fool," &c. MALONE.

Again, in Troilus and Cressida, Act IV. Sc. V.:

"'Tis done like Hector, but *securely* done."

See Dr. Farmer's note on this passage. STEEVENS.

[1] And UNAVOIDED is the danger —] *Unavoided* is, I believe, here used for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

[2] [The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,]

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,] I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet has made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though according to Holinshed, whom Shakspeare followed in great measure, more than one is necessary.

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury[3],
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,

All the persons enumerated in Holinshed's account of those who embarked with Bolingbroke, are here mentioned with great exactness, except "Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill." See Holinshed. And yet this nobleman, who appears to have been thus omitted by the poet, is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having "broke from the duke of Exeter," and to whom alone, of all mentioned in the list, the archbishop was related, he being *uncle* to the young lord, though Shakspeare by mistake calls him his *brother*. See Holinshed, p. 496.

From these circumstances here taken notice of, which are applicable only to this lord in particular, and from the improbability that Shakspeare would omit so principal a personage in his historian's list, I think it can scarce be doubted but that a line is lost in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place.

Mr. Ritson, with some probability, supposes Shakspeare could not have neglected so fair an opportunity of availing himself of a rough ready-made verse which offers itself in Holinshed:

"[The son and heir of the late earl of Arundel,]"

STEEVENS.

For the insertion of the line included within crotchets, I am answerable; it not being found in the old copies.

The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus: "Aboute the same time the Earl of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earnest persuasion of Thomas Arundell, late Archbishoppe of Canterburie, (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his sea, and banished the realme by King Richardes means,) got him downe to Britaine:—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbishop of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundelle, sonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundelle, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c. *Holinshed*, p. 1105, *edit.* 1577.

There cannot, therefore, I think, be the smallest doubt, that a line was omitted in the copy of 1597, by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundel, but his father, was mentioned; for *his* in a subsequent line (*His* brother) must refer to the *old* Earl of Arundel.

Rather than leave a *lacuna*, I have inserted such words as render the passage intelligible. In Act V. Sc. II. of the play before us,

Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,——
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out [4] our drooping country's broken wing,

a line of a rhyming couplet was passed over by the printer of the first folio:

"Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace."

It has been recovered from the quarto. So also, in K. Henry VI. Part II. the first of the following lines was omitted, as is proved by the old play on which that piece is founded, and (as in the present instance,) by the line which followed the omitted line:

"[*Suf.* Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?]
"*Cap. But* Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be."

In Coriolanus, vol. xiv. p. 102, a line was in like manner omitted, and it has very properly been supplied.

The christian name of Sir *Thomas* Ramston is changed to *John*, and the two following persons are improperly described as knights in all the copies. These perhaps were likewise mistakes of the press, but are scarcely worth correcting. MALONE.

[3] — archbishop LATE of Canterbury,] Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the Earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the Pope of his see, at the request of the king; whence he is here called "*late* of Canterbury." STEEVENS.

[4] IMP out —] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*.

So, in The Devil's Charter, 1607:

"His plumes only *imp* the muse's wings."

Again, in Albumazar, 1615:

"———— when we desire
"Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;
"And when we wish him stay, he *imps* his wings
"With feathers plum'd with thought."

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt [5],
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness [6],
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Turbervile has a whole chapter on The Way and Manner howe to *ympe* a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed. Steevens.

[5] — gilt,] i. e. gilding, superficial display of gold. So, in Timon of Athens:

"When thou wast in thy *gilt* and thy perfume," &c. Steevens.

[6] — life-harming heaviness,] Thus the quarto 1597. The quartos 1608, and 1615—*halfe*-harming; the folio—*self*-harming. Steevens.

This is a good specimen of the gradual progress of corruption. The revisor of the folio, perceiving that "*half*-harming," (the corrupt reading of the copy of 1608, from which the folio copy appears to have been printed,) afforded no sense, substituted "*self*-harming," a word that is not very distant from the other, without a thought of consulting the earliest printed copy. Malone.

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves [7],
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like pérspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,

7 With NOTHING trembles: at SOME THING it grieves,] The following line requires that this should be read just the contrary way:

"With *something trembles*, yet at *nothing* grieves."
WARBURTON.

All the old editions read:

"—— my inward soul
"With *nothing* trembles: at *some thing* it grieves."

The reading, which Dr. Warburton corrects, is itself an innovation. His conjectures give indeed a better sense than that of any copy, but copies must not be needlessly forsaken. JOHNSON.

I suppose it is the *unborn sorrow* which she calls *nothing*, because it is not yet brought into existence. STEEVENS.

Warburton does not appear to have understood this passage, nor Johnson either. Through the whole of this scene, till the arrival of Green, the Queen is describing to Bushy, a certain unaccountable despondency of mind, and a foreboding apprehension which she felt of some unforeseen calamity. She says, "that her inward soul trembles without any apparent cause, and grieves at something more than the King's departure, though she knows not what." He endeavours to persuade her that it is merely the consequence of her sorrow for the King's absence. She says it may be so, but her soul tells her otherwise. He then tells her it is only conceit; but she is not satisfied with that way of accounting for it, as she says that conceit is still derived from some forefather grief, but what she feels was begot by nothing; that is, had no preceding cause. *Conceit* is here used in the same sense that it is in Hamlet, when the King says that Ophelia's madness was occasioned by "*conceit* upon her father." M. MASON.

Distinguish form[8]: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,

[8] Like pérspectives, which, RIGHTLY gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; EY'D AWRY,
Distinguish form:] This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongst *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are *inverted:* so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakspeare says, "ey'd awry."
WARBURTON.

Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire, p. 391, explains this perspective, or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board, which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but, if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus: "The board being indented, [or furrowed with a plough-plane,] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye holding it obliquely, so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

The following short poem would almost persuade one that the words *rightly* and *awry* [perhaps originally written—*aright* and *wryly*,] had exchanged places in the text of our author:

Lines prefixed to "Melancholike Humours, in Verses of Diverse
"Natures, set down by Nich. Breton, Gent. 1600:
"In Authorem.

"That thou wouldst finde the habit of true passion,
"And see a minde attir'd in perfect straines;
"Not wearing moodes, as gallants doe a fashion
"In these pide times, only to shewe their braines;

"Looke here on Breton's worke, the master print,
"Where such perfections to the life doe rise:
"If they seeme *wry*, to such as looke asquint,
"The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.

"For, as one comming with a *laterall* viewe
"Unto a cunning piece-wrought *perspective*,
"Wants facultie to make a censure true:
"So with this author's readers will it thrive:

"Which, being eyed *directly*, I divine,
"His proofe their praise will meete, as in this line."
Ben Jonson. STEEVENS.

Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think [9],—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit [1], my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve [2]:

So, in Hentzner, 1598, Royal Palace, Whitehall: "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monstrosum quid repræsentans, sed si quis effigiem rectâ intueatur, tum vera depræhenditur."
FARMER.

The *perspectives* here mentioned, were not pictures, but round chrystal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces, like those of the rose-diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth. These chrystals—which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell box-lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases—if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet.

The word *shadows* is here used, in opposition to substance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occasioned by their interception of the light that falls upon them. HENLEY.

9 As,—though, IN thinking, on no thought I think,] Old copy,—*on* thinking; but we should read—"As though *in* thinking;" that is, "though musing, I have no distinct idea of calamity." The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometime felt, is here very forcibly described.
JOHNSON.

1 'Tis nothing but CONCEIT,] *Conceit* is here, as in King Henry VIII. and many other places, used for a *fanciful conception.*
MALONE.

2 For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:] With these

'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known[3]; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

GREEN. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—

lines I know not well what can be done. The Queen's reasoning, as it now stands, is this: my *trouble* is not *conceit*, for *conceit is still derived from* some antecedent cause, *some fore-father grief;* but with me the case is, that 'either my real grief hath no real cause, or some real cause has produced a fancied grief.' That is, 'my grief is not conceit, because it either has not a cause like conceit, or it has a cause like conceit.' This can hardly stand. Let us try again, and read thus:

"For nothing hath begot my something grief;
"*Not* something hath the nothing that I grieve:"

That is, 'my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from some past occurrence.' But, on the contrary, here is 'real grief without a real cause; *not* a real cause with a fanciful sorrow.' This, I think, must be the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction or absurdity. JOHNSON.

[3] 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;—
But what it is, that is not yet known, &c.] I am about to propose an interpretation which many will think harsh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *possess a man*, in Shakspeare, is to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend.* To *be possessed*, is *to be fully informed.* Of this sense the examples are numerous:

"I have *possess'd* him my most stay can be but short."
Measure for Measure.

"—— Is he yet *possess'd*
"What sum you would?" *Merchant of Venice.*

I therefore imagine the Queen says thus:

"'Tis in reversion—that I do possess;—"

"The event is yet in futurity"—that I know with full conviction —"but what it is, that is not yet known." In any other interpretation she must say that *she possesses* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, less natural than my explanation. JOHNSON.

As the grief the Queen felt, was for some event which had not yet come to pass, or at least not yet come to her knowledge, she expresses this by saying that the grief which she then actually possessed, was still in *reversion*, as she had no right to feel the grief until the event should happen which was to occasion it.
M. MASON.

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

QUEEN. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

GREEN. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power[4],
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

QUEEN. Now God in heaven forbid!

GREEN. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

BUSHY. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors[5]?

GREEN. We have: whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

QUEEN. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,

[4] — might have RETIR'D his power,] Might have *drawn it back*. A French sense. JOHNSON.

So, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"Each one, by him enforc'd, *retires* his ward." MALONE.

[5] And ALL the rest OF THE revolted faction, traitors?] The first quarto, 1597, reads:

"And *all* the rest revolted faction, traitors?"

The folio and quartos 1598 and 1608:

"And the rest *of the revolting* faction, traitors?"

MALONE.

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir[6]:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd[7].

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!——
Uncle,
For heaven's sake speak comfortable words.

[6] —my sorrow's dismal heir:] The author seems to have used *heir* in an improper sense, an *heir* being one that *inherits by succession*, is here put for one that *succeeds*, though he succeeds but in order of time, not in order of descent. Johnson.

Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage also. The Queen does not in any way allude to Bolingbroke's succession to the crown, an event, of which she could at that time have had no idea. She had said before, that "some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming towards her." She talks afterwards of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" she calls Green "the midwife of her woe;" and then means to say, in the same metaphorical jargon, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her "sorrow's dismal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the following line:

"Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy."

M. Mason.

[7] —thou art the midwife to my woe,—
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.] So, in Pericles:

"I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping."

Malone.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts[7]:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:——
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!——
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold[8],
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.——
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy[9], to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is it, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes

[7] Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:] This line is found in the three eldest quartos, but is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[8] The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,] The old copies, injuriously to the metre, read:
"The nobles they are fled, the commons *they are* cold."
STEEVENS.

[9] Get thee to PLASHY,] The lordship of *Plashy*, was a town of the dutchess of Gloster's in Essex. See Hall's Chronicle, p. 13. THEOBALD.

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth[1] had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's[2].—
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland[3]?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say[4]: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust[5] into my hands,

[1] —untruth—] That is, *disloyalty, treachery.* JOHNSON.

[2] The king had cut off my head with my brother's.] None of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the King or any one else. The Duke of Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was secretly murdered at Calais, being smothered between two beds. RITSON.

[3] What, are there POSTS dispatch'd for Ireland?] Thus the folio. The quartos—*two* posts—and—*no* posts. STEEVENS.

This line furnishes another specimen of the progress of corruption. In the second quarto, 1598, *no* being corrupted into *two*, the line appeared thus:

"What, are there *two* posts dispatch'd for Ireland?"

and so it was exhibited in the quarto of 1608, and in that of 1615. The corrector of the press, by whom the sheets of the folio, 1623, were revised while they were printing, meeting with what doubtless appears very absurd, instead of looking out for the oldest copy, cut the knot, instead of attempting to untie it, and left out the substituted word *two*; and thus the verse became quite different from what the poet intended.

"What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?"

What is still more extraordinary, this unquestionably erroneous reading is adopted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[4] Come, sister,—cousin, I would say:] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the Queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind. STEEVENS.

[5] —disorderly thrust—] So all the old copies. Mr. Steevens silently altered it to "thrust disorderly." BOSWELL.

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd[5];
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go[6], muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle *.
I should to Plashy too;——
But time will not permit:—All is uneven.
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt* YORK *and Queen.*

BUSHY. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland †,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

GREEN. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

BAGOT. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

BUSHY. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

BAGOT. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

GREEN. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

* So folio; quartos omit *castle*. † Quartos, *for* Ireland.

[5] Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;] Sir T. Hanmer has completed this defective line, by reading:

"My kinsman is, *one* whom the king hath wrong'd."

STEEVENS.

[6] — Gentlemen, go muster up your men.] The word *gentlemen*, which is found both in the quarto 1597, and the folio, is omitted by Mr. Steevens without any notice to the reader. MALONE.

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Wilds in Glostershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way

[7] Will the hateful commons —] So all the old copies. Mr. Steevens reads, without notice, "The hateful commons will."
Boswell.

From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel[6]:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy[7], is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short: as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

[6] — wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:] So, in King Lear, 1605:
"Thy pleasant company will make the way seem short."
MALONE.

[7] And hope to JOY,] To *joy* is, I believe, here used as a verb. So, in the second Act of King Henry IV. Part I.: "Poor fellow never *joy'd* since the price of oats rose." Again, in K. Henry VI. Part II. Act IV. Sc. IX.:
"Was ever king that *joy'd* on earthly throne—."
The word is again used with the same signification in the play before us. MALONE.

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together[8].

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;

[8] He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake TOGETHER.] i. e. conversed: *together* is an interpolation sufficiently evident from the redundancy of the metre. STEEVENS.

None else of name, and noble estimate *.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, firy-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you[9].

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster[1];
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,

* So quartos 1597, 1598, and folio: quartos 1608 and 1615, *estimation*.

9 My lord of Hereford, my message is TO YOU.] I suspect that our author designed this for a speech rendered abrupt by the impatience of Bolingbroke's reply; and therefore wrote:

"My lord of Hereford, my message is——"

The words *to you*, only serve to destroy the metre. STEEVENS.

1 — my answer is—to Lancaster;] Your message, you say, is to my lord of *Hereford*. My answer is, It is not to him; it is to the *Duke of Lancaster*. MALONE.

To raze one title of your honour out[2]:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most gracious regent of this land[3],
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time[4],
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK *attended.*

BOLING. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*

YORK. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

BOLING. My gracious uncle!—

YORK. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle[5]:

[2] To RAZE one title of your honour OUT:] "How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could show at large." *Camden's Remains,* p. 136, edit. 1605. MALONE.

[3] From the most GLORIOUS REGENT of this land,] Thus the first quarto, 1597. The word *regent* was accidentally omitted in the quarto, 1598, which was followed by all the subsequent copies. The same copy substituted *glorious* for *gracious.* MALONE.

[4] —the ABSENT time,] i. e. time of the king's absence. JOHNSON.

[5] Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:] In Romeo and Juliet, we have the same kind of phraseology:

"Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds."

Again, in Microconicon, Six snarling Satires, &c. by Thomas Middleton, 16mo. 1599:

"*Hower me no howers;* howers break no square."

Again, in Solyman and Perseda, 1599:

"*Basilis.* What would'st thou have me, a Typhon?
"*Piston.* Typhon me no Typhons, but swear," &c.

Again, in Love's Owle, a poem, by Antony Copley, 4to. 1595:

"And so joy mightely over *all.*
"*Old Man. All me no alls,* for all is nought."

Again, in King Edward I. by George Peele, 1593:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why [6];——Why have they dar'd to
march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms [7]?

" *Friars.* Hands off, an if you love your ease.
" *Rice. Ease me no easings,*" &c. MALONE.
The reading of the folio is preferable:
" Tut, tut! grace me no grace, nor uncle me." RITSON.

[6] But then more why;] This seems to be wrong. We might read:
" But more than *this;* why," &c. TYRWHITT.
" But then more *why.*" But, to add more questions. This is the reading of the first quarto, 1597, which in the second, and all the subsequent copies, was corrupted thus: " But *more than* why." The expression of the text, though a singular one, was, I have no doubt, the author's. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding:
" Grace me *no grace, nor* uncle me *no uncle.*"
An innovation which shows how very soon Shakspeare's peculiarities were not understood, and how ready the persons through whose hands they passed, were to substitute their own capricious notions in their room. A similar expression occurs in Twelfth-Night:
" *More* than I love these eyes, *more* than my life,
" More, by all *mores,* than I shall e'er love wife."
Mr. Tyrwhitt, who certainly had never seen the second quarto, proposed the same reading that is there, and Mr. M. Mason would read thus:
" But *more then.* Why? Why have they dar'd," &c.
To mention this, is enough. The text is unquestionably right. MALONE.
There seems to be an error in this passage, which I believe should run thus:
" But more then: Why? why have they dar'd," &c.
This repetition of the word *why,* is not unnatural for a person speaking with much warmth. M. MASON.

[7] And ostentation of DESPISED arms?] But sure the ostentation of *despised* arms would not *fright* any one. We should read:

Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord * of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chástise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition [8] stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy † sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,

* So folio: the quartos omit *the*.

† So quarto 1597, and folio: the other quartos, *my*.

"—— *disposed* arms:"

i. e. forces in battle array. WARBURTON.

This alteration is harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*despightful*. Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.

So, in this play:

"We'll make foul weather with *despised* tears."

STEEVENS.

The meaning of this probably is—'a boastful display of arms which we despise.' M. MASON.

[8] ON what condition —] It should be, '*in* what condition,' i. e. in what degree of guilt. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

York's reply supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture:

"Even *in* condition," &c. MALONE.

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye[8]:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born[9]?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay[1].
I am denied to sue my livery here[2],
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

[8] Look on my wrongs with an INDIFFERENT eye:] i. e. with an *impartial eye*. "Every juryman (says Sir Edward Coke,) ought to be impartial and *indifferent*." MALONE.

[9] — Wherefore was I born?] To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

[1] To rouse his WRONGS, and chase them to the bay.] By "his wrongs," are meant 'the persons who wrong him.' This explanation is supported by a passage in Fletcher's Double Marriage, where Juliana says—

"With all my youth and pleasure I'll embrace you,
"Make tyranny and death stand still, affrighted,
"And, at our meeting souls, amaze our *mischiefs*."

M. MASON.

[2] — to SUE MY LIVERY here,] A law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures. See notes on K. Henry IV. Part I. Act IV. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right[3].

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way[4],
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us

[3] It STANDS your grace UPON, to do him right.] i. e. it is your interest, it is matter of consequence to you. So, in King Richard III.:

"—— It *stands* me much *upon*,
"To stop all hopes whose growth may danger me."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—— It only *stands*
"Our lives *upon*, to use our strongest hands." STEEVENS.

[4] Be his own *carver*, and *cut out* his way,] So, in Othello, vol. ix. p. 327:

"He that stirs next to *carve forth* his own rage."

BOSWELL.

To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause [4];
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care [5].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV [6].

A Camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury [7], and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,

[4] It may be, I will go WITH YOU:—but yet I'll pause;] I suspect the words—*with you*, which spoil the metre, to be another interpolation. STEEVENS.

[5] Things past redress, are now with me past care.] So, in Macbeth:

"——Things without remedy,
"Should be without regard." STEEVENS.

[6] Scene IV.] Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakspeare's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change. My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakspeare's time, broken into Acts; the editions published before his death, exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so desultory and erratic, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made. JOHNSON.

[7] — *Salisbury*,] Was John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. WALPOLE.

And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

SAL. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

CAP. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd[8],
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

SAL. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,

[8] The bay-trees, &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

Some of these prodigies are found in Holinshed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old *baie trees* wither'd," &c.

This was esteemed a bad omen; for, as I learn from Thomas Lupton's Syxt Booke of Notable Thinges, 4to. bl. l.: "Neyther falling sycknes, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place whereas a *Bay tree* is. The Romaynes calles it the plant of the good angell," &c. STEEVENS.

Evelyn says, "Amongst other things, it has of old been observed, that the *bay* is ominous of some funest accident, if that be so accounted which Suetonius (in Galba) affirms to have happened before the death of the monster Nero, when these trees generally withered to the very roots in a very mild winter: and much later; that in the year 1629, when at Padua, preceding a great pestilence, almost all the *Bay trees* about that famous university grew sick and perished: 'Certo quasi præsagio, (says my author,) Apollinem Musasque, subsequenti anno urbe illa bonarum literarum domicilio excessuras.'" (*Sylva*, 4to. 1776, p. 396.) REED.

Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

BOLINGBROKE'S Camp at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: *Officers behind with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean [9].
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed [1],

9 — clean.] i. e. quite, completely. REED.
So, in our author's 75th Sonnet:
"And by and by, *clean* starved for a look." MALONE.

1 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,] There is, I believe, no authority for this. Isabel, the queen of the present play, was but nine years old. Richard's first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and the king was extremely fond of her. MALONE.

And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,——
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks [2], and fell'd my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat [3],
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign [4],—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,

[2] DISPARK'D my parks,] To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. *Dissepio*. I meet with the word in Barrett's Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580. It also occurs in The Establishment of Prince Henry, 1610: "Forestes and Parkes of the Prince's *disparked* and in Lease," &c. STEEVENS.

"*Dispark'd* my parks." Mr. Steevens supposed that to *dispark* signified "to throw down the hedges of an enclosure," but this is not the meaning of the term.

To *dispark*, is a legal term, and signifies, to divest a park, constituted by royal grant or prescription, of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures of such a park, and also the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood,) and the beasts of chase therein; and laying it open. MALONE.

[3] From my own windows torn my household coat,] It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

[4] Raz'd out my IMPRESS, &c.] The *impress* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his Blazon of Gentry, 1585, observes, "that the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set." STEEVENS.

For the punishment of a base knight, see Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. v. c. iii. st. 37. MALONE.

Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.
Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
[*Exeunt* Northumberland *and Others, with Prisoners.*
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.[5] [*Exeunt.*

[5] Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.] Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation: and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhyme to each other; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins The First Part of King Henry IV. and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welchman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of King Henry IV. beginning to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer; yet it was

SCENE II

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, *Aumerle, and Soldiers.*

K. RICH. Barkloughly castle call they[7] this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas[8]?

K. RICH. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.——
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child

not till the succeeding year that the King employed any force against him. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is just, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

It is evident from the preceding scene, that there was a force in Wales, which Bolingbroke might think it necessary to suppress; and why might not Shakspeare call it Glendower's? When we next see Bolingbroke, he is in Wales, and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welchmen are dispersed. RITSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that Bolingbroke marched to Chester, probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks, therefore, the line is genuine. See Sc. III. p. 104. Stowe expressly says, that "Owen Glendower served King Richard at Flint-Castle." MALONE.

[6] Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second Act. JOHNSON.

[7] Call THEY,] So, the quarto 1597. The folio, following the quarto 1608, reads—call *you*. MALONE.

[8] After late tossing, &c.] The old copies redundantly read: "After *your* late tossing," &c. STEEVENS.

Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.
Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
[*Exeunt Northumberland and Others, with Prisoners.*
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.[5] [*Exeunt.*

[5] Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.] Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation: and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhyme to each other; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins The First Part of King Henry IV. and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welchman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of King Henry IV. beginning to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer; yet it was

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms[2].

Bishop. Fear not, my lord[3]; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse[4];
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world[5],

" —— dumb things shall be mov'd to sympathize,
" And the brute *earth shall lend her nerves*, and shake."
STEEVENS.

[2] — rebellion's arms.] Thus the quarto 1597; all the subsequent copies have—*rebellious* arms. MALONE.

[3] Fear not, my lord, &c.] Of this speech, the four last lines were restored from the first edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I suppose, omitted by the players only to shorten the scene, for they are worthy of the author and suitable to the personage.
JOHNSON.

[4] — else, IF heaven would,
And we WILL not, heaven's offer we refuse;] Thus the quarto 1597, except that the word *if* is wanting. The quarto 1608, and the late editions, read—" And we *would* not." The word *if* was supplied by Mr. Pope. Both the metre and the sense show that it was accidentally omitted in the first copy. MALONE.

[5] — AND lights the lower world,] The old copies read—*that* lights. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Sense might be obtained by a slight transposition, without changing the words of the original text:

" That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights
" The lower world, is hid behind the globe;—"

By " the lower world," as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, *a world lower than this of ours*; I suppose, our *antipodes*.

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines[5],
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from * an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord[6]:

* So folio: quartos, *off from*.

But the *lower world* may signify *our world*. MALONE.

That this is the sense of the passage, is obvious from the King's application of the simile:

"So, when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,—
"Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
"Whilst we were wand'ring with the *antipodes*,—
"Shall see us rising in our throne the east," &c.

HENLEY.

There is no necessity for any alteration, either by transposition or otherwise. *That* does not relate to the nearest antecedent, *globe*, but to *the eye of heaven*. Nothing is more common in Shakspeare, and the writers of his day, than this manner of disposing of the relative. TALBOT.

[5] He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,] It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this, in any poet, whether ancient or modern. STEEVENS.

[6] The breath of worldly men, &c.] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of King James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fa-

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

SAL. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;

shion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish. JOHNSON.

Far be it from me to palliate the conduct of the wretched James; but the truth is, that the inherent rights of the people had been ill understood, or rather were not acknowledged by his predecessors. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, and of the passive obedience of subjects, have never been carried further in any country than in this island, while the house of Tudor sate on the throne. Of this fact, the Homilies, composed during the reign of young Edward, and appointed in the Thirty-nine Articles to be read in churches, furnish striking and abundant proof. Take, as an instance, the following extract from the Homily against Disobedience and wilful Rebellion: "As the name of the king is very often attributed and given unto God in holy scriptures, so doth God himself in the same scriptures sometime vouchsafe to communicate his name with earthly *princes, terming them Gods.*" 1st *part.* And in the 4th *part*, we are directed to "call to remembrance the heavy wrath and dreadful indignation of Almighty God against subjects as do *only but inwardly grudge, mutter, and murmur* against their governors, though their inward treason, so privily hatched in their breasts, come not to an open declaration of their doings." HOLT WHITE.

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

AUM. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. RICH. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead[7]?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

AUM. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. RICH. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard[8] majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names[9]?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here!

[7] Have I not reason to LOOK pale and DEAD?] So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"Even such a man——
"So dull, so *dead in look*, so woe-begone,
"Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night."

Again, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"So should a murderer *look*, so *dead*, so grim."

MALONE.

[8] —coward—] Thus the quarto. The folio has—*sluggard*. MALONE.

[9] Is not the king's name forty thousand names?] Thus, in King Richard III.:

"Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength."

See a speech of Antigonus, in Plutarch, of this kind, vol. ii. p. 199, 4to. Gr. S. W.

Enter SCROOP.

SCROOP. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. RICH. Mine ear is open[1], and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards[2] have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

[1] Mine ear is open, &c.] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

[2] White-BEARDS—] Thus the quartos. The first folio, with a ridiculous blunder,—White *bears*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has omitted to mention that the same ridiculous blunder is continued in the second folio. MALONE.

Against thy majesty; and boys*, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints[3]
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows[4] †
Of double-fatal yew[5] ‡ against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

* So quarto 1597: all the other copies, *and boys.*
† Quartos 1608 and 1615, *browes.*
‡ Quartos 1608 and 1615, *woe.*

[3] — and CLAP their female joints—] Mr. Pope more elegantly reads—"and *clasp*—;" which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. But the emendation does not seem absolutely necessary. MALONE.

Clip would be still nearer than *clasp*. RITSON.

Lee, in his Mithridates, has imitated this passage, Act IV.:

"The very boys, like Cupids dress'd in arms,
"*Clap* their young harness'd thighs, and trust to battle."

STEEVENS.

[4] Thy very BEADSMEN learn to bend their bows—] Such is the reading of all the copies; yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsman*. The King's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the *beadsman* of his patron. *Beadsman* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. Hanmer reads—"*the* very beadsmen," but *thy* is better. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough: "As boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms," &c. "so his very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows against him." *Their* does not absolutely denote that the *bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

[5] Of double-fatal yew—] Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. WARBURTON.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows;* while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green[6]?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

[6] Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?] Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the King hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judasses. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says:

"Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?"

So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question: and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland.

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text:

"Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is *he got?*"

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *slunk* and *absconded*.

Theobald.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. "Where is he got," does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakspeare. Johnson.

I agree with Johnson in thinking that this was a mistake of the author's, because we find a mistake of the same nature in the second Act, where Bolingbroke says, that Bristol Castle was held by Bushy and Bagot; yet it is certain that Bagot was not taken at Bristol, for we find him afterwards accusing Aumerle of treason; and in the parting scene between him, Green, and Bushy, he declares his intention of flying to the King in Ireland.

M. Mason.

Perhaps Shakspeare intended to mark more strongly the perturbation of the King by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty, on further recollection, might show him the impropriety of his question. Malone.

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!*

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground[7].

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model of the barren earth[8],

* So folio. Quartos:
" ——— terrible hell
" Make war upon their spotted souls for this."

[7] —grav'd—] The verb, *to grave*, is not peculiar to Shakspeare. So, in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, lib. iii. fol. 58:
" Unto the hound, unto the raven,
" She was none otherwise *graven*." STEEVENS.

[8] And that small MODEL of the barren-earth,] He uses *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorize. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, all that *model*, in the present instance, means, is the

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones [9].
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd [1];
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antick sits [2],
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,

sepulchral hillock of earth which ascertains the length and breadth of the body beneath it. In this sense it may be termed its *model*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare generally uses *model*, not for an *exemplar*, but for a thing made after a pattern. The King therefore means to say, that the earth placed upon the body assumes its form. So, in a former scene of this play:

"—— thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

See vol. x. p. 440, n. 2. *Model*, however, may be used for *mould*. See Minsheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

Perhaps, a small *model* means, a *small portion*. "*Modle* (says Cockeram,) is a part of one's self." BOSWELL.

9 Which serves as paste, &c.] A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*. JOHNSON.

1 — the ghosts they have DEPOS'D;] Such is the reading of all the old copies. The modern editors, in the room of *have depos'd*, substituted *dispossess'd*. STEEVENS.

2 — there the ANTICK sits,] Here is an allusion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

If there be any such allusion intended, it is to the *old Vice*, who, indeed, appears to have been such a character as Dr. Johnson describes. The *Fool* was rather introduced to be laughed at. RITSON.

So, in The First Part of King Henry VI.:

"Thou *antick* death, which laugh'st us here to scorn!"

STEEVENS.

It is not impossible that Shakspeare borrowed this idea from one of the cuts of that most exquisite work, called Imagines Mortis, commonly ascribed to the pencil of Holbein, but without any authority. See the seventh print. DOUCE.

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition[3], form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjécted thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. Mylord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes*,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death[4];
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.——
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

* So quartos: folio, *ne'er wail their present woes.*

[3] Tradition,] This word seems here used for *traditional practices*: that is, *established* or *customary homage.* Johnson.

[4] — death destroying death;] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read "death *defying* death;" but *destroying* is as well. Johnson.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.——
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[*To Aumerle.*
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort [5] any more.
Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey [6].
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land [7] that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

[5] I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort —] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. Johnson.

[6] A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.] So, in King John, vol. xv. p. 263:
"For grief is proud, and makes its owner stoop." Boswell.

[7] To ear the land —] i. e. to *plough* it. So, in All's Well that Ends Well:
"He that *ears* my land, spares my team." Steevens.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle[7].

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Bolingbroke and Forces; York, Northumberland, and Others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from thence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me[8]; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,

[7] —Flint Castle.] In our former edition I had called this scene *the same* with the preceding. That was at Barkloughly castle, on the coast where Richard landed; but Bolingbroke never marched further in Wales than to Flint. The interview between him and Richard was at the castle of Flint, where this scene should be said to lie, or rather in the camp of Bolingbroke before that castle.—"Go to Flint castle." See above.
Steevens.

[8] Your grace mistakes ME;] The word—*me*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer. Steevens.

Far taking so the head [9], your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,

Lest you mistake: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself

Against their will [1]—But who comes here [2]?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield [3]?

9 For taking so the head,] To *take the head* is, to *act without restraint;* to *take undue liberties.* We now say, *we give* the horse *his head,* when we relax the reins. Johnson.

1 — The heavens——

—— and oppose not

Myself against their will.] So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"The heavens, &c.——

"Move them no more by crossing their high will."

Steevens,

2 I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself

Against their will. But who comes here?] Such is the regulation of the old copies. The second line is left unmetrical, according to a frequent practice of our author, when a person enters suddenly, and apparently for the purpose of imitating the abruptness of dialogue in real life. Mr. Steevens, in direct opposition to the old copies, regulates the lines thus:

"I know it, uncle; and oppose not

"Myself against their will.—But who comes here?"

When the deviation was pointed out, he had recourse to his usual suggestion of an interpolation, and, in the following note, defended his arrangement, in the face of the old copies, by proposing another regulation of the text, which yet he has not followed. Malone.

I regard the word—*myself,* as an interpolation, and conceive Shakspeare to have written—

"—— and *oppose not*

"*Against* their will."

To *oppose* may be here a verb neuter. So, in King Lear:

"—— a servant, thrill'd with remorse,

"*Oppos'd against* the act." Steevens.

3 Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?] The old

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. Oh! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To North.*
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle [3];
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

copy destroys the metre by reading—*Welcome,* Harry —. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. Steevens.

[3] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs, &c.] It is observable that our author in his addresses to persons, often begins with an hemistich. So, in Troilus and Cressida, Act II. Sc. III.:

"Agam. *Princes,*
"What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?"

This observation may be of use in other places, where in the old copies, by the mistake of the transcriber, the metre is destroyed by this regulation not being observed. It also confirms what I have often had occasion to mention,—that our poet in many instances blended short prosaick sentences with his metrical dialogues. Malone.

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
[*Northumberland advances to the Castle with a Trumpet.*
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's totter'd battlements [4]
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle [5], *Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.*

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear [6],

[4] — TOTTER'D battlements] *Totter'd*, the reading of the two first quartos, is here probably used for *tottering*, according to a usage of our poet, which has been frequently pointed out. The other copies read *tatter'd*. BOSWELL.

[5] — *the Bishop of Carlisle,*] Was Thomas Merkes. WALPOLE.

[6] See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,] The following six lines are absurdly given to Bolinbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the King's. It is plain these six and the four following all belong to York. WARBURTON.

It should be observed that the four last of these lines are in all the copies given to York. STEEVENS.

As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the firy portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To Northumberland.*
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;——
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war[7];

[7] The purple testament of bleeding war;] I believe our author uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face [8];
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass [9] with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,

there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right in his interpretation of this passage. See Julius Cæsar:

"Now, while your *purpled* hands do reek and smoke,
"Fulfil your pleasure." Malone.

[8] But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;] By "the flower of England's face" is meant 'the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*.' "The flower of England's face," to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year." Warburton.

Dr. Warburton reads—"*light* in peace," but "*live* in peace" is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled as to be firm. "The flower of England's face," is very happily explained. Johnson.

"The flower of England's face," I believe, means 'England's flowery face, the flowery surface of England's soil.' The same kind of expression is used in Sidney's Arcadia, p. 2: "— opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, edit. 1633: "— the sweet and beautiful *flower of her face*."

Again, Drayton, in Mortimer's Epistle to Queen Isabell:

"And in the field advance our plumy crest,
"And march upon fair England's *flow'ry breast*."
Steevens.

We have a similar image in the first speech of Henry IV. Part I.:

"No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,
"Shall daub *her lips* with her own children's blood."
Boswell.

[9] Her pastures' grass—] Old copies—*pastors*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt [1];
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend [2] to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

[1] And by the BURIED hand of WARLIKE Gaunt;] Dr. Warburton would read—

"And by the *warlike* hand of *buried* Gaunt;"

and this, no doubt, was Shakspeare's meaning, though he has affectedly misplaced the epithets. Thus, in King John, we have:

"There is no *malice* in this *burning coal*,"

instead of—

"There is no *malice burning* in this coal."

Again, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"But *earthlier happy*," instead of "*earthly happier*."

Again, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"These hands are free from *guiltless bloodshedding*,"

instead of—

"These *guiltless hands* are free from bloodshedding."

Again, ibid. in Part III.:

"Until my *misshap'd trunk* that *bears this head*,"

instead of—

"Until *my head* that this misshap'd trunk bears."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"We cannot call her *winds and waters, sighs and tears*,"

instead of—

"We cannot call her *sighs and tears, winds and waters*."

and in the same play we have *proof of harness*, for *harness of proof;* as elsewhere, *miserable most*, for *most miserable; desperately mortal*, for *mortally desperate; action of precept*, for *precept of action;*" &c. RITSON.

[2] — commend —] i. e. commit. See Minsheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns;——
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
[*To Aumerle.*
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.
K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth[3]! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?

[3] With words of SOOTH!] *Sooth* is *sweet* as well as *true*. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth*. JOHNSON.

The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel[4], for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade[5], where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head[6]:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?——

[4] My gay apparel, &c.] Dr. Grey observes, "that King Richard's expence in regard to dress, was very extraordinary." Holinshed has the same remark; and adds, that he had "one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks." STEEVENS.

Stowe, in his Survey, says, "to the value of *three thousand* markes." So, also, in Vita Ricardi Secundi, published by T. Hearne, p. 156.

It is much to be wished that historians would never use Arabick numerals; they are the source of innumerable errors. MALONE.

[5] Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common TRADE,] So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's Æneid:

"A postern with a blind wicket there was,
"A *common trade*, to pass through Priam's house."
Limen erat, cæcæque fores, et *pervius usus*,
Tectorum inter se Priami——.

The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much *traffick*." Shakspeare uses the word in the same sense in King Henry VIII.:

"Stand in the gap and *trade* of more *preferments*."
STEEVENS.

[6] — on their sovereign's head:] Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetick to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay[7].

North. My lord, in the base court[8] he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Boling.*

[7] — Bolingbroke says—ay.] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakspeare's word, rhymed very well with *die*; but *ay* has quite a different sound. See a note on The Merry Wives of Windsor, vol. viii. p. 186, n. 7. Tyrwhitt.

In some counties *ay* is at this day pronounced with a sound very little differing from that of *I*. Malone.

[8] — base court —] *Bas cour*, Fr. So, in Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso, 1606: "— they were, for a public observation, brought into the *base court* of the palace." Again, in Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617: "— began, at the entrance into the *base court*, to use these words." Steevens.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.——
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head.*] although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing to;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no [9].

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

[9] Then I must not say, no.] "The duke with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the kings horses, and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth; the king was set on the one, and the earle of Salisburie on the other: and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Glocesters sonne and to the earle of Arundels sonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him straight to the castle." Stowe, (p. 521, edit. 1605,) from a manuscript account written by a person who was present. Malone.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy[1]?
1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain[2].
1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.
1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep[3], would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and Two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe[4].
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

[1] Of sorrow, or of JOY?] All the old copies concur in reading: "Of sorrow, or of *grief?*"
Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration. STEEVENS.

[2] —complain.] See p. 20, n. 1. STEEVENS.

[3] And I could WEEP,] The old copies read—"And I could *sing*." STEEVENS.
Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

[4] Against a change: Woe is forerun with WOE.] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that publick evils are always presignified by publick pensiveness, and plaintive conversation. JOHNSON.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.——
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate[5]?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd[6], and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

[5] —OUR firm estate?] How could he say *our*, when he immediately subjoins, that it was infirm? We should read:
"——*a* firm state." WARBURTON.

The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they are at work. The state of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, and therefore his reasoning is very naturally induced. Why (says he,) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state* when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton would have discontinued in favour of his own conjecture. STEEVENS.

[6] Her KNOTS disorder'd,] *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersect each other. So, Milton:
"Flowers, worthy Paradise, which not nice art
"In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
"Pour'd forth." STEEVENS.

The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year [7]
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches [8]
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be [9]: Letters came last night

[7] —We at time of year—] The word *We* is not in the old copies. The context shows that some word was omitted at the press; and the subsequent lines—

"——superfluous branches
"*We* lop away——,"

render it highly probable that this was the word. Malone.

[8] —All superfluous branches—] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word—*all*, and thereby hurts the metre; for *superfluous* is never accented on the third syllable. Steevens.

[9] —'Tis doubt, he will be:] We have already had an instance of this uncommon phraseology in the present play:

"He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis *doubt*,
"When time shall call him home," &c.

Doubt is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The folio reads—*doubted*. I have found reason to believe that some alteration even in that valuable copy was made arbitrarily by the editor. Malone.

To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

QUEEN. O, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking [1]!
Thou, old Adam's likeness, [*Coming from her concealment.*] set to dress this garden [2].
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news [3]?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

GARD. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;

[1] O, I am press'd to death, Through want of speaking!] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment, called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. MALONE.

[2] — to DRESS this garden,] This was the technical language of Shakspeare's time. So, in Holy Writ: "— and put him into the *garden* of Eden, *to dress* it, and to keep it." Gen. ii. 15. MALONE.

[3] — how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue, &c.] So, in Hamlet:
"What have I done, that thou *dar'st* wag thy *tongue*
"In noise so *rude* against me?"
I have quoted this passage only to justify the restoration of the word *rude*, which has been rejected in some modern editions.
A line in King John may add support to the restoration here made from the old copy:
"To whom he sung in *rude* harsh-sounding rhymes."
MALONE.

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow[4].

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear[5]; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] I would, the plants, &c.] This execration of the Queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition: the gardener's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. Pope, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, spared the last lines of this Act. Johnson.

"I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow." So, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"This bastard graft shall never come to growth."

Malone.

[5] —fall a tear,—] Thus the quarto, 1597. So, in Othello:

"Each tear she *falls* would prove a crocodile."

The folio, following the quarto 1608, reads:

"Here did she *drop* a tear." Malone.

The quarto 1598 also reads *drop*. Boswell.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. Westminster Hall[6].

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY[7], NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER[8], *another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:——
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end[9].

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,*

[6] —WESTMINSTER Hall.] The rebuilding of Westminster Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him. MALONE.

[7] —Surrey,] Thomas Holland earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of King Richard the Second, 1397. The dukes of Surrey and Exeter were half brothers to the King, being sons of his mother Joan, (daughter of Edmond, earle of Kent,) who after the death of her second husband, Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince. MALONE.

[8] —Fitzwater,] The christian name of this nobleman was Walter. WALPOLE.

[9] —his TIMELESS end.] *Timeless,* for *untimely.* WARBURTON.

That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

AUM. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars[9],
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.——
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

BOLING. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

AUM. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

FITZ. If that thy valour stand on sympathies[1],

[9] — my fair STARS,] I rather think it should be *stem*, being of the royal blood. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is supposed to be influenced by the *stars*; therefore, our author, with his usual licence, takes *stars* for *birth*. JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's Natural History, that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great:—"Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus," &c. lib. i. cap. viii. ANONYMOUS.

[1] If that thy valour stand on SYMPATHIES,] Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times [2], thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point [3].

stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNSON.

[2] If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest.] This is the punctuation of the quarto. The folio, followed by Mr. Steevens, points the passage thus:

"If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest." MALONE.

[3] — my RAPIER'S POINT.] Shakspeare deserts the manners of the age in which this drama was placed, very often without necessity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then escaped the impropriety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

Mr. Ritson censures this note in the following terms: "It would be well, however, though not quite so easy, for some learned critick to bring some proof in support of this and such like assertions. Without which the authority of Shakspeare is at least equal to that of Dr. Johnson." It is probable that Dr. Johnson did not see the necessity of citing any authority for a fact so well known, or suspect that any person would demand one. If an authority, however, only is wanted, perhaps the following may be deemed sufficient to justify the Doctor's observation: "— at that time two other Englishmen, Sir W. Stanley, and Rowland Yorke, got an ignominious name of traytors. This Yorke, borne in London, was a man most negligent and lazy, but desperately hardy; he was in his time most famous among those who respected fencing, having been *the first* that brought into England that wicked and pernicious fashion to fight in the fields in duels with a rapier called a tucke, onely for the thrust: the English having till that very time used to fight with backe swords, slashing and cutting one the other, armed with targets or bucklers, with very broad weapons, accounting it not to be a manly action to fight by thrusting and stabbing, and chiefly under the waste."

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle [3];

Darcie's Annals of Queen Elizabeth, 4to. 1623, p. 223, sub anno, 1587.

Again, in Bulleine's Dialogue between Soarnesse and Chirurgi, fol. 1579, p. 20: "There is *a new* kynd of instruments to let bloud withall, whych brynge the bloud-letter sometyme to the gallowes, because hee stryketh to deepe. These instruments are called the ruffins tucke, and *long foining rapier*: weapons more malicious than manly." Reed.

See vol. viii. p. 70, n. 3. Malone.

[3] I take the EARTH to the like, &c.] This speech I have restored from the first edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, against the mind of the author. For *the earth* I suppose we should read, *thy oath*. Johnson.

To "take the earth" is, at present, a fox-hunter's phrase. So, in The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, 1598:

"I'll follow him until he *take the earth*."

But I know not how it can be applied here. It should seem, however, from the following passage in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. iii. c. xvi. that the expression is yet capable of another meaning:

"Lo here my gage (he *terr'd* his glove) thou know'st the victor's meed."

To *terre* the glove was, I suppose, to dash it on the *earth*. We still say to *ground* a musquet, and to *ground* a bowl.

Let me add, however, in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture,

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun[4]: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

that the word *oath*, in Troilus and Cressida, quarto, 1609, is corrupted in the same manner. Instead of the " — untraded *oath*," it gives "—untraded *earth*." We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another:

" *I task* thy heart *to the like*——."

i. e. I put thy valour to the same trial. So, in King Henry VI. Act V. Sc. II.:

" How show'd his *tasking?* seem'd it in contempt?"

The quarto 1597 reads—*task;* the succeeding quartos, viz. 1598, 1608, and 1615, have—*take.* STEEVENS.

Task is the reading of the first and best quarto, in 1597. In that printed in the following year the word was changed to *take;* but all the alterations made in the several editions of our author's plays in quarto, after the first, appear to have been made either arbitrarily or by negligence. (I do not mean to include copies containing new and additional matter.) I confess I am unable to explain either reading; but I adhere to the elder, as more likely to be the true one. MALONE.

I should read " I *take* the earth," i. e. I take the earth to witness. TALBOT.

[4] From SUN to SUN:] i. e. as I think, from sun-rise to sun-set. So, in Cymbeline:

" *Imo.* How many score of miles may we well ride
" 'Twixt hour and hour?
" *Pisa.* One score 'twixt *sun and sun,*
" Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too."

" The time appointed for the *duello* (says Saviolo,) hath alwaies been *'twixt the rising and the setting sun;* and whoever in that time doth not prove his intent, can never after be admitted the combat upon that quarrel." *On Honour and honourable Quarrels*, 4to. 1595. This passage fully supports the emendation here made, and my interpretation of the words. The quartos read—" From *sin* to *sin*." The emendation, which in my apprehension requires no enforcement or support, was proposed by Mr. Steevens, who explains these words differently. He is of opinion that they mean, *from one day to another*. MALONE.

However ingenious the conjecture of Mr. Steevens may be, I think the old reading the true one. " From sin to sin," is from one denial to another; for those denials were severally maintained to be *lies*. HENLEY.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast [5],
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then [6];
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness [7],

[5] I have a thousand spirits in one breast,] So, in King Richard III.:

"A thousand hearts are great within my bosom."

STEEVENS.

[6] MY LORD, 'tis true: you were in presence then;] The quartos omit—*My lord*, and read—"'Tis *very* true," &c. The folio preserves both readings, and consequently overloads the metre. STEEVENS.

"'Tis *very* true." So the quarto 1597. MALONE.

[7] I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in Macbeth:

"—— or be alive again,
"And dare me to the desert with thy sword." JOHNSON.

So also, in The Lover's Progress, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Maintain thy treason with thy sword? with what
"Contempt I hear it! *in a wilderness*
"*I durst encounter it.*" BOSWELL.

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world [8],
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this [9],
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth [1],
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,

[8] — in this new world,] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor Surrey has, a few lines above, called him *boy*. JOHNSON.

[9] — here do I throw down this,] Holinshed says, that on this occasion "he threw down a *hood* that he had borrowed." STEEVENS.

He had before thrown down his own hood, when accused by Bagot. MALONE.

[1] — gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,] This is not historically true. The duke of Norfolk's death did not take place till after Richard's murder. MALONE.

Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne [1].

Car. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth [2].

[1] In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.] The words actually spoken by Henry, on this occasion, were as follows:

Standing upright, that every one might see him, after he had crossed himself on the forehead and breast, and called on the name of Christ, he said:—"In the name of Fadher, Son, and Holy Ghost, I, Henry of Lancaster, challenge the rewme of Ynglande, and the Croun, with all the membres and the appurtenances, and als I, that am descendit by right line of the blode, coming from the gude king Henry Therde, and throge that right that God of his grace hath sent me, with help of kyn, and of my frendes to recover it, the which rewme was in poynt to be ondone, by defaute of governaunce and ondoying of the gude lawes." *Hume*, vol. ix. p. 50, 4to. who gives a very ingenious comment on this politick speech, which is copied from Knyghton, p. 2757. Malone.

[2] Yet best BESEEMING me to speak the truth.] It might be read more grammatically:

"Yet best *beseems it* me to speak the truth."

Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobless [2] would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty [3],
His captain, steward, deputy elect,

But I do not think it is printed otherwise than as Shakspeare wrote it. JOHNSON.

[2] — nobless —] i. e. *nobleness;* a word now obsolete, but used both by Spenser and Ben Jonson. STEEVENS.

[3] And shall the figure, &c.] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in K. James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms. It must be observed that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this bishop as brave, pious, and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has represented the character of the bishop as he found it in Holinshed, where this famous speech, (which contains, in the most express terms, the doctrine of passive obedience,) is preserved. The politicks of the historian were the politicks of the poet. STEEVENS.

The chief argument urged by the bishop in Holinshed, is, that it was unjust to proceed against the king "without calling him openly to his aunswer and defence." He says, that "none of them were worthie or meete to give judgement to so noble a prince;" but does not expressly assert that he could not be lawfully deposed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinshed before him. MALONE.

It does not appear from any better authority than Holinshed that Bishop Merkes made this famous speech, or any speech at all upon this occasion, or even that he was present at the time. His sentiments, however, whether right or wrong, would have been regarded neither as novel nor unconstitutional. And it is observable that usurpers are as ready to avail themselves of the doctrine of *divine right*, as lawful sovereigns; to dwell upon the *sacredness* of their *persons* and the *sanctity* of their *character*. Even that "cutpurse of the empire," Claudius, in Hamlet, affects to believe that—

"—— such divinity doth hedge a king," &c. RITSON.

Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend * it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's sculls.
O, if you raise † this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children [4], cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial [5].—

* So quartos; folio, *forbid.* † So quartos; folio, *rear.*

[4] Lest child, CHILD's children,] Thus the old copy. Some of our modern editors read—"*childrens'* children." STEEVENS.
The innovation was Mr. Pope's. MALONE.

[5] — his day of trial.] After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the Act, containing the whole process of dethroning and debasing King Richard, was added after the first edition, of 1598, and before the second, of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene.
JOHNSON.

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct[6]. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To Carlisle.*
And little look * for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs †:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember

* So quarto; folio, *look'd.* † So quarto; folio, *knee.*

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608. Steevens.

The first edition was in 1597, not in 1598. When it is said that this scene was added, the reader must understand that it was added by the printer, or that a more perfect copy fell into the hands of the later editor than was published by a former. There is no proof that the whole scene was not written by Shakspeare at the same time with the rest of the play, though for political reasons it might not have been exhibited or printed during the life of Queen Elizabeth. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of his Plays, vol. ii.

In the quarto 1597, after the words "his day of trial," the scene thus closes:

"*Bol.* Let it be so: and, lo! on Wednesday next,
"We solemnly proclaim our coronation.
"Lords, be ready all. [*Exeunt.*"

Malone.

[6] — his conduct.] i. e. conductor. So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"Although thou hast been *conduct* of my shame."

Steevens.

The favours of these men[7]: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
On this side[8], my hand; and on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;

[7] The FAVOURS, &c.] The *countenances*, the *features*. JOHNSON.

So, in Othello:

" —— nor should I know him,
" Were he in *favour* as in humour alter'd." STEEVENS.

[8] Here, on this side,] The old copy redundantly has—" Here, *cousin*, on this side ——." STEEVENS.

The quarto 1608, where this scene first appeared, reads:

" —— Seize the crown.
" Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours."

The folio:

" Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown.
" Here, cousin, on this side my hand, on this side yours."

It is evident that in the original copy, the words " Here, cousin, seize the crown," were misplaced, and erroneously printed—" Seize the crown. Here, cousin;" but these words being properly arranged, all the rest of the first copy is right, and I have followed it. The folio omitted the word *and* in the second line:

Mr. Steevens prints—

" Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, *thine*." MALONE.

The emptier ever dancing[9] in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loss of care, by old care done[1];
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm[2],
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

[9] The EMPTIER ever dancing—] This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the *empty* bucket. JOHNSON.

[1] My care is—loss of care, by old care done;] Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that "his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares;" for this reason, that "his care is the loss of care,"—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed.* JOHNSON.

[2] — my balm,] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

With mine own breath release all duty's rites :
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke, that swear † to thee !
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days !—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them ? If thou would'st[3],
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon[4],
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—

* So quarto ; folio, *duteous oaths*. † So quarto ; folio, *are made*.

[3] — If thou would'st,] That is, if thou wouldst read over a list of thy own deeds. Johnson.

[4] Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon,] So the quarto 1608, except that it omits the word *all*, which I have restored from the folio. The folio reads—look upon *me*. To "look upon" is frequently used by our author, for—"to be *a looker on*."
Malone.

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort [5] of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught [6], insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font [7],—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)

[5] —a sort—] A *pack*, a *company*. Warburton.
So, in King Richard III.:
"A *sort* of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."
Steevens.

[6] —haught,] i. e. haughty. So, in King Richard III.:
"And the queen's sons and brothers, *haught* and proud."
Steevens.

[7] No, not that name was given me at the font,] How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakspeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are. Anonymous.

An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty [8].

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit an Attendant.*

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ [9], and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a Glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read *.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face †,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men [1]? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ‡?

* Quarto omits, *and therein will I read.*

† Quarto, *Was this the face.*

‡ Quarto omits this line and the four preceding words.

[8] — of HIS majesty.] i. e. of *its* majesty. Our poet, and the writers of his time, frequently used the personal for the neutral pronoun. MALONE.

[9] — the very BOOK indeed

WHERE ALL MY sins are WRIT,] This phrase is from the 139th Psalm, v. 15: "— and in thy *book were all my* members *written*." STEEVENS.

[1] Did KEEP ten thousand men?] Shakspeare is here not quite accurate. Our old chronicles only say "that to his household came every day, to *meate*, ten thousand men." MALONE.

Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the Glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament [2]
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance *: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty †, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then begone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ‡?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king [3]:

* Quarto omits, *There lies the substance.*
† Quarto omits, *For thy great bounty.*
‡ Quarto omits, *Shall I obtain it?*

[2] — my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament, &c.] So, in Hamlet:
"But I have that within which passeth show;
"These but the trappings and the suits of woe."
The old copies read *laments.* Malone.

[3] Fair cousin? I am greater than a king:] So the folio. The quarto 1608, reads:
"Fair *coose, why?* I am greater than a king."
The modern editors:
"Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king."
Boswell.

For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all[1],
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall[2].

[*Exeunt K. Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves[3].

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn[4].

[1] — Conveyers are you all,] To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, "*convey* the wise it call;" and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, *jugglers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity *by the fall of a good king*. Johnson.

[2] — a true king's fall.] This is the last of the additional lines which were first printed in the quarto, 1608. Malone.

[3] On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.] The two first quartos read:

"Let it be so: and loe on Wednesday next
"We solemnly proclaim our coronation:
"Lords, be ready all." Steevens.

[4] — as sharp to them as thorn.] This pathetic denunciation

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury [5] mine intents, but also to effect [6]
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day [7]. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower [8],
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord

shows that Shakspeare intended to impress his auditors with a dislike of the deposal of Richard. Johnson.

[5] To bury —] To *conceal*, to *keep secret*. Johnson.
So, in Every Man in his Humour, by Ben Jonson:
"Lock'd up in silence, midnight, *buried* here."
Steevens.

[6] — but to effect —] The old copies redundantly read—"but *also* to effect." Steevens.

[7] In the first edition there is no personal appearance of King Richard, so that all to the line at which he leaves the stage was inserted afterwards. Johnson.

[8] To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. Johnson.
By—*ill-erected*, I suppose, is meant—*erected for bad purposes*. Steevens.

Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen[9].

Enter King RICHARD, *and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither[1]: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand[2];
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn[3],

9 Here let us rest, if, &c.] So, Milton:

"Here rest, if any rest can harbour here." JOHNSON.

And Browne, in his Britannia's Pastorals, b. ii. song iii. 1613:

"—— Night and day upon the hard'ned stones
"*Rests*, if a *rest* can be ——," &c. HOLT WHITE.

1 ———— see,
My fair rose wither:] Even the Cronykil of A. of Wyntown, on this occasion, is not unpoetical:

"The king Richard of Yngland
"Wes in his flowris than regnand:—
"Bot his flowis eftyr sone
"Fadyt, and ware all undone." B. ix. ch. xviii. v. 61, &c.
STEEVENS.

2 Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;] The Queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says:

"Ah, thou the model, &c.
"Thou map of honour;"——

Thou *picture* of greatness. JOHNSON.

Model, it has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word. Thou ruined majesty, says the Queen, that *resemblest* the desolated waste where Troy once stood. So, before:

"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

In our author's Rape of Lucrece, sleep is called "the *map* of death." MALONE.

3 —beauteous INN,] *Inn* does not here signify a house of publick entertainment; but a dignified habitation.

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief[4]; fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity[5]; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
And fawn on rage with base humility,

So, in an ancient satirical song, quoted by the Rev. T. Warton, in his Hist. of English Poetry, vol. i. 45:

"Syre Simonde de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chyn,
"Hevede he nou here the erle of Waryn,
"Shuld he never more come to is *yn*."

Lord Howard's magnificent seat in Essex is still called Audley-*Inn*. Steevens.

I cannot agree with Steevens. *Inn* means a house of entertainment, and is opposed to alehouse in the following line.

M. Mason.

[4] Join not with grief,] Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. Johnson.

[5] — I am sworn brother,——

To grim necessity,] I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained.

Johnson.

Which art a lion, and the king of beasts[6]?
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men[7].
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs[8],
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me[9],
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why[1], the senseless brands will sympathize

The expression—*sworn brother*, alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who, in the ages of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths, to share fortunes together. See Mr. Whalley's note on King Henry V. Act II. Sc. I. Steevens.

[6] The king of beasts?] So the original quarto. In all subsequent editions—*a* king of beasts. Malone.

[7] — king of men.] 'Tis marvellous, that Mr. Upton did not quote this passage as an evidence of our author's learning, and observe, that a more faithful translation of Homer's ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν could not have been made. Steevens.

[8] — to quit their griefs,] To retaliate their mournful stories. Johnson.

[9] Tell thou the lamentable FALL of me,] Thus the folio. So, in King Henry VIII.:

"And when you would say something that is sad,
"Speak how I *fell*."

The reading, however, of the first quarto, 1597, is also much in our author's manner:

"Tell thou the lamentable *tale* of me —."

But the consideration that *fall*, the reading of the folio, was not copied from the corruption of any precedent quarto, and its correspondence with the quotation from Henry VIII. induce me to think it was Shakspeare's alteration, and to depart from the original copy, which I never do without reluctance. Malone.

[1] — For why,] The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire. Johnson.

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.——
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you[2];
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think[3], that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

This is certainly childish prattle, as Johnson calls it; but it is of the same stamp with the other speeches of Richard, after the landing of Bolingbroke, which are a strange medley of sense and puerility. M. MASON.

[2] — there is order ta'en for you;] So, in Othello:
"Honest Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." MALONE.

[3] AND he shall think,] The conjunction—*And*, without which the metre is deficient, was supplied by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made [2].—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas [3], or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy [4].

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go [5].

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near' [6].

[2] Let me UNKISS THE OATH 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for WITH A KISS 'TWAS MADE.] A *kiss* appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient nuptial ceremony. So, in Marston's Insatiate Countess, 1613, the Duke, on parting with his wife, says to her:

"The *kiss thou gav'st me in the church*, here take."
STEEVENS.

[3] — Hallowmas,] *All-hallows*, or *All-hallowtide*; the first of November. STEEVENS.

[4] That were some love, &c.] The quartos give this speech to the King. STEEVENS.

[5] Then whither he goes, thither let me go.] So, in the Book of Ruth, i. 16:—"for whither thou goest, I will go." STEEVENS.

[6] Better far off, than—near, be NE'ER THE NEAR'.] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly spoken in the midland counties, *ne'er the ne'er*, is, to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

So, in The Legend of Shore's Wife, by Thomas Churchyard, Mirrour for Magistrates, 1578:

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart[7].

[*Kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*

" Compel the hauke to sit, that is unmann'd,
" Or make the hound untaught to draw the deere,
" Or bring the free against his will in band,
" Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear,
" Your time is lost, and *you are never the near.*"

The meaning is, 'it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united.' Malone.

[7] — and KILL thy HEART.] So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

" —— they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."

Malone.

Again, in King Henry V. Act II. Sc. I.: " — he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king hath *kill'd* his *heart.*"

Steevens.

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Duke of YORK'S Palace.

Enter YORK, *and his Duchess*[7].

DUCH. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.
YORK. Where did I leave?
DUCH. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
YORK. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and firy steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old

[7] —*and his* DUCHESS.] The first wife of Edward Duke of York, was Isabella, the younger daughter and co-heir of Peter, king of Castle and Leon, called the *Cruel*. He married her in 1372, and by her he had the Duke of Aumerle, and all his other children. In introducing her in the scene in the present play, our poet has departed more widely from history than he has done in making Richard's queen sustain the part he has assigned to her; for Isabella of France, who, as has been already observed, was a child in 1398, he has introduced as a woman; but the Duchess of York he has summoned from the grave, for she died in the year 1394, four or five years before the commencement of the present play. After her death, the Duke of York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, Earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had afterwards three other husbands.

MALONE.

Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once [8],—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre [9], the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent [1] on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience [2],—

[8] With PAINTED IMAG'RY, had SAID at once,] Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation. MALONE.

[9] As in a theatre, &c.] "The painting of this description (says Dryden, in his Preface to Troilus and Cressida,) is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other language." STEEVENS.

[1] Are idly bent —] That is, *carelessly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage. JOHNSON.

[2] His face still combating WITH TEARS AND SMILES,
The badges of his grief and patience,] There is, I believe, no image which our poet more delighted in than this. So, in a former scene of this play:

"As a long-parted mother with her child,
"Plays fondly with her *tears*, and *smiles* in meeting."

That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

DUCH. Here comes my son Aumerle.
YORK. Aumerle that was [3];
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.
DUCH. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,

Again, in King Lear:
" Patience and sorrow strove
" Who should express her goodliest:
" ——— her *smiles* and *tears*
" Were like a better May."
Again, in Cymbeline:
" ——— nobly he yokes
" A *smiling with a sigh*."
Again, in Macbeth:
" My plenteous *joys*,
" Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
" In drops of *sorrow*."
Again, in Coriolanus:
" Where senators shall mingle *tears* with *smiles*."
Again, in The Tempest:
" —— I am a fool
" To weep at what I am glad of."
So, also, Drayton, in his Mortimeriados, 4to. 1596:
" With thy sweete kisses so them both beguile,
" Untill they *smiling weep*, and *weeping smile*." MALONE.

[3] AUMERLE that was;] The Dukes of *Aumerle*, Surrey, and Exeter, were, by an act of Henry's first parliament, deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinshed*, p. 513, 514.
STEEVENS.

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring[4]?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:

God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well[5] in this new spring of time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs *[6]?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom[7]?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.[8]

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

* Quartos, *do these justs and triumphs hold?*

[4] That strew the GREEN LAP of the new-come spring?] So, in Milton's Song on May Morning:

"——who from her *green lap* throws

"The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose." STEEVENS.

[5] —bear you well—] That is, conduct yourself with prudence. JOHNSON.

[6] —justs and TRIUMPHS?] *Triumphs* are *shows*, such as *masks*, *revels*, &c.

So, in The Third Part of King Henry VI. Act V. Sc. VII.:

"And now what rests, but that we spend the time

"With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comick shows,

"Such as befit the pleasures of the court?" STEEVENS.

[7] What seal is that, that *hangs* without thy bosom?] The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment appendant to them. MALONE.

[8] Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.] Such harsh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easily supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loose on such slight occasions. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, like many other speeches in this scene, it was not intended for verse. MALONE.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which, for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,——
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself, what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a Servant.*] Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!

Re-enter Servant with Boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd[9]:—
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—
[*To the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou wouldest be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.
[*Exit.*

[9] — amaz'd:] i. e. perplexed, confounded. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "That cannot choose but *amaze* him. If he be not *amazed*, he will be mocked; if he be *amazed*, he will every way be mocked." STEEVENS.

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away; begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke as King; Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,[1]

[1] Inquire at London, &c.] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. Johnson.

Shakspeare seldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400.—He scarcely frequented taverns or stews at so early an age.

He afterwards highly distinguished himself at the battle of Shrewsbury, in 1403, when he was but fifteen. The period of his dissipation was afterwards, probably between the year 1405 and 1409, that is, between the age of seventeen and twenty-one. See further on this subject in the notes on the first part of King Henry the Fourth. Malone.

It has been ably contended by the late Mr. Luders, that the whole story of his dissipation at any period was a fiction. See his ingenious Essay on the Character of Henry the Fifth.

Boswell.

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he [2], young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove [3],
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope [4],
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

[2] While he,] All the old copies read—*Which* he. Steevens.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[3] — pluck a glove,] So, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578, Lamia, the strumpet, says:

"Who loves me once is lymed to my heast,
"My colour some, and some shall wear my *glove*."

Again, in The Shoemaker's Holiday, or Gentle Craft, 1600:

"Or shall I undertake some martial sport
"Wearing your *glove* at turney or at tilt,
"And tell how many gallants I unhors'd?" Steevens.

[4] I see some sparkles of a better hope,] The folio reads:

"—— *sparks* of better hope."

The quarto, 1615:

"—— *sparkles* of better hope." Steevens.

The first quarto has—"*sparkes* of better hope." The article was inserted by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

Enter AUMERLE, *hastily.*

AUM. Where is the king?

BOLING. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

AUM. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

BOLING. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.— [*Exeunt* PERCY *and Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

AUM. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

BOLING. Intended or committed, was this fault?
If on[5] the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

AUM. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

BOLING. Have thy desire. [*AUMERLE locks the door.*

YORK. [*Within*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

BOLING. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*

AUM. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.

YORK. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

[5] If ON —] So the old copies. 'If your fault stand only on intention.' Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read *but*, which affords an easy sense; but it is very unlikely that a compositor should print *on* for *but*. MALONE.

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke opens the door.*

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover, breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate[6], and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

[6] Thou SHEER, immaculate, &c.] *Sheer* is *pellucid, transparent.* Some of the modern editors arbitrarily read *clear.* So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. ii.:

"Who having viewed in a fountain *shere*
"Her face," &c.

Again, in b. iii. c. xi.:

"That she at last came to a fountain *sheer.*"

Again, in the fourth book of Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, 1587:

"The water was so pure and *sheere,*" &c.

Transparent muslin is still called *sheer* muslin. STEEVENS.

Thy overflow of good converts to bad[7];
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son[8].

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death,

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*[9].—

7 Thy overflow of good converts TO bad,] Mr. Theobald would read:

"———— converts *the* bad." STEEVENS.

The old reading—"converts to bad," is right, I believe, though Mr. Theobald did not understand it. "The overflow of good *in thee* is turned to bad *in thy son;* and that same abundant goodness *in thee* shall excuse *his* transgression." TYRWHITT.

8 —DIGRESSING son,] Thus the old copies, and rightly. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"*Digressing* from the valour of a man."

To *digress* is to deviate from what is right or regular. Some of the modern editors read:—*transgressing.* STEEVENS.

9 —*The Beggar and the King.*] *The King and the Beggar* seems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

"The King and Beggar" was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a song. The reader will find it in the first volume

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here [1]?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees [2],
And never see day that the happy sees,

of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there entitled, King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid; and is printed from Rich. Johnson's Crown Garland of Goulden Roses, 1612, 12mo. where it is entitled, simply, A Song of a Beggar and a King. This interlude, or ballad, is mentioned in Cynthia's Revenge, 1613:

"Provoke thy sharp Melpomene to sing
"The story of *a Beggar and the King*." Steevens.

[1] Thou frantick woman, what dost thou MAKE here?] So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

"What *make* you here?"

Again, in Othello:

"Ancient, what *makes* he here?" Malone.

[2] For ever will I WALK upon my knees;] Thus the original copy, 1597; and the following quartos. In the folio, *kneel* was substituted for *walk*, in consequence of the reviser's not understanding the phrase. In our author's time it was common, in speaking of a loquacious person, to say, "his tongue *walks* fast."

See also our poet's 128th Sonnet:

"——— They would change their state
"And situation with those dancing chips
"O'er whom thy fingers *walk* with gentle gait."

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace[3]!
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

The present metaphor is surely not more violent; it gives indeed a spirit and force to the line which is destroyed by the other phrase; to which it is a sufficient objection to ask, on what but her *knees* could the Duchess *kneel?*

By saying that she will for ever *walk* upon her knees, she means she will never rise more, and ever move from place to place on her knees, till the king has granted her request.

We have other instances beside the present, of words being changed in the folio, in consequence of their not being understood. Thus, in Hamlet, for *orisons*, in Act IV. the reading of the quarto, we have in the folio, *prayers;* the former word not being understood. MALONE.

[3] Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!] This line is not in the folio. MALONE.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy* [4].

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French [5] we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him [6].

[4] — *pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. Johnson.

[5] The chopping French —] *Chopping*, I suppose, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Englishmen; or perhaps it may mean—the French, who *clip* and *mutilate* their words. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping* logick; and our author in Romeo and Juliet has the same phrase:

"How now! how now! *chop logick?*" Malone.

Duch. A god on earth thou art [7].

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law [8],—and the abbot [9],
With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels [1].—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too [2], adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

[6] With all my heart
I pardon him.] The old copies read—"I pardon him with all my heart." The transposition was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[7] A god on earth thou art.] So, in Cymbeline:
"He sits 'mongst men, like *a descended god.*"
Steevens.

[8] But for our trusty brother-in-law.] The brother-in-law meant, was John Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon (own brother to King Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke. Theobald.

[9] —the abbot,] i. e. the Abbot of Westminster. Theobald.

[1] Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.] Again, in King Richard III.:
"Death and destruction *dog thee at the heels.*"
Steevens.

[2] —cousin too, adieu:] *Too*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Theobald, for the sake of the metre. Malone.

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

SERV. Those were his very words.

EXTON. Have I no friend? quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

SERV. He did.

EXTON. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe[3].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. RICH. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world[4];

[3] — and will RID his foe.] i. e. *destroy* his foe. So, in The Tempest:

"The red plague *rid* you!"

Again, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
"As, deathsmen, you have *rid* this sweet young prince."

MALONE.

[4] — people this LITTLE WORLD;] i. e. his own frame;—

In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word[4]:
As thus,—*Come, little ones;* and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person[5], many people,

"the state of man;" which in our author's Julius Cæsar is said to be "like a little kingdom." So also, in his Lover's Complaint:

"Storming my *world* with sorrow's wind and rain."

Again, in King Lear:

"Strives in this *little world* of man to outscorn
"The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain." MALONE.

[4] — the WORD itself
Against the WORD:] By the word, I suppose, is meant, the *holy word*. The folio reads:

"— the *faith* itself
"Against the *faith*." STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the first quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[5] Thus PLAY I, in ONE PERSON,] Alluding, perhaps, to the necessities of our early theatres. The title-pages of some of our Moralities show, that three or four characters were frequently represented by *one person*. STEEVENS.

Thus the first quarto 1597. All the subsequent old copies have—*prison*. MALONE.

And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Musick do I hear? [*Musick.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet musick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the musick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check[6] time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch[7],

[6] To CHECK —] Thus the first quarto 1597. The folio reads—"To *hear*." Of this play the first quarto copy is much more valuable than that of the folio. MALONE.

[7] For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they JAR
Their WATCHES on to mine eyes, the OUTWARD WATCH, &c.]
I think this passage must be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The first quarto reads:

"My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,
"Their watches on *unto* mine eyes the outward watch."

The quarto 1615:

"My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,
"*There* watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch."

The first folio agrees with the second quarto.

Perhaps out of these two readings the right may be made. *Watch* seems to be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the instrument that measures time. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

" My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
" Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,
" Whereto," &c. JOHNSON.

I am unable to throw any certain light on this passage. A few hints, however, which may tend to its illustration, are left for the service of future commentators.

The *outward watch*, as I am informed, was the moveable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word—*watch* written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. This information was derived from an artist *after the operation of a second cup:* therefore neither Mr. Tollet, who communicated it, or myself, can vouch for its authenticity, or with any degree of confidence apply it to the passage before us *. Such a figure, however, appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour: " — he looks like one of these *motions* in a great antique clock," &c. A *motion* anciently signified a *puppet*. Again, in his Sejanus:

" Observe him, as his *watch* observes his *clock*."

Again, in Churchyard's Charitie, 1595:

" The clocke will strike in haste, I heare the *watch*
" That sounds the bell ——."

The same thought also occurs in Greene's Perimedes, 1588:

" Disquiet thoughts the minuts of her *watch*."

To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noise which is called *ticking*. So, in The Winter's Tale:

" —— I love thee not a *jar* o' the clock behind," &c.

Again, in The Spanish Tragedy:

" —— the minutes *jarring*, the clock striking."

STEEVENS.

There appears to be no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson, that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the King, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward-watch, to which the King compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or, (to use an expression of Milton,) *minute drops:* his finger, by as regularly

* Mr. Dutton, of Fleet Street, has since confirmed to me this intelligence. STEEVENS.

Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is [8],
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock [9].
This musick mads me, let it sound no more [1];
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits [2],
In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world [3].

wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point:—his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

In King Henry IV. Part II. *tears* are used in a similar manner:

"But Harry lives, that shall convert those *tears*,
"By number, into *hours* of happiness." HENLEY.

[8] Now, sir, &c.] Should we not read thus:

"Now, sir, the *sounds* that *tell* what hour it is,
"*Are* clamorous groans," &c. RITSON.

[9] — his Jack o' the clock.] That is, I strike for him. One of these automatons is alluded to in King Richard III. Act IV. Sc. III.:

"Because that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the stroke,
"Between thy begging and my meditation."

Again, in an old comedy, entitled, If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it, 1612:

"—— so would I,
"And we their *jacks o' the clockhouse*." STEEVENS.

[1] This MUSICK MADS me, let it sound no more;] So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"The little birds that tune their morning throats,
"Make her moans *mad* with their sweet melody."

MALONE.

[2] For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,] In what degree musick was supposed to be useful in curing madness, the reader may receive information from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part II. sect. ii. REED.

The allusion is perhaps to the persons bit by the tarantula, who are said to be cured by musick. MALONE.

[3] — and love to Richard
Is a strange BROOCH in this all-hating world.] i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a *brooch* which is now no longer worn.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear[4].
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog[4]
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes[5] royal master's face.

So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the *brooch* and the toothpick, which *wear not now*."

Malone.

That the word *brooch* was applied to a particular kind of ornament is certain; but it also signifies a jewel in general: and it appears to me, that Richard means to say that love to him was a strange jewel in an all-hating world, without any reference to the fashion of wearing *brooches*. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Mason asserted, that a *brooch* meant a jewel *in general;* but there is no foundation for this assertion. A *brooch*, being usually ornamented with some gem, was considered and denominated a jewel; but no jewel could be denominated a *brooch*, unless it were appended to that particular pin from which the name is derived. Malone.

"— in this *all-hating* world." I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. Johnson.

I think, he rather means, a world in which the spirit of hatred was prevalent. M. Mason.

[4] The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.] It must be recollected that *royals* and *nobles* were names of coins. Boswell.

[5] Where no man never comes, but that sad dog—] It should be remembered that the word *sad* was, in the time of our author, used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain*. So, in Holinshed, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *sad man*, and an honest," &c. Steevens.

[6] — sometimes master's face.] The old copy, redundantly—"— sometimes *royal* master's face." Steevens.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary [6]? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke[7].

Sometimes was used for *formerly*, as well as *sometime*, which the modern editors have substituted. So, in Speed's History of Great Britaine, 1611:—"A catalogue of the religious houses, &c. *sometimes* in England and Wales." Malone.

[7] Rode he on Barbary?] This story of Roan Barbary might have been of Shakspeare's own invention. Froissart, however, relates a yet more silly tale concerning a favourite grey hound of King Richard's, "who was wont to lepe upon the King, but left the King and came to the erle of Derby duke of Lancastre, and made to hym the same frendly countinaunce and chere as he was wonte to do to the King," &c. *Froissart*, vol. ii. fo. CCC.xxx. Steevens.

[8] — by jauncing Bolingbroke.] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words. Ben Jonson uses *geances* in his Tale of a Tub:

"I would I had a few more *geances* of it:
"And you say the word, send me to Jericho." Steevens.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not? sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one*.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another, then Exton strikes him down*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die[8].
[*Dies*[9].

* These stage directions are not in the old copies.

[8] — here to die.] Shakspeare in this scene has followed Holinshed, who took his account of Richard's death from Hall,

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

as Hall did from Fabian, in whose Chronicle, I believe, this story of Sir Piers of Exton first appeared. Froissart, who had been in England in 1396, and who appears to have finished his Chronicle soon after the death of the king, says, "how he died, and by what meanes, I could not tell whanne I wrote this cronicle." Had he had been murdered by eight armed men, (for such is Fabian's story,) "four of whom he slew with his own hand," and from whom he must have received many wounds, surely such an event must have reached the ears of Froissart, who had a great regard for the king, having received from him at his departure from England "a goblet of silver and gilt, waying two marke of silver, and within it a C. nobles; by the whych (he adds) I am as yet the better, and shal be as longe as I live; wherefore I am bounde to pray to God for his soule, and wyth muche sorowe I wryte of his deathe."

Nor is this story of his murder consistent with the account (which is not controverted) of his body, after being submitted to public inspection in the church of Pomfret, being brought to London and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, ("his heade on a blacke quishen, and *his vysage open,*") where it was viewed, says Froisart, by twenty thousand persons, and finally in St. Paul's cathedral. The account given by Stowe, who seems to have had before him a Manuscript History of the latter part of Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales, appears much more probable. He says, "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continuall hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life, with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England, saith Sir John Fortiscute," probably in his Declaration touching the Title of the House of Yorke, a work yet, I believe, somewhere existing in MS. Sir John Fortescue was called to the bar a few years after the death of Richard; living therefore so near the time, his testimony is of the highest weight. And with him Harding, who is known to have been at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, concurs: "Men sayd *for-hungered* he was." *Chron.* 1543, fol. 199. So also Walsingham, who wrote in the time of Henry V. and Polydore Virgil.

The Percies, in the Manifesto which they published against King Henry IV. in the third yeare of his reign, the day before the battle of Shrewsbury, expressly charge him with having "carried his sovereign lord traiterously within the castell of Pomfret, without his consent or the judgement of the lordes of the realm,—by the space of fiftene daies and so many nightes, (which is horrible among christian people to be heard,) *with hunger, thirst, and cold,*

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

to perishe," and this they offer to prove. Had the story of Sir Pierce of Exton been true, it undoubtedly must have reached them. Their not mentioning it is decisive. "They were (as Caste justly observes) the likeliest persons of any to know the truth of the fact, the tragedy having been acted in the county of York, and in their neighbourhood." See their Letter of Defiance, in Latin, extracted by Mr. Henry Ellis, from a manuscript copy of Hardinge's Chronicle, in the British Museum, [Harl. MS. 661, f. 152,) in the sixteenth volume of Archæologia, p. 140: The following is the passage, descriptive of the murder:

"Item nos ponimus dicimus et probare intendimus, quod ubi tu nobis jurasti super eadem Evangelia eidem tempore et loco *, quod Dominus noster et tuus Rex Ricardus regnaret dum viveret in regalibus prerogativis suis. Tu ipsum Dominum nostrum Regem et tuum proditiorie in Castro tuo de Pontefreite, sine consensuo suo, seu judicio Dominorum Regni, per quindecim dies et tot noctes, quod horrendum est into Christianos audiri, scitu et frigore interfici fecisti et murdro petiri, unde perjuratus es et falsus."

If, however, we are to give credit to Sir John Hayward, this controverted point will not admit of dispute; for in The First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV. 4to. 1599, after relating the story of King Richard's assassination, he very gravely tells us, that "after being felled to the ground, he with a faint and feeble voice *groaned forth* these words: "My great grandfather King Edward II.," &c.

This unfortunate monarch expired, according to a French contemporary historian, Le Laboreur, January 6th, 1399-1400, after a miserable confinement of some what more than three months.

MALONE.

The whole of the curious document referred to by Mr. Malone, may be found in my friend Mr. Ellis's valuable republication of Hardinge's Chronicle, 1812, p. 351. BOSWELL.

9 *Dies.*] The representation here given of the King's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed. But the fact was otherwise. He refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterbourne, the Monk of Evesham, the continuator of the History of Croyland, and the anonymous Godstow Chronicle. RITSON.

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* At Doncaster, while forming an army by the help of the Percies.

SCENE VI.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *with Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent[1]:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[*Presenting a Paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

[1] — of SALISBURY, SPENSER, Blunt, and Kent:] So the folio. The quarto reads—" — of *Oxford, Salisbury,* Blunt, and Kent." It appears from the histories of this reign that the reading of the folio is right. MALONE.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave [2];
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom [3]:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen [4].

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present

[2] The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,——
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;] This Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation here given of his death, after Holinshed's Chronicle, is untrue, as he survived the King many years; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least nothing was proved against him. Ritson.

[3] Carlisle, this is your doom:] This prelate was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends, obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster-Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the King's instance, translated him to a bishoprick *in partibus infidelium;* and the only preferment he could ever after obtain, was a rectory in Gloucestershire. He died in 1409. Ritson.

[4] High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.] Thus, in the old Play of The History of King Leir, &c.:

"I *see* such *sparks of honour in your face.*"

Hence, perhaps, as Mr. Todd observes, Milton, in his Arcades, v. 26:

"I *see* bright *honour sparkle in your eyes.*" Steevens.

Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.——
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt*[5].

[5] This play is extracted from the Chronicle of Holinshed, in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the Bishop of Carlisle, in defence of King Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson, who, in his Catiline and Sejanus, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspeare, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspeare had more of his own than Jonson; and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, showed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently re-

vised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

The notion that Shakspeare revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to speak more plainly, I do not believe it. See further on this subject in The Essay on the Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays.

MALONE.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl of Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holy-rood day, (the 14th of September,) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July, (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen,) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again, by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatick histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The complaint made by King Henry in the last Act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolicks which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1597. See the Essay on the Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. MALONE.

No less than five quarto editions of this play were published during the author's life, 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, Prince of Wales,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER[1], } Sons to the King.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
SIR WALTER BLUNT, } Friends to the King.

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland:
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, a friend of the Archbishop of York.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO. BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.

MRS. QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

[1] Prince JOHN of LANCASTER.] The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of Duke of Lancaster, to Prince John, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the *first* part of this play, though in the *second* he has fallen into the same error. King Henry IV. was himself the last person that ever bore the title of Duke of Lancaster. But all his sons (till they had peerages, as Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester,) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Lancaster, &c. and in that proper style, the present John (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of Duke of Bedford,) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *Westmoreland, Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils[2]
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood[3];

[2] Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils —] That is, let us soften peace to rest a while without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

[3] No more the thirsty ENTRANCE of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;] Perhaps the following conjecture may be thought very far fetched, and yet I am willing to venture it, because it often happens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right. We might read:

" —— the thirsty *entrants* of this soil;"

i. e. those who set foot on this kingdom through the thirst of power or conquest, as the speaker himself had done, on his return to England after banishment.

Whoever is accustomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words *consequents, occurrents, ingredients,* spelt *consequence, occurrence, ingredience;* and thus, perhaps, the French word *entrants,* anglicized by Shakspeare, might have been corrupted into *entrance,* which affords no very apparent meaning.

By *her* lips Shakspeare may mean *the lips of peace,* who is mentioned in the second line; or may use the *thirsty entrance* of the soil, for the *porous surface* of the earth, through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drank, or soaked up.

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs

So, in an Ode inserted by Gascoigne in his Francis and Kinwelmersh's translation of the Phœnissæ of Euripides:

"And make the greedy ground a drinking cup,
"To sup the blood of murder'd bodies up." STEEVENS.

If there be no corruption in the text, I believe Shakspeare meant, however licentiously, to say, "No more shall this soil *have* the lips of her thirsty entrance, or mouth, *daubed* with the blood of her own children."

"Her lips," in my apprehension, refers to *soil* in the preceding line, and not to *peace*, as has been suggested. Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors. In the second of these lines he considers the soil or earth of England as a person; (So, in King Richard II.:

"Tells them, he does bestride a bleeding *land*,
"*Gasping* for *life* under great Bolingbroke.")

and yet in the first line the soil must be understood in its ordinary material sense, as also in a subsequent line in which its *fields* are said to be channelled with war. Of this kind of incongruity our author's plays furnish innumerable instances.

Daub, the reading of the earliest copy, is confirmed by a passage in King Richard II. where we again meet with the image presented here:

"For that our kingdom's *earth* shall not be *soil'd*
"With that dear *blood* which it hath fostered."

The same kind of imagery is found in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"Thy brother's *blood* the *thirsty earth* hath *drunk*:"

In which passage, as well as in that before us, the poet had perhaps the sacred writings in his thoughts: "And now art thou cursed from the *earth*, which hath opened *her mouth* to *receive thy brother's blood* from thy hand." Gen. iv. 2. This last observation has been made by an anonymous writer.

Again, in King Richard II.:

"Rest thy unrest on England's lawful *earth*,
"Unlawfully made *drunk with* innocent *blood*."

The earth may with equal propriety be said to "daub her lips with blood," as to be *made drunk* with blood.

A passage in the old play of King John, 1591, may throw some light on that before us:

"Is all the *blood* y-spilt on either part,
"Closing *the crannies of the thirsty earth*,
"Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feast?" MALONE.

The *thirsty entrance* of the soil is nothing more or less, than

Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,[4]

the face of the earth parch'd and crack'd as it always appears in a dry summer. As to its being personified, it is certainly no such unusual practice with Shakspeare. Every one talks familiarly of *Mother Earth;* and they who live upon her face, may without much impropriety be called her children. Our author only confines the image to his own country. The allusion is to the Barons' wars. RITSON.

The amendment which I should propose, is to read *Erinnys*, instead of *entrance*.—By *Erinnys* is meant the fury of discord. The *Erinnys* of the soil, may possibly be considered as an uncommon mode of expression, as in truth it is; but it is justified by a passage in the second Æneid of Virgil, where Æneas calls Helen—

—— Trojæ et patriæ communis *Erinnys*.

And an expression somewhat similar occurs in The First Part of King Henry VI. where Sir William Lucy says:

" Is Talbot slain? the Frenchman's only scourge,
" Your kingdom's terror, and black *Nemesis?*"

It is evident that the words, " her own children, her fields, her flowrets," must all necessarily refer to *this soil;* and that Shakspeare in this place, as in many others, uses the personal pronoun instead of the impersonal; *her* instead of *its;* unless we suppose he means to personify the soil, as he does in King Richard II. where Bolingbroke departing on his exile says:

" ——— sweet soil, adieu!
" My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet."

M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture (which I prefer to any explanation hitherto offered respecting this difficult passage,) may receive support from N. Ling's Epistle prefixed to Wit's Commonwealth, 1598: " —— I knowe there is nothing in this worlde but is subject to the *Erynnis* of ill-disposed persons."—The same phrase also occurs in the tenth book of Lucan:

Dedecus Ægypti, Latio feralis *Erinnys*."

Again, in the 5th Thebaid of Statius, v. 202:

—— cuncta suo regnat *Erinnys*
Pectore.

Amidst these uncertainties of opinion, however, let me present our readers with a single fact on which they may implicitly rely; viz. that Shakspeare could not have designed to open his play with a speech, the fifth line of which is obscure enough to demand a series of comments thrice as long as the dialogue to which it is appended. All that is wanted, on this emergency, seems to be—a just and striking personification, or, rather, a proper name.

All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock

The former of these is not discoverable in the old reading—*entrance;* but the latter, furnished by Mr. M. Mason, may, I think, be safely admitted, as it affords a natural unembarrassed introduction to the train of imagery that succeeds.

Let us likewise recollect, that, by the first editors of our author, *Hyperion* had been changed into *Epton;* and that Marston's Insatiate Countess, 1613, concludes with a speech so darkened by corruptions, that the comparison in the fourth line of it is absolutely unintelligible.—It stands as follows:

" Night, like a masque, is entred heaven's great hall,
" With thousand torches ushering the way:
" To *Risus* will we consecrate this evening,
" *Like Messermis cheating of the brack,*
" Weele make this night the day," &c.*

Is it impossible, therefore, that *Erinnys* may have been blundered into *entrance*, a transformation almost as perverse and mysterious as the foregoing in Marston's tragedy?

Being nevertheless aware that Mr. M. Mason's gallant effort to produce an easy sense, will provoke the slight objections and petty cavils of such as restrain themselves within the bounds of timid conjecture, it is necessary I should subjoin, that his present emendation was not inserted in our text on merely my own judgement, but with the deliberate approbation of Dr. Farmer.—Having now prepared for controversy—*signa canant!* STEEVENS.

Although a compositor might easily fall into an error in printing an uncommon proper name, such as Mycerinus, yet *Erinnys* for *entrance*, is, as far as I can learn, a blunder which could scarcely by possibility have happened. To Mr. Steevens's first conjecture, which he has preserved, although afterwards inclined to dismiss it for Mr. Mason's " gallant effort," it may be objected that

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* Since my introduction of this corrupted line, I have discovered the true sense of it. Read:

" Like *Mycerinus* cheating of the *oracle,*
" We'll make," &c.

brack }
oracle }

The printer took the MS. *o* for a *b*, and the *le* for a *k*. See the Euterpe of Herodotus, for the history of Mycerinus, who, changing night into day, by means of lamps and torches, and thus apparently multiplying his predicted six years of life into twelve, designed to convict the *oracle* of falsehood. STEEVENS.

And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ[5],

thirsty is not a very suitable epithet to be applied to invaders. Mr. Malone seems to think that the reading of the old copies, *entrance*, presents a broken metaphor. I should wish to adopt Mr. Douce's conjecture, and read—*entrails*, and the meaning will then be: "No more the thirsty *entrails* of this soil shall cause her to daub her lips with her own children's blood." It is not, I apprehend, an uncommon licence in language to represent the cause of a thing as actually doing it. So, in Antonio and Mellida:

"Now lions half-clem'd *entrails* roar for food."

Here surely it is not meant that the entrails roared, which would suggest a ludicrous image; but that the lion, whose entrails were half-clem'd with hunger, roared for food. BOSWELL.

[4] — like the METEORS OF A TROUBLED HEAVEN,] Namely, long streaks of red, which represent the lines of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeness to such lines, gave occasion to all the superstition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c. WARBURTON.

[5] As far as to the sepulchre, &c.] The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success. JOHNSON.

Upon this note Mr. Gibbon makes the following observation: "If the reader will turn to the first scene of The First Part of King Henry IV. he will see in the text of Shakspeare, the natural feelings of enthusiasm; and in the notes of Dr. Johnson, the workings of a bigotted, though vigorous mind, greedy of every pretence to hate and persecute those who dissent from his creed."

Gibbon's History, vol. vi. 9, 4to. edit. REED.

Mr. Gibbon's petulant remark was a gross misrepresentation of Johnson's meaning. He does not say that Mahometans may be persecuted *because their creed is false;* but, that we are justified,

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy[6];
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now[7]:—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience[8].

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits[9] of the charge set down

upon the ground of self-defence, in making war upon those who are taught by their creed that it is their duty to attack us. BOSWELL.

[6] — shall we LEVY;] To *levy* a power of English *as far* as to the sepulchre of Christ, is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt. We might propose *lead*, without violence to the sense, or too wide a deviation from the traces of the letters. In Pericles, however, the same verb is used in a mode as uncommon:

"Never did thought of mine *levy* offence." STEEVENS.

"The expression—"*As far as* to the sepulchre," &c. does not, as I conceive, signify—*to the distance of*, &c. but—"so far only as regards the sepulchre," &c. DOUCE.

"The expression, (says Mr. Gifford in his Ben Jonson, vol. v. p. 138,) is neither unexampled nor corrupt; but good authorized English. One instance of it is before me: 'Scipio, before he *levied* his force *to* the walles of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie on a cake to be devoured.'" *Gosson's School of Abuse*, 1587, l. 4. BOSWELL.

[7] Therefore we meet not now:] i. e. not on that account do we now meet;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition. MALONE.

[8] — this dear EXPEDIENCE.] For *expedition*. WARBURTON.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"———I shall break
"The cause of our *expedience* to the queen." STEEVENS.

[9] And many LIMITS —] *Limits*, for *estimates*. WARBURTON.

But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A* thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done [1], as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import,
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy [2], and brave Archibald [3],
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,

* Folio, *And a.*

Limits, as Mr. Heath observes, may mean, *outlines*, *rough sketches*, or *calculations*. Steevens

Limits may mean 'the regulated and appointed times for the conduct of the business in hand.' So, in Measure for Measure:—"between the time of the contract and *limit* of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea." Again, in Macbeth:

"——I'll make so bold to call,
"For 'tis my *limited* service." Malone.

[1] By those Welshwomen done,] Thus Holinshed, p. 528: "—such shameful villanie executed upon the carcasses of the dead men by the *Welshwomen;* as the like (I doo beleeve) hath never or sildome beene practised." See T. Walsingham, p. 557. Steevens.

[2] — the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy,] Holinshed's History of Scotland, p. 240, says: "This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his *often pricking*, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad." Tollet.

—Archibald,] *Archibald* Douglas, earl Douglas. Steevens.

At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil [4]
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood [5], did sir Walter see

[4] Stain'd with the variation of each soil —] No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner: "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to *stand stained with travel.*"

HENLEY.

[5] BALK'D in their own blood,] I should suppose, that the author might have written either *bath'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encrusted over with blood dried upon them. A passage in Heywood's Iron Age, 1632, may countenance the latter of these conjectures:

"Troilus lies *embak'd*
"In his cold *blood.*"——

Again, in Hamlet:

"————horribly trick'd
"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
"*Bak'd* and impasted," &c.

Again, in Heywood's Iron Age:

"—— *bak'd in blood* and dust."

Again, ibid.:

"—— as *bak'd in blood.*" STEEVENS.

Balk is a *ridge;* and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner of expression: "Ten thousand *bloody* carcasses *piled* up together in a long heap."—"A *ridge* of dead bodies *piled* up in *blood.*" If this be the meaning of *balked*, for the greater exactness of construction, we might add to the pointing, viz.

On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas [6]; and the earls of Athol,

"*Balk'd*, in their own blood," &c.

"Piled up in a ridge, *and* in their own blood," &c. But without this punctuation, as at present, the context is more poetical, and presents a stronger image.

A *balk*, in the sense here mentioned, is a common expression in Warwickshire, and the northern counties. It is used in the same signification in Chaucer's Plowman's Tale, p. 182, edit. Urr. v. 2428. WARTON.

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe, means, laid in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. Blithe's England's Improvement, p. 118, observes: "The mole raiseth *balks* in meads and pastures." In Leland's Itinerary, vol. v. p. 16 and 118, vol. vii. p. 10, a *balk* signifies a *bank* or *hill*. Mr. Pope, in the Iliad, has the same thought:

"On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,
"And thick'ning round them rise the *hills* of dead."

TOLLET.

In Chapman's Translation of the Shield of Achilles, 4to. 1598, the word *balk* also occurs:

"Amongst all these all silent stood their king,
"Upon a *balk*, his scepter in his hand." STEEVENS.

[6] Mordake THE earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas;] The article—*the*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Pope. Mr. Malone, however, thinks it needless, and says "the word *earl* is here used as a dissyllable."

Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *son of earl Douglas*, through a mistake into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage of Holinshed from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners. It stands thus in the historian: "—and of prisoners, Mordacke earl of Fife, son to the gouvernour Archembald earle Dowglas," &c. The want of a comma after *gouvernour*, makes these words appear to be the description of one and the same person, and so the poet understood them; but by putting the stop in the proper place, it will then be manifest that in this list Mordake, who was son to the governor of Scotland, was the first prisoner, and that Archibald earl of Douglas was the second, and so on. STEEVENS.

Without reading *earl* as a dissyllable, the line will not be more defective than many which occur in our poet and his contemporaries. See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith[7].
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is[8] a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to * so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners[9],

* So quarto: folio, *of so blest a son.*

7 —and Menteith.] This is a mistake of Holinshed in his English History, for in that of Scotland, p. 259, 262, and 419, he speaks of the Earl of *Fife* and *Menteith* as one and the same person. Steevens.

8 In faith,
It is —] These words are in the first quarto, 1598, by the inaccuracy of the transcriber, placed at the end of the preceding speech, but at a considerable distance from the last word of it. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—"'Faith 'tis," &c. Malone.

9 —the prisoners,] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from Camden's Britannia, that Pounouny castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the

Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects[1];
Which makes him prune himself[2], and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so * inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered[3].

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

* Folio, *and so.*

battle of Otterbourne by an ancestor of the present Earl of Eglinton. Tollet.

Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife to the King; for being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. Steevens.

[1] Malevolent to you in all aspects;] An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. Henley.

[2] Which makes him PRUNE himself,] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself;* that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his choice of the reading. So, in The Cobler's Prophecy, 1994:

" Sith now thou dost but *prune* thy wings,
" And make thy feathers gay."

Again, in Greene's Metamorphosis, 1613:

" Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so."

But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In The Booke of Haukynge, &c. (commonly called The Booke of St. Albans,) is the following account of it: " The hauke *proineth* when she fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie foule and casteth them from her." Steevens.

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and* FALSTAFF.

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. HEN. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know[4]. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*[5]. And, I pray thee, sweet wag,

[3] Than out of anger can be uttered.] That is, "More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

[4] —to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.] The Prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night* what was the time of the *day*. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the Prince; for presently after, the Prince himself says: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakspeare makes the Prince wish Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night. STEEVENS.

[5] PHŒBUS,—HE, *that wandering knight so fair,*] Falstaff starts the idea of *Phœbus,* i. e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to El Donzel del Febo, the "knight of the sun" in a Spanish romance translated (under the title of The Mirror of Knighthood, &c.) during the age of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage was "most excellently *faire,*" and a great *wanderer,* as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to.

when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty [6]; let us be—Diana's foresters [7], gentlemen of the shade,

will discover. Perhaps the words "that wandering knight so fair," are part of some forgotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures. In Peele's Old Wives Tale, Com. 1595, Eumenides, "the wandering knight," is a character.

Steevens.

[6] —let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty;] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? They robbed by moonshine; they could not steal the fair day-light. I have ventured to substitute *booty:* and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchase of honest labour and industry by day. Theobald.

It is true, as Mr. Theobald has observed, that they could not steal *the fair day-light;* but I believe our poet by the expression, "thieves of the day's beauty," meant only, "let not us who are body squires to the night," i. e. adorn the night, "be called a disgrace to the day." To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to disgrace it. A "squire of the body" signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp;* and is so used in the second part of Decker's Honest Whore, 1630. Again, in The Witty Fair One, 1633, for a *procuress:* "Here comes the *squire* of her mistress's *body*."

Falstaff, however, puns on the word *knight*. See the Curialia of Samuel Pegge, Esq. Part I. p. 100. Steevens.

There is also, I have no doubt, a pun on the word *beauty*, which in the western counties is pronounced nearly in the same manner as *booty*. See King Henry VI. Part III.:

"So triumph *thieves* upon their conquer'd *booty*."

Malone.

minions of the moon [8]: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well, too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by [9]; and spent with crying —bring in [1]: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench [2]?

7 Diana's foresters, &c.]

"Exile and slander are justly mee awarded,
"My wife and heire lacke lands and lawful right;
"And me their lord made *dame Diana's knight*."

So lamenteth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in The Mirror for Magistrates. Henderson.

We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*. Malone.

8 — minions of the moon:] Thus, as Dr. Farmer observes, Gamaliel Ratsey and his company "became servants to the *moone*, for the sunne was too hot for them." Steevens.

9 — got with swearing—lay by;] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, "lay by your arms;" or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. But the Oxford editor kindly accommodates these old thieves with a new cant phrase, taken from Bagshot-heath or Finchley-common, of *lug out*.
Warburton.

To *lay by*, is a phrase adopted from navigation, and signifies, by slackening sail to become stationary. It occurs again in King Henry VIII.:

"Even the billows of the sea
"Hung their heads, and then *lay by*." Steevens.

1 — and spent with crying—bring in:] i. e. more wine.
Malone.

2 — And is not my hostess of the tavern, &c.] We meet with

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle[3]. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance[4]?

the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in The Mostellaria of Plautus, Act I. Sc. II.:

Jampridum ecastor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,
Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear esse defœcatam.
Sca. Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horreo messis magna fuit.
Phi. Quid ea messis attinet ad meam lavationem?
Sca. Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad messim.

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the Prince's question. Steevens.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In The Gallathea of Lyly, Phillida says: "It is a pitie that nature framed you not a woman.

"*Gall.* There is a tree in Tylos, &c.

"*Phill.* What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose," &c.

Ben Jonson calls it *a game at vapours*. Farmer.

[3] As the honey of Hybla, MY OLD LAD OF THE CASTLE.] *Old lad* is likewise a familiar compellation to be found in some of our most ancient dramatick pieces. So, in The Trial of Treasure, 1567: "What, Inclination, *old lad* art thou there?" In the dedication to Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, &c. by T. Nash, 1598, *old Dick of the castle* is mentioned.

Again, in Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse, 1593: "And here's a lusty *ladd of the castell*, that will binde beares, and ride golden asses to death." Steevens.

I have omitted some long notes here, on the question whether Falstaff was originally termed Oldcastle by Shakspeare, to which it has been supposed there is here an allusion. The contest was renewed in the notes on Henry the Fifth, but I have carried what was said in both places to the end of this play, that the reader may have the whole of the controversy before him at once. Boswell.

"Old lad of the castle," is the same with "Old lad of Castile, a *Castilian*.—Meres reckons Oliver of the castle amongst his romances: and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the castell* with their rapping babble;"—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for Falstaff's appearing first under the name of *Oldcastle*. There is, however, a passage in a play called Amends for Ladies, by Field the player, 1618, which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded the different performances:

"———— Did you never see
"The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,
"Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?" Farmer.

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin

[4] And is not a BUFF JERKIN a most sweet robe of DURANCE?] To understand the propriety of the Prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether "his hostess is not a sweet wench," the Prince asks in return whether "it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench." JOHNSON.

The following passage from the old play of Ram-Alley, may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's observation:

"Look, I have certain goblins *in buff jerkins,*
"Lye ambuscado.—— [*Enter Serjeants.*"

Again, in The Comedy of Errors, Act IV.:

"A devil in an *everlasting garment* hath him,
"A fellow all in *buff.*"

Durance, however, might also have signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as we call at present, *everlasting.* So, in Westward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "Where did'st thou buy this buff? Let me not live but I will give thee a *good suit of durance.* Wilt thou take my bond?" &c.

Again, in The Devil's Charter, 1607: "Varlet of *velvet,* my *moccado* villain, old heart of *durance,* my strip'd *canvas* shoulders, and my *perpetuana* pander." Again, in The Three Ladies of London, 1584: "As the taylor that out of seven yards, stole one and a half of *durance.*" STEEVENS.

Sir William Cornwallys in his Essayes says: "I would have a jest never served but once; when it is cold, the vigour and strength of it is gone. I refuse to wear *buffe,* for the lasting; and shall I be content to apparell my braine in *durance?*"

Again, Sir John Davies, in his Epigrams:

"Kate being pleas'd, wisht that her pleasure could
"Endure as long as a *buffe-jerkin* would." BOSWELL.

would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

FAL. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. HEN. No: thou shalt.

FAL. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge [5].

P. HEN. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

FAL. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. HEN. For obtaining of suits [6]?

FAL. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat [7], or a lugged bear.

[5] — I'll be a brave judge.] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of King Henry V.:

"*Hen. V.* Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do shall be to put my *lord chief justice* out of office; and thou shalt be my *lord chief justice* of England."

"*Ned.* Shall I be *lord chief justice?* By gogs wounds, I'll be the bravest *lord chief justice* that ever was in England."

STEEVENS.

[6] For obtaining of SUITS?] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition;* used with respect to the hangman, means the *clothes of the offender.* JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient Medley, bl. l.:

"The broker hath gay cloaths to sell

"Which from the *hangman's* budget fell." STEEVENS.

See vol. ix. p. 146, n. 7. The same quibble occurs in Hoffman's Tragedy, 1631: "A poor maiden, mistress, has a *suit* to you; and 'tis a good *suit*,—very good apparel." MALONE.

[7] — a GIB CAT,] A *gib cat* means, I know not why, an *old cat.* JOHNSON.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe[8].

A *gib cat* is the common term in Northamptonshire, and all adjacent counties, to express a *he cat*. Percy.

"As melancholy as a *gib'd cat*," is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's Collection. In A Match at Midnight, 1633, is the following passage: "They swell like a couple of *gib'd cats*, met both by chance in the dark in an old garret." So, in Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy madness have attempted the same, not without success, although they have remained somewhat *melancholy like gib'd cats*." I believe after all, a *gib'd cat* is a *cat who has been qualified for the seraglio;* for all animals so mutilated, become drowsy and melancholy. To *glib* has certainly that meaning. So, in The Winter's Tale, Act III. Sc. I.:

"And I had rather *glib* myself than they
"Should not produce fair issue."

In Sidney's Arcadia, however, the same quality in a cat is mentioned, without any reference to the consequences of castration:

"The hare, her sleights; the *cat, his melancholy*."
Steevens.

Sherwood's English Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's French one, says: "*Gibbe* is an *old he cat*." Aged animals are not so playful as those which are young; and *glib'd* or gelded ones are duller than others. So we might read: "— as melancholy as a *gib cat*, or a *glib'd cat*." Tollet.

The *melancholy* of a cat is spoken of generally in Lilly's Midas:

"*Pet.* How now, Motto, all amort?
"*Mot.* I am as *melancholy as a cat*."

Gib was applied to any cat, whether male or female. So, in Gamer Gurton's Nedle:

"*Gib* (a fowle feind might on *her* light) lickt the milke pan so clene."

So, in Edward the First, by G. Peele:

"Now, maister, as I am true wag,
"I will be neither late nor lag,
"But goe, and come with gossip's cheare,
"E'er *Gib* our cat can lick *her* eare."

So, in The Scornful Lady:

"—— Bring out the cat-hounds.
"I'll make you take a tree, whore; then, with my tiller,
"Bring down your *gibship*." Boswell.

[8] — Lincolnshire bagpipe.] "Lincolnshire bagpipes" is a proverbial saying. Fuller has not attempted to explain it; and Ray only conjectures that the Lincolnshire people may be fonder of this instrument than others. Douce.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare [9], or the melancholy of Moor-ditch [1] ?

I suspect, that by the "drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," is meant the *dull croak of a frog*, one of the native musicians of that waterish county.

As a vigorous support to my explanation, I am informed by Sir Joseph Banks, that in the neighbourhood of Boston in Lincolnshire, the noisy frogs are still humorously denominated "the Boston *waits*."—In The Pleasaunt and Stately Morall of Three Lordes and Three Ladies of London, 1590, 4to. bl. l. there is mention of "The sweete ballade of *The Lincolnshire Bagpipes*."

Steevens.

Lincolnshire bagpipes are thus mentioned in A Nest of Ninnies, by Robert Armin, 1608: "At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the hall fire: when brawne is in season, and indeed all reveling is regarded: this gallant knight kept open house for all commers, where beefe, beere, and bread was no niggard. Amongst all the pleasures provided, a noyse of Minstrells and a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* was prepared: the minstrells for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall; the minstrels to serve up the knights meate, and the bagpipe for the common dauncing."

Boswell.

[9] — a HARE,] A *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. Johnson.

The following passage in Vittoria Corombona, &c. 1612, may prove the best explanation:

"—— like your *melancholy hare*,
"Feed after midnight."

Again, in Drayton's Polyolbion, song the second:

"The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briers."

The Egyptians in their Hieroglyphics expressed a melancholy man by a *hare* sitting in her form. See Pierii Hieroglyph. lib. xii.

Steevens.

[1] — the melancholy of Moor-ditch?] It appears from Stowe's Survey, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the Hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water?

This ditch is also mentioned in The Gul's Hornbook, by Decker, 1609: "— it will be a sorer labour than the cleansing of Augeas' stable, or the scowring of *Moor-ditch*."

Again, in Newes from Hell, brought by the Divel's Carrier, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "As touching the river, looke how *Moor-ditch* shews when the water is three quarters dreyn'd out,

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes[3]; and art, indeed, the most comparative[4], rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought[5]: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it[6].

and by reason the stomacke of it is overladen, is ready to fall to casting. So does that; it stinks almost worse, is almost as poysonous, altogether so muddy, altogether so black." Steevens.

So, in Taylor's Pennylesse Pilgrimage, quarto, 1618: "—my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*." Malone.

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass, and consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburbial fields which were remarkably pleasant, and the fashionable places of resort. T. Warton.

[3] —similes;] Old copies—*smiles*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

[4] —the most COMPARATIVE,] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*incomparative*, I suppose for *incomparable*, or *peerless*; but *comparative* here means *quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*, and is properly introduced. Johnson.

This epithet is used again, in Act III. Sc. II. of this play, and apparently in the same sense:

"—— stand the push
" Of every beardless vain *comparative*."

And in Love's Labour's Lost, Act V. Sc. ult. Rosalind tells Biron that he is a man "Full of *comparisons* and wounding flouts." Steevens.

[5] I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought:] So, in The Discoverie of the Knights of the Poste, 1597, sign. C: "In troth they live so so, and it were well if they knew where *a commoditie of names were to be sould*, and yet I thinke all the money in their purses could not buy it." Reed.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration [7]; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me [8].

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter Poins, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation [9]. Poins!—

[6] — wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.] This is a scriptural expression: "*Wisdom crieth without;* she uttereth her voice in the *streets*.—I have stretched out my hand, *and no man regarded*." *Proverbs*, i. 20, and 24. Holt White.

[7] O, thou hast damnable ITERATION;] For *iteration* Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read—*attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not understand. In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, "thou hast damnable *iteration*," or a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts. This, I think, is the meaning. Johnson.

Iteration is right, for it also signified simply *citation* or *recitation*. So, in Marlow's Doctor Faustus, 1631:

"Here take this book, and peruse it well,
"The *iterating* of these lines brings gold."

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing*, *reciting*. Again, in Camden's Remaines, 1614: "King Edward I. disliking the *iteration* of Fitz," &c. Malone.

[8] — and BAFFLE me.] See Mr. Tollet's note on King Richard II. p. 16, n. 6. Steevens.

[9] — no sin for a man to labour in his VOCATION,] This (as

Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match[1]. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar[2]? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee

Dr. Farmer observes to me,) is undoubtedly a sneer on Agremont Radcliffe's Politique Discourses, 1578. From the beginning to the end of this work, the word *vocation* occurs in almost every paragraph. Thus chap. i.:

"That the *vocation* of men hath been a thing unknown unto philosophers, and other that have treated of Politique Government; of the commoditie that cometh by the knowledge thereof; and the etymology and definition of this worde *vocation*." Again, chap. xxv.:

"Whether a man being disorderly and unduly entered into any *vocation*, may lawfully brooke and abide in the same; and whether the administration in the meane while done by him that is unduly entered, ought to holde, or be of force." Steevens.

[1] —have set a MATCH.] Thus the quarto. So, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 1614: "Peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eves-dropping, now they are *setting* their *match*." There it seems to mean making *an appointment*.—The folio reads —set a *watch*. Malone.

As no *watch* is afterwards set, I suppose *match* to be the true reading. So, as Dr. Farmer observed, in Ratsey's (Gamaliel) Ghost, bl. l. 4to. (no date) about 1605: "I have," says he, "been many times beholding to Tapsters and Chamberlaines for directions and *setting of matches*." Steevens.

[2] —sir John Sack-and-Sugar?] Hentzner, p. 88, edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, "in potum copiosè immittunt saccarum;" they put a great deal of sugar in their drink. Reed.

Much inquiry has been made about Falstaff's sack, and great surprize has been expressed that he should have mixed sugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the first time in this play, it may not be improper to observe, that it is probable that Falstaff's wine was Sherry, a Spanish wine, originally made at Xeres. He frequently himself calls it *Sherris-sack**. Nor will his mixing

* *Sherris* is possibly a corruption from *Zeres*.

about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

sugar with sack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put sugar into *all* wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (says Fynes Moryson) only use large drinking of beere or ale,—but gentlemen garrawse only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose. And because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the wines in taverns (for I speak not of merchantes' or gentlemen's cellers) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant." Itin. 1617, Part III. p. 152. See also Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, vol. iv. p. 308: "Among the orders of the royal household in 1604 is the following: [MSS. Harl. 392, fol. 162.] 'And whereas in tymes past, *Spanish* wines, called *Sacke*, were little or no whitt used in our courte,—we now understanding that it is now used in common drink,' &c. *Sack* was, I believe, often mulled in our author's time. See a note, *post*, on the words, "If sack and sugar be a sin," &c. See also Blount's Glossography: "*Mulled* Sack, (Vinum mollitum) because softened and made mild by burning, and a mixture of *sugar*."

Since this note was written, I have found reason to believe that Falstaff's *Sack* was the dry Spanish wine which we call *Mountain Malaga*. A passage in Via Recta ad Vitam Longam, by Thomas Venner, Dr. of Physicke in Bathe, 4to. 1622, seems to ascertain this:

"*Sacke* is completely hot in the third degree, and of *thin parts*, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body. —Some affect to drink sack with sugar, and some without, and upon no other grounds, as I thinke, but as it is best pleasing to their palates. I will speake what I deeme thereof.—Sack, taken by itself, is very hot and very penetrative; being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retarded."

The author afterwards thus speaks of the wine which we now denominate Sack, and which was then called *Canary*: "Canarie-wine, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed *a sacke*, with this adjunct, *sweete*; but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from *sacke* in *sweetness and pleasantness of taste*, but also in colour and consistence, for it is not so white in colour as sack, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is more nutritive than sack, and less penetrative.—White wine, Rhenish wine, &c.—do in six or seven moneths, or within, according to the smallness of them, attaine unto the height of their goodness, especially the smaller sort of

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings [3].

them. But the *stronger* sort of wines, as *sack*, muskadell, malmsey, are best when they are two or three years old."

From hence, therefore, it is clear, that the wine usually called sack in that age was thinner than Canary, and was a strong light-coloured dry wine; *vin sec;* and that it was a Spanish wine is ascertained by the order quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and by several ancient books. Cole, in his Dict. 1679, renders *sack* by *Vinum Hispanicum;* and Sherwood in his English and French Dict. 1650, by *Vin d'Espagne.* Malone.

[3] — if thou darest not stand, &c.] The modern reading [cry *stand*] may perhaps be right; but I think it necessary to remark,

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring[4]! Farewell, All-hallown summer[5]! [*Exit Falstaff.*

that all the old editions read—" if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings." Johnson.

Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preserved. *Cry*, stand, will not support it.

Steevens.

[4] — thou latter spring!] Old copies—*the* latter. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[5] — All-hallown summer!] *All-hallows*, is *All-hallown-tide*, or *All-saints' day*, which is the first of November. We have still a church in London, which is absurdly styled *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. In the Play of the Four P's, 1569, this mistake (which might have been a common one,) is pleasantly exposed:

" *Pard.* Friends, here you shall see, even anone,
" Of *All-hallows* the blessed jaw-bone,
" Kiss it hardly, with good devotion," &c.

The characters in this scene are striving who should produce

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill [6], shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

the greatest falsehood, and very probably in their attempts to excel each other, have out-lied even the Romish Kalendar.

Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play: "—the *Martlemas* your master." Steevens.

[6] Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,] In former editions—Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and Gadshill. Thus have we two persons named, as characters in this play, that were never among the *dramatis personæ*. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery. In the second Act we come to a scene of the highway. Falstaff, wanting his horse, calls out on Hal, Poins, Bardolph, and Peto. Presently Gadshill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince says,—"You four shall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower." So that the four to be concerned are Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill. Accordingly, the robbery is comitted; and the Prince and Poins afterwards rob them four. In the Boar's-Head tavern, the Prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away, who confess the charge. Is it not plain now that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers? And who then can doubt, but Harvey and Rossil were the names of the actors? Theobald.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah [7], I have cases of buckram for the nonce [8], to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof [9] of this, lies the jest.

[7] — sirrah,] *Sirrah,* in our author's time, as appears from this and many other passages, was not always a word of disrespect. See vol. xi. p. 212, n. 5. Malone.

It is scarcely used as a term of *respect*, when addressed by the king to Hotspur, p. 218. Steevens.

[8] — for the nonce,] That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce;* just as from *ad-nunc* came *anon*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*. Tyrwhitt.

The *nonce* (says Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, in a letter to Mr. Malone) I understand to be the *once;* the letter *n* is inserted to prevent the elision: Mr. Gifford has given the same explanation, B. Jonson's Works, vol. iii. p. 218. For various other etymologies, see Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary. Possibly it may have been derived from *nones* or *noon*, a term which Johnson informs us our ancestors applied to their chief meal. We still say in low language, that a man comes in *pudding-time*, meaning opportunely. Boswell.

"For the nonce" is an expression in daily use amongst the common people in Suffolk, to signify *on purpose; for the turn.* Henley.

[9] — reproof —] *Reproof* is *confutation.* Johnson.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night [1] in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit Poins.*

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds [2]
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him [3].
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come [4],

[1] —to-morrow night—] I think we should read—*to-night*. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery, which was to be committed at *four in the morning;* and they would come too late if the Prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a second instance to prove that Shakspeare could forget in the end of a scene what he had said in the beginning. Steevens.

[2] Who doth permit the base contagious clouds, &c.] So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
"Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,—
"Anon *permit* the *basest clouds* to ride
"With *ugly* rack on his celestial face." Malone.

[3] — vapours, that did seem to strangle him.] So, in Macbeth:

"And yet dark night *strangles* the travelling lamp."
Steevens.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,] So, in our author's 52d Sonnet:

"Therefore are *feasts* so solemn and so *rare*,
"Since *seldom coming*, in the long year set,
"Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
"Or captain jewels in the crkanet." Malone.

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes[5];
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground[6],
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

[5] — shall I falsify men's HOPES;] To *falsify hope* is to *exceed hope*, to *give much where men hoped for little*.

This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake. JOHNSON.

Hopes is used simply for *expectations*, as *success* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland counties. "Such manner of uncouth speech, (says Puttenham,) did the *Tanner of Tamworth* use to King Edward IV. which Tanner having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, and said thus, with a certain rude repentance: 'I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow,' for 'I *fear* me I shall be hanged;' whereat the king laughed a-good; not only to see the Tanner's vaine *feare*, but also to hear his misshapen terme; and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumton Parke." P. 214. FARMER.

The following passage in The Second Part of King Henry IV. fully supports Dr. Farmer's interpretation. The Prince is there, as in the passage before us, the speaker:

"My father is gone wild into his grave—
"And with his spirit sadly I survive,
"To *mock* the *expectations* of the world;
"To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
"Rotten opinion, who hath written down
"After my seeming." MALONE.

[6] — like bright metal on a SULLEN ground, &c.] So, in King Richard II.:

"The *sullen* passage of thy weary steps
"Esteem a *foil*, wherein thou art to set
"The precious jewel of thy home return." STEEVENS.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition [7];
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

[7] I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;] i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. And this sentiment he has well expressed, save that by his usual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *disposition*. WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the sense, which was not very difficult, but is mistaken in supposing the use of *condition* licentious. Shakspeare uses it very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this sense the vulgar still say a *good* or *ill-conditioned man*. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry V. Act V.: "Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth." Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in The New-Inn, Act I. Sc. VI.:

"You cannot think me of that coarse *condition*,
"To envy you any thing." STEEVENS.

So also all the contemporary writers. See vol v. p. 27, n. 3, and many other passages in these plays. MALONE.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger [8] and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow [9].
You have good leave [1] to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit Worcester.*
You were about to speak. [*To North.*

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied

[8] — I see danger —] Old copies—"I *do* see," &c. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens has created the necessity for omitting this word, by altering the arrangement of the old copies. He reads:

"Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger
"And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,
"Your presence is too bold and peremptory." Boswell.

[9] And majesty might never yet endure
The moody FRONTIER of a servant brow.] *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his Anatomy of Abuses, 1595: "Then on the edges of their bolstered hair, which standeth crested round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces," &c. Steevens.

"And majesty might never yet endure," &c. So, in King Henry VIII.:

"The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
"So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
"They swell and grow as terrible as storms." Malone.

[1] You have GOOD LEAVE —] i. e. our ready assent. So, in King John:

"*Good leave*, good Philip."

See n. 8, p. 217, vol. xv. Steevens.

As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home [2];
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box [3], which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;——
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff [4]:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;

[2] — at HARVEST HOME:] That is, *a time of festivity.* JOHNSON.

If we understand *harvest-home* in the general sense of *a time of festivity,* we shall lose the most pointed circumstance of the comparison. *A chin new shaven* is compared to *a stubble-land at harvest-home,* not on account of the festivity of that season, as I apprehend, but because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

[3] A POUNCET-box,] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinsoner,* to *prick, pierce,* or *engrave.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Queen Elizabeth, the Marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, "three gilt bowls *pounced,* with a cover."

So also, in Gawin Douglas's translation of the ninth Æneid:

"—— wroght rich curiously
"With figuris grave, and *punsit* ymagery," STEEVENS.

[4] Took it in SNUFF:] *Snuff* is equivocally used for *anger,* and *a powder taken up the nose.*

So, in The Fleire, a comedy, by E. Sharpham, 1610: "Nay be not angry; I do not touch thy nose, to the end it should take any thing *in snuff.*"

Again, in Decker's Satiromastix:

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms [5]
He question'd me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay [6],

" ——— 'tis enough,
" Having so much fool, to *take him in snuff*."

And here they are talking about tobacco. Again, in Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso, 1606: "The good wife glad that he *took the matter so in snuff*," &c. STEEVENS.

See vol. v. p. 326, n. 3. MALONE.

[5] With many HOLIDAY and lady terms —] So, in A Looking Glass for London and England, 1598: "These be but *holiday* terms, but if you heard her working day words —." Again, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: " —— he speaks *holiday*." STEEVENS.

[6] I then, all smarting, with my wounds being COLD,
To be so pester'd with a POPINJAY,] But in the beginning of the speech he represents himself at this time not as *cold* but *hot*, and inflamed with rage and labour:

" When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil," &c.

I am therefore persuaded that Shakspeare wrote and pointed it thus:

" I then all smarting with my wounds; being *gall'd*
" To be so pester'd with a popinjay," &c. WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might say of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *smart*, and not before. If any alteration were necessary, I should transpose the lines:

" I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
" Out of my grief, and my impatience,
" To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
" Answer'd neglectingly."

A *popinjay* is a *parrot*. JOHNSON.

The same transposition had been proposed by Mr. Edwards. In John Alday's Summarie of Secret Wonders, &c. bl. l. no date, we are told that "The *popingay* can speake humaine speach, they come from the Indias," &c.

From the following passage in The Northern Lass, 1632, it

Out of my grief[7] and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti[8], for an inward bruise[9];
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

should seem, however, that a *popinjay* and a *parrot* were distinct birds:

"Is this a *parrot* or a *popinjay?*"

Again, in Nash's Lenten Stuff, &c. 1599: "—the *parrot*, the *popinjay*, Philip-sparrow, and the cuckow." In the ancient poem called The Parliament of Birds, bl. l. this bird is called "the *popynge jay* of paradyse." STEEVENS.

It appears from Minsheu that Dr. Johnson is right. See his Dict. 1617, in v. *Parret*. MALONE.

The old reading may be supported by the following passage in Barnes's History of Edward III. p. 786: "The esquire fought still, until the wounds began with loss of blood to *cool* and smart." TOLLET.

So, in Mortimeriados, by Michael Drayton, 4to. 1596:

"As when the blood is *cold*, we feel the wound—." MALONE.

[7] —grief—] i. e. pain. In our ancient translations of physical treatises, *dolor ventris* is commonly called *belly-grief*. STEEVENS.

[8] — parmaceti,] So the old editions. Some modern editors have altered it to *spermaceti*. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his Voyage into the South Sea, 1593, speaking of whales, says, "—his spawne is for divers purposes. This we corruptly call *parmacettie*, of the Latin word *Sperma Ceti*." p. 46. REED.

[9] —parmaceti, for an inward bruise;] So, in Sir T. Overbury's Characters, 1616: "[An Ordinary Fencer.] His wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an *inward bruise* lambstones and sweete-breads are his only *spermaceti*." BOWLE.

So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns [1],
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now [2].

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer [3];

[1] — but for these vile guns, &c.] A similar thought occurs in Questions of Profitable and Pleasant Concernings, &c. 1594, p. 11: "I confesse those gunnes are diuellish things, and make many men runne away that other wayes would not turne their heads." Steevens.

[2] To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.] Let what he then said never rise to impeach him, so he unsay it now. Johnson.

[3] His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;] Shakspeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law*. In Act II. Lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third Act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistence may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower; each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund Earl of March*, nephew to *Lady Percy*, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle* to the former, and *brother* to *Lady Percy*. Shakspeare confounds the two persons. Steevens.

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears [4],

Another cause also may be assigned for this confusion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of some of our old historians, married Eleanor, the sister of Roger Earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund Earl of March, that appears in the present play. But this Edmund had a sister likewise named *Eleanor*. Shakspeare might, therefore, have at different times confounded these two supposed Eleanors. I say supposed, for in fact, the sister of Robert Earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called *Elizabeth*, as we learn from Hardyng, who was a contemporary. MALONE.

See my note on Act II. Sc. III. where this Lady is called—*Kate*. STEEVENS.

[4] — and INDENT with FEARS,] The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next speech. WARBURTON.

The difficulty seems to me to arise from this, that the King is not desired to *article* or *contract with* Mortimer, but with another *for* Mortimer. Perhaps we may read:

" Shall we buy treason? and indent with *peers*,
" When they have lost and forfeited themselves?"

Shall we purchase back a traitor? Shall we descend to a composition with Worcester, Northumberland, and young Percy, who by disobedience have *lost and forfeited their honours* and themselves? JOHNSON.

To "indent," is to 'sign an indenture or compact.' MALONE.

" Shall we buy treason? and *indent* with fears," This verb is used by Harrington in his translation of Ariosto, b. xvi. st. 35:

" And with the Irish bands he first *indents*,
" To spoil their lodgings and to burn their tents."

Again, in The Cruel Brother, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1630:

" —— Dost thou *indent*
" With my acceptance, make choice of services?"

Fears may be used in the active sense for *terrors*. So, in the second part of this play:

" —— all those bold *fears*
" Thou seest with peril I have answered."

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war [5];—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds [6], which valiantly he took,

These lords, however, had, as yet, neither forfeited or lost any thing, so that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is inadmissible.

After all, I am inclined to regard Mortimer (though the King affects to speak of him in the plural number) as the *Fear*, or timid object, which had *lost* or *forfeited itself*. Henry afterwards says:

" —— he *durst* as well have met the devil alone,
" As Owen Glendower for an enemy."

" Indent with fears," may therefore mean, 'sign an indenture or compact with dastards.' *Fears* may be substituted for *fearful people*, as *wrongs* has been used for *wrongers* in King Richard II.:

" He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
" To rouse his *wrongs*, and chase them to a bay."

" Near Cæsar's angel (says the Soothsayer to Antony,) thy own becomes a *fear*," i. e. a spirit of cowardice; and Sir Richard Vernon, in the play before us, uses an expression that nearly resembles *indenting with fears*:

" I hold as little *counsel with* weak *fear*,
" As you, my lord ——."

The King, by *buying treason*, and *indenting* with *fears*, may therefore covertly repeat both his pretended charges against Mortimer; first, that he had treasonably betrayed his party to Glendower; and, secondly, that he would have been afraid to encounter with so brave an adversary. STEEVENS.

[5] He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;] The meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power, but by the chance of war. The King charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have already mistaken it. JOHNSON.

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment [7] with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink [8],
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted [9] with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head [1] in the hollow bank

[6] — To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds, &c.] Hotspur calls Mortimer's wounds *mouthed*, from their gaping like a mouth, and says, that to prove his loyalty, but one tongue was necessary for all these mouths. This may be harsh; but the same idea occurs in Coriolanus, where one of the populace says: "For if he shows us his wounds, we are to put our *tongues into these wounds*, and speak for them." M. MASON.

So, Julius Cæsar:

"—— there were an Antony,
"Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a *tongue*
"In every wound of Cæsar," &c. MALONE.

[7] — hardiment —] An obsolete word, signifying hardiness, bravery, stoutness. Spenser is frequent in his use of it. STEEVENS.

[8] — three times did they drink,] It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst. The poet therefore hath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip Sydney; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier. HENLEY.

[9] Who then, affrighted, &c.] This passage has been censured as sounding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

[1] — his CRISP head —] *Crisp* is *curled*. So, Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Maid of the Mill:

"—— methinks the river,
"As he steals by, *curls* up his head to view."

Again, in Kyd's Cornelia, 1595:

"O beauteous Tyber, with thine easy streams,
"That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft,

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy [2]
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

"Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver *curls*,
"Back to thy grass-green banks to welcome us?"

Perhaps Shakspeare has bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. The following passage, however, in the sixth song of Drayton's Polyolbion, may seem to justify its propriety:

"Your corses were dissolv'd into that chrystal stream;
"Your *curls* to *curled* waves, which plainly still appear
"The same in *water* now that once in *locks* they were."

Beaumont and Fletcher have the same image with Shakspeare in The Loyal Subject:

"—— the Volga trembled at his terror,
"And hid his seven *curl'd heads*."

Again, in one of Ben Jonson's Masques:

"The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,
"Only their *heads* are *crisped* by his stroke."

See vol. vi. (Whalley's edit.) p. 26. Steevens.

[2] Never did BARE and rotten policy—] All the quartos which I have seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and all the subsequent editions, have *base*. I believe *bare* is right: "Never did policy, lying open to detection, so colour its workings." Johnson.

The first quarto, 1598, reads *bare;* which means 'so thinly covered by art as to be easily seen through.' So, in Venus and Adonis:

"What *bare* excuses mak'st thou to be gone!" Malone.

Since there is such good authority as Johnson informs us, for reading *base*, in this passage, instead of *bare*, the former word should certainly be adopted. *Bare* policy, that is, policy lying open to detection, is in truth no policy at all. The epithet *base*, also best agrees with *rotten*. M. Mason.

Art thou not [2] ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exeunt King* HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. [*To* WORCESTER.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death [3],

[2] Art not—] Old copies—"Art *thou* not." STEEVENS.

[3] — an eye of death,] That is, *an eye menacing death*. Hotspur seems to describe the King as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

So, in Marlowe's Tamburlaine, 1590:

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood[4]?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence, he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we, in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

"And wrapt in silence of his angry soul,
"Upon his brows were pourtraid ugly death,
"And in his eyes the furies of his heart." STEEVENS.

Johnson and Steevens seem to think that Hotspur meant to describe the King as trembling not with fear, but rage; but surely they are mistaken. The King had no reason to be enraged at Mortimer, who had been taken prisoner in fighting against his enemy; but he had much reason to fear the man who had a better title to the crown than himself, which had been proclaimed by Richard II.; and accordingly, when Hotspur is informed of that circumstance, he says:

"Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king
"That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd."

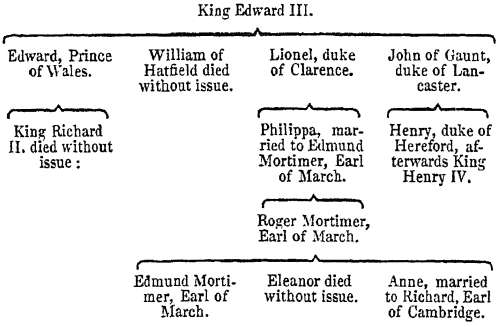
And Worcester, in the very next line, says: "He cannot blame him for *trembling* at the name of Mortimer, since Richard had proclaimed him next of blood." M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's remark is, I think, in general just; but the King, as appears from this scene, had some reason to be *enraged* also at Mortimer, because he thought that Mortimer had not been taken prisoner by the efforts of his enemies, but had himself *revolted*. MALONE.

[4] — Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?] Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir apparent to the crown in the 9th year of King Richard II. (1385.) See Grafton, p. 347. But he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed by Richard heir apparent to the crown, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer, (the son of Roger,) who was then but seven years old; but he was not Percy's wife's brother, but her nephew. MALONE.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown[5]?

[5] Heir to the crown?] Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard, as appears from the following table; in which the three younger children of King Edward III. are not included, as being immaterial to the subject before us:



Sandford, in his Genealogical History, says, that the last mentioned Edmund, Earl of March, (the Mortimer of this play,) was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Stafford. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower; and the subsequent historians copied him; but this is a very doubtful point, for the Welsh writers make no mention of it. Sandford says that this Earl of March was confined by the jealous Henry in the castle of Trim in Ireland, and that he died there, after an imprisonment of twenty years, on the 19th of January, 1424. But this is a mistake. There is no proof that he was confined a state-prisoner by King Henry the Fourth, and he was employed in many military services by his son Henry the Fifth. He died at his own castle at Trim in Ireland, at the time mentioned by Sandford, but not in a state of imprisonment. See note on King Henry VI. Part II. Act II. Sc. II.

Since the original note was written, I have learned that Owen Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist Lord Grey of Ruthven. Holinshed led Shakspeare into the error of supposing her the wife of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. This nobleman, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in November, 1392, and consequently at the time when this play com-

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke[6]?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd[7] contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,——

mences, was little more than ten years old. The Prince of Wales was not fifteen. MALONE.

[6] — this CANKER, Bolingbroke?] The *canker-rose* is the *dog-rose*, the *flower of the Cynosbaton*. So, in Much Ado About Nothing: "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a rose in his grace." STEEVENS.

[7] — disdain'd —] For *disdainful*. JOHNSON.

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear[8].

Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim[9]:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare[1].

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon[2];

[8] On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.] That is, of a spear laid across. Warburton.

[9] —sink or swim:]. This is a very ancient proverbial expression. So, in The Knight's Tale of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 2399:

"Ne recceth never, whether I *sink or flete*."

Again, in The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art, 1570:

"He careth not who doth *sink or swimme*." Steevens.

[1] —the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.] This passage will remind the classical reader of young Ascanius's heroic feelings in the fourth Æneid:

——pecora inter inertia votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.

Steevens.

[2] By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;] Though I am very far from condemning this speech with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection, and beauty of allegory, which Dr. Warburton endeavoured to display. This sally of Hotspur, may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition, and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground[3],
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship[4]!

hasty motion of turbulent desire; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.

JOHNSON.

Euripides has put the very same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles: "I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." WARBURTON.

This is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities. At least, that it was the last, might be concluded from its use in Cartwright's poem On Mr. Stokes his Book on the Art of Vaulting, edit. 1651, p. 212:

"Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one;
"By Jove 'tis thou must leap, or none,
"To *pull bright honour from the moon*."

Unless Cartwright intended to ridicule this passage in Shakspeare, which I partly suspect. Stokes's book, a noble object for the wits, was printed at London, 1641. T. WARTON.

A passage somewhat resembling this, occurs in Archbishop Parker's Address to the Reader, prefixed to his Tract entitled A Brief Examination for the Tyme, &c.—"But trueth is to hye set, for you to *pluck her out of heaven*, to manifestlye knowen to be by your papers obscured, and surely stablished, to *drowne* her in the myrie lakes of your sophisticall writinges."

In The Knight of the Burning Pestle, Beaumont and Fletcher have put the foregoing rant of Hotspur, into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts *to tear a cat in*. I suppose a ridicule on Shakspeare was designed. STEEVENS.

[3] Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,] So, in The Tempest:

"I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded."

STEEVENS.

[4] But out upon this HALF-FAC'D FELLOWSHIP!] A coat is said to be *faced*, when part of it, as the sleeves or bosom, is covered with something finer or more splendid than the main substance. The mantua-makers still use the word. "Half-fac'd fellowship"

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here[5],
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

is then 'partnership but half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the show of dignities and honours.' JOHNSON.

So, in The Portraiture of Hypocrisie, &c. bl. l. 1589: "A gentleman should have a gowne for the night, two for the daie, &c. one all furred, another *half-faced.*"

Mr. M. Mason, however, observes, that the allusion may be to the *half-faces* on medals, where two persons are represented. "The coins of Philip and Mary (says he) rendered this image sufficiently familiar to Shakspeare." STEEVENS.

I doubt whether the allusion was to dress. *Half-fac'd* seems to have meant *paltry*. The expression, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its rise from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was represented. So, in King John:

"With that *half-face* would he have all my land,—
"A *half-fac'd groat*, five hundred pound a year!"

But then, it will be said, "what becomes of *fellowship?* Where is the fellowship in a *single* face in profile? The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited."—This squaring of our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the sourse of endless mistakes. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's "corrival" and himself, and I think to nothing more. I find the epithet here applied to it, in Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 1593: "— with all other ends of your *half-faced* English." Again, in Histriomastix, 1610:

"Whilst I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion —." MALONE.

[5] —a world of FIGURES here,] *Figure* is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape. JOHNSON.

Figures mean shapes created by Hotspur's imagination; but not the form of what he should attend, viz. of what his uncle had to propose. EDWARDS.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer[6]!
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy[7],
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales[8],—

[6] He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;——
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!] So Marlowe, in his King Edward II.:

"—— and if he will not *ransome* him,
"*I'll thunder such a peale into his eares,*
"As never subject did unto his king." MALONE.

[7] —I solemnly DEFY,] One of the ancient senses of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuse*. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"I do *defy* thy commiseration." STEEVENS.

[8] And that same SWORD-AND-BUCKLER prince of Wales,] A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used. JOHNSON.

Stowe will keep us to the precise meaning of the epithet here given to the prince.—"This field, commonly called West-Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians Hall, by reason it was the usual place of frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use. When every *serving-man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword*." HENLEY.

I have now before me (to confirm the justice of this remark) a poem entitled "Sword and Buckler, or Serving Man's Defence." By William Bas, 1602. STEEVENS.

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale[9].

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool[1]

"What weapons bear they?—Some sword and dagger, some *sword* and *buckler*.—What weapon is that *buckler*?—A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman." *Florio's First Fruites*, 1578. MALONE.

9 — poison'd with a pot of ale.] Dr. Grey supposes this to be said in allusion to Caxton's Account of King John's Death; (See Caxton's Fructus Temporum, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns. STEEVENS.

1 Why, what a wasp-STUNG and impatient fool —] Thus the quarto 1598; and surely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads:—wasp-*tongued*. That Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth, may be learned from the following passage in The Winter's Tale, Act I. Sc. II.:

"—— is goads, thorns, nettles, *tails of wasps*."
STEEVENS.

This reading is confirmed by Hotspur's reply:

"Why look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
"Nettled and *stung* with pismires, when I hear
"Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke." M. MASON.

The first quarto copies of several of these plays are in many respects much preferable to the folio, and in general I have paid the utmost attention to them. In the present instance, however, I think the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that the true reading is that of the second quarto, 1599, wasp-*tongue*, which I have adopted, not on the authority of that copy, (for it has none,) but because I believe it to have been the word used by the author. The folio was apparently printed from a later quarto; and the editor from ignorance of our author's phraseology changed wasp-*tongue* to wasp-*tongued*. There are other instances of the same unwarrantable alterations even in that valuable copy of our author's plays. The change, I say, was made from ignorance of Shakspeare's phraseology; for in King Richard III. we have—his *venom*-tooth, not *venom'd* tooth; your *widow*-dolour, not *widow'd*-dolour; and in another play,—parted with *sugar*-breath, not *sugar'd* breath; and many more instances of the same kind may

Art thou to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

be found. Thus, in this play,—smooth-*tongue*, not smooth-*tongued*. Again: "— stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-*nose* innkeeper of Daintry." [not red-*nosed*.] Again, in King Richard III.:

"Some light-*foot* friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:" not light-*footed*.

So also, in The Black Book, 4to. 1504: "—The *spindle-shanke* spyder, which showed like great leachers with little legs, went stealing over his head," &c. In the last Act of The Second Part of King Henry IV. "blew-*bottle*-rogue" (the reading of the quarto,) is changed by the editor of the folio to "blew-*bottled* rogue," as he here substituted wasp-*tongued* for wasp-*tongue*.

Shakspeare certainly knew, as Mr. Steevens has observed, that the sting of a wasp lay in his tail; nor is there in my apprehension any thing couched under the epithet *wasp-tongue*, inconsistent with that knowledge. It means only, having a tongue as peevish and mischievous (if such terms may be applied to that instrument of the mind) as a wasp. Thus, in As You Like It, *waspish* is used without any particular reference to any action of a wasp, but merely as synonymous to *peevish* or *fretful*:

"By the stern brow and *waspish* action
"Which she did use as she was writing of it,
"It bears an *angry* tenour."

In The Tempest, when Iris, speaking of Venus, says:

"Her waspish-*headed* son has broke his arrows,"

the meaning is perfectly clear; yet the objection that Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was in his tail, not in his *head*, might, I conceive, be made with equal force, there, as on the present occasion.

Though this note has run out to an unreasonable length, I must add a passage in The Taming of the Shrew; which, while it shows that our author knew the sting of a wasp was really situated in its *tail*, proves at the same time that he thought it might with propriety be applied metaphorically to the *tongue*:

"*Pet.* Come, come, you *wasp*; i' faith you are too angry.
"*Cath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
"*Pet.* My remedy is then to pluck it out.
"*Cath.* Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.
"*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his *sting*?
"In his tail.
"*Cath.* In his *tongue*.
"*Pet.* Whose tongue?
"*Cath.* Yours, if you talk of tails," &c.

This passage appears to me fully to justify the reading that I

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:——
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy[2]
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age*[3],
And,—*gentle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind cousin*,—
O, the devil take such cozeners[4]!——God forgive me!——

have chosen. Independent, however, of all authority, or reference to other passages, it is supported by the context here. A person stung by a wasp would not be very likely to claim all *the talk* to himself, as Hotspur is described to do, but rather in the agony of pain to implore the assistance of those about him; whereas "the wasp-*tongue* fool" may well be supposed to "break into a woman's mood," and to listen "to no tongue but his own."

Mr. M. Mason thinks that the words afterwards used by Hotspur are decisively in favour of wasp-*stung*,—"Nettled and *stung* with pismires:" but Hotspur uses that expression to mark the poignancy of his own *feelings;* Northumberland uses the term *wasp-tongue* to denote the irritability of his son's *temper*, and the petulance of his *language*. Malone.

I may seem to be overlaid by the foregoing note, but do not think myself defeated. The reader's patience, however, shall be no further exercised on the present occasion. Steevens.

[2] —what a CANDY deal of courtesy—] i. e. what a deal of candy courtesy. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*candy'd*, without necessity. See also King Richard III.:

"Grossly grew captive to his *honey* words:"

not *honey'd* words. See the last note. Malone.

[3] —infant fortune came to age,] Alluding to what passed in King Richard, Act II. Sc. III. Johnson.

Good uncle, tell your tale, for * I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i'faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you; My lord,
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is't not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation[5],
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's a foot, thou still let'st slip[6].

* Quarto omits, *for*.

[4] — the devil take such COZENERS!] The same jingle occurs in Two Tragedies in One, &c. 1601:
"Come pretty *cousin*, *cozened* by grim death."
Again, in Monsieur Thomas, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"———— *cousin*,
"*Cozen* thyself no more."
Again, in The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:
"To see my *cousin cozen'd* in this sort." STEEVENS.

[5] I speak not this in ESTIMATION,] *Estimation*, for *conjecture*. WARBURTON.

[6] — let'st slip,] To *let slip*, is to loose the greyhound. JOHNSON.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head [7]:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt [8];
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin [9], farewell:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

So, in The Taming of the Shrew:
"Lucentio *slipp'd* me, like his greyhound." STEEVENS.

[7] —by raising of a HEAD:] A *head* is a body of forces. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:
"Making another *head*, to fight again." STEEVENS.

[8] The king will always, &c.] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty, was predicted by King Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

[9] Cousin,] This was a common address in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. See Holinshed's Chronicle, passim. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew. MALONE.

North. Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short, Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport! *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain [1] is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pry'thee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle [2], put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess [3].

[1] — Charles' wain —] *Charles's wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Churls* wain (Sax. ceorl, a countryman.) Ritson.

See also Thoresby's Leeds, p. 268. Reed.

Chorl is frequently used for a countryman in old books. "Here begynneth the *chorle* and the byrde," printed for Wynkyn de Worde. See also the Glossaries of Skinner and Junius, v. *Churl*. Douce.

[2] — Cut's saddle,] *Cut* is the name of a horse in The Witches of Lancashire, 1634, and, I suppose, was a common one. Stevens.

See vol. xi. p. 401, n. 5. Malone.

[3] — out of all cess.] i. e. out of all *measure:* the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be *out of all cess*. Warburton.

Enter another CARRIER.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank[4] here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots[5]: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench[6].

[4] — as dank —] i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

In the directions given by Sir Thomas Bodley, for the preservation of his library, he orders that the cleanser thereof should, "at least twice a quarter, with clean cloths, strike away the dust and *moulding* of the books, which will not then continue long with it; now it proceedeth chiefly of the newness of the forrels, which in time will be less and less *dankish*." *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, p. 111. REED.

[5] — bots:] Are worms in the stomach of a horse. JOHNSON.

"The *bottes* is an yll disease, and they lye in a horse mawe; and they be an inch long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a fyngers ende; and they be quycke and stycke faste in the mawe syde: it apperethe by stampynge of the horse or tomblynge; and in the beginninge there is remedy ynoughe; and if they be not cured betyme, they will eate thorough his mawe and kyll hym." *Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandry*. REED.

"A bots light upon you," is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of King Henry V. as well as in many other old pieces. So, in the ancient black letter interlude of The Disobedient Child, no date:

"That I wished their bellies full of *bottes*."

In Reginald Scott, on Witchcraft, 1584, is "a charme for the *bots* in a horse." STEEVENS.

[6] — I am stung like a TENCH.] Why like a *tench?* I know not, unless the similitude consists in the spots of the *tench*, and those made by the bite of vermin. MALONE.

I have either read, or been told, that it was once customary to pack such pond-fish as were brought alive to market, in *stinging* nettles. But writing from recollection, and having no proof of this usage to offer, I do not press my intelligence on the publick.

It appears, however, from the following passage in Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History, book ix. ch. xlvii.

1 *CAR.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *CAR.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach[7].

that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested by *fleas*: "In summe, what is there not bred within the sea? Even the verie *fleas* that skip so merrily in summer time within victualling houses and innes, and bite so shrowdly: as also lice that love best to live close under the haire of our heads, are there engendred and to be found: for many a time the fishers twitch up their hookes, and see a number of these skippers and creepers settled thick about their baits which they laid for fishes. And this vermin is thought to trouble the poore fishes in their sleep by night within the sea, as well as us on land."

Dr. Farmer supposes that "stung like a *tench*," may be a blunder for "like a *trout*." See, says he, the representation of a *trout* in Walton's Complete Angler, ch. v. STEEVENS.

7 — breeds fleas like a LOACH.] The *loach* is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolifick, that it is seldom found without spawn in it; and it was formerly a practice of the young gallants to swallow loaches in wine, because they were considered as invigorating, and apt to communicate their prolifick quality. The carrier therefore means to say, that "your chamber-lie breeds fleas as fast as a loach" breeds, not fleas, but loaches.

In As You Like It, Jaques says that he "can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs;" but he does not mean that a weasel sucks eggs "out of a song."—And in Troilus and Cressida, where Nestor says that Thersites is—

"A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,"

he means that his gall coined slanders as fast as a mint coins money. M. MASON.

A passage in Coriolanus likewise may be produced in support of the interpretation here given: "—and he no more remembers his mother, than an eight-year-old horse;" i. e. than an eight-year-old horse *remembers his dam*.

I entirely agree with Mr. M. Mason in his explanation of this passage, and, before I had seen his Comments, had in the same manner interpreted a passage in As You Like It. See vol. vi. p. 418, n. 4. One principal source of error in the interpretation of many passages in our author's plays has been the supposing that his similes were intended to correspond exactly on both sides. MALONE.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger[8], to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved[9].—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not

I fear the foregoing ingenious explanation must give way to the circumstance recorded in the ninth book of Pliny's Natural History, ch. xlvii. referred to by me in a note on this passage in the edition of 1785, omitted in the last, but now quoted at length by Mr. Steevens in the present. Again: "Last of all, some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed *fleas* and lice; among which the chalcis, a kind of turgot, is one." Reed.

[8] — and two RAZES of GINGER,] As our author in several passages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it. Theobald.

"— and two *razes* of *ginger*." So, in the old anonymous play of Henry V.: "— he hath taken the great *raze of ginger*, that bouncing Bess, &c. was to have had." A dainty *race* of ginger is mentioned in Ben Jonson's Masque of The Gipsies Metamorphosed. The late Mr. Warner observed to me, that a single *root* or *race* of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in small pieces, as at present, would have been sufficient to load a pack-horse. He quoted Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his History of Jamaica, in support of his assertion; and added "that he could discover no authority for the word *raze* in the sense appropriated to it by Theobald."

A *race* of ginger is a phrase that seems familiar among our comick writers. So, in A Looking-Glass for London and England, 1598: "I have spent eleven pence, besides three *rases* of ginger."—"Here's two *rases* more." Steevens.

Dr. Grew speaks, in The Philosophical Transactions, of a *single root* of ginger weighing fourteen ounces, as uncommonly large. I doubt, therefore, concerning the truth of Mr. Warner's assertion. Theobald's explantion seems equally disputable. Malone.

See Hackluyt's Voyages, vol. iii. p. 493. Steevens.

[9] — the TURKIES in my pannier are quite starved.] Here is a slight anachronism. *Turkies* were not brought into England till the time of King Henry VIII. Malone.

hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL[1].

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock[2].

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell[3]?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* CARRIERS.

[1] — Gadshill.] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in Westward Hoe, 1606:

"—— Why, how lies she?

"Troth, as the way lies over *Gads-hill*, very dangerous."

Again, in the anonymous play of The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth:

"And I know thee for a taking fellow

"Upon *Gads-hill* in Kent."

In the year 1558, a ballad entitled The Robbery at Gadshill was entered on the books of the Stationer's Company. STEEVENS.

[2] I think it be two o'clock,] The carrier, who suspected Gadshill, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was *four o'clock*. STEEVENS.

See notes at the end of this play. BOSWELL.

[3] Ay, when? canst tell?] This is a proverbial phrase. So, in The Comedy of Errors, Act III. Sc. I.:

"*Dro. E.* Have at you with a *proverb*, &c.

"*Luce.* Have at you with another: that's—*When? can you tell?*" STEEVENS.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse[4].

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how[5].

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin[6] in the wild of Kent, hath brought three

[4] At hand, quoth pick-purse.] This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nashe, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. Again, in the play of Apius and Virginia, 1575, Haphazard, the vice, says:

"*At hand, quoth pick purse*, here redy am I,
"See well to the cutpurse, be ruled by me."

Again, as Mr. Malone observes, in The Duchess of Suffolk, by Tho. Drue, (but hitherto ascribed to Heywood,) 1631: "*At hand, quoth pickpurse*—have you any work for a tyler?"

Steevens.

This proverbial saying probably arose from the pick-purse always seizing upon the prey nearest him. Malone.

[5] That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more, &c.] So, in The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey, 1605: "—he dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house to learne which way they rode in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes, if they sped." Steevens.

[6] —franklin—] Is a little gentleman. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson has said more accurately in a note on Cymbeline, that "a franklin is a freeholder with a small estate." Malone.

Fortescue, says the editor of The Canterbury Tales, vol. iv. p. 202, (de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) describes a *franklain* to be *pater familias—magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed *with*, but *after*, the *miles* and *armiger*; and is distinguished from the *Libere tenentes* and *valecti*; though, as it should seem, the only real distinction between him and other freeholders, consisted in the largeness of his estate. Spelman, in voce *Franklein*, quotes the following passage from Trivet's French Chronicle, MSS. Bibl. R. S, n. 56. "Thomas de Brotherton filius Edwardi I. marescallus Angliæ, apres la mort de son pere esposa la fille de

hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter[7]: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks[8], I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

un Francheleyn apelee Alice." The historian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the Frankelein. REED.

[7] —and call for eggs and butter:] It appears from The Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, that *butter'd eggs* was the usual breakfast of my lord and lady, during the season of Lent. STEEVENS.

[8] —saint Nicholas' clerks,] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks.* WARBURTON.

Highwaymen or robbers were so called, or *Saint Nicholas's knights:*

"A mandrake grown under some *heavy tree,*
"There where *Saint Nicholas knights* not long before
"Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee."
Glareanus Vadeanus's Panegyrick upon Tom Coryat.
GREY.

Again, in Rowley's Match at Midnight, 1633: "I think yonder comes prancing down the hills from Kingston, a couple of *St. Nicholas's clerks.*" Again, in A Christian Turn'd Turk, 1612:

"——We are prevented;——
"*St. Nicholas's clerks* are stepp'd up before us."

Again, in The Hollander, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640: "Next it is decreed, that the receivers of our rents and customs, to wit, divers rooks, and *St. Nicholas clerks*, &c.—under pain of being carried up Holborn in a cart," &c. STEEVENS.

This expression probably took its rise from the parish clerks of London, who were incorporated into a fraternity or guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. WHALLEY.

See vol. iv. p. 82, n. 2, where an account is given of the origin of this expression as applied to scholars. MALONE.

GADS. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans [9] that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers [1], no long-staff, six-penny strikers [2]; none of these mad, mustachio

9 —other TROJANS —] So, in Love's Labour's Lost: "Hector was but a *Trojan* in respect of this." *Trojan* in both these instances had a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a *thief*. So, again, in Love's Labour's Lost: "—unless you play the *honest Trojan*, the poor wench is cast away." STEEVENS.

1 I am joined with no foot LAND-RAKERS, &c.] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No 'long-staff six-penny strikers,'—no fellows that infest the road with long-staffs, and knock men down for six-pence. 'None of these mad mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms,'—none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

2 —six-penny strikers;] A *striker* had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. I rather believe in this place, 'no six-penny striker' signifies, 'not one who would content himself to *borrow*, i. e. rob you for the sake of six-pence.' That to *borrow* was the cant phrase for to *steal*, is well known; and that to *strike* likewise signified to *borrow*, let the following passage in Shirley's Gentleman of Venice confirm:

"*Cor.* You had best assault me too.
"*Mal.* I must *borrow* money,
"And that some call a *striking*," &c.

Again, in Glapthorne's Hollander, 1640:

"The only shape to hide a *striker* in."

Again, in an old MS. play entitled, The Second Maiden's Tragedy:

"——one that robs the mind,
"Twenty times worse than any highway *striker*."

STEEVENS.

In Greene's Art of Conеycatching, 1592, under the table of Cant Expressions used by Thieves: "—the cutting a pocket or picking a purse, is called *striking*." Again: "—who taking a

purple-hued malt-worms[3]: but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers[4]; such

proper youth to be his prentice, to teach him the order of *striking* and foisting." COLLINS.

See also, The London Prodigal, 1605: "Nay, now I have had such a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a *six-penny-purse escape me*." MALONE.

[3] — malt-worms:] This cant term for a tippler I find in The Life and Death of Jack Straw, 1593: "You shall purchase the prayers of all the alewives in town, for saving a *malt-worm* and a customer." Again, in Gammer Gurton's Needle. STEEVENS.

[4] — burgomasters, and great ONEYERS;] "Perhaps, *one-raires*, trustees, or commissioners;" says Mr. Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any such construction, I am at a loss to know. To Mr. Pope's second conjecture, "of cunning men that look sharp, and aim well," I have nothing to reply seriously: but choose to drop it. The reading which I have substituted [*moneyers*] I owe to the friendship of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Esq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the Mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for bankers, or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context. THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeservedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is necessary: Gadshill tells the Chamberlain, that he is joined with no mean wretches, but "with burgomasters and great ones," or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great oneyers*, or *great-one-éers*, as we say, *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

By *moneyers* he means *mint-men*, in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Romaunt of the Rose, 6811:

"But se what golde han usurers
"And silver eke in their garners,
"Talagiers, and these *moniours*."

"Moniers, [Monetarii] Regist. orig. fol. 262, 6, Anno Edw. VI. cap. 15. be monisters of the mint which make and coin the king's money. It appeareth from antiquity, that in ancient times our kings of England had mints in most of the counties of the realm. And in the tract of the Exchequer written by Ocham, is found, that whereas the sheriffes ordinarily were tied to pay into the Exchequer the kings sterling for such debts as they were to answer, they of Northumberland and Cumberland were at liberty to pay in any sort of money, so it were silver; and the reason is there given, because these two shires *monetarios de antiquâ*

as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray[5]: And yet I lie; for they pray

institutione non habent." *Minsheu's Guide into Tongues*, col. 473. GREY.

Mr. Hardinge's conjecture may be supported by an ancient authority, and is probably right: "— there is a house upon Page Greene, next unto the round tuft of trees, sometime in the tenure and occupation of Simon Bolton, *Monyer;*" i. e. probably *banker. Description of Tottenham High-Cross*, 1631. REED.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*onyers*, that is, *publick accountants;* men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciaments, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur, nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem:* he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the King.

To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer, to *ony;* and from hence Shakspeare perhaps formed the word *onyers.*—The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, "a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what." This emendation may derive some support from what Gadshill says in the next scene: "There's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer." The first quarto has—*oneyres*, which the second and all the subsequent copies made *oneyers.* The original reading gives great probability to Hanmer's conjecture. MALONE.

Sir David Dalrymple from the word burgomasters preceding, suggested *mynheers.* Mr. Capell has the same conjecture; but I think Mr. Hardinge's the most probable. Yet still there is a difficulty; for he is speaking of his companions, not those whom he means to plunder. BOSWELL.

[5] —such as can HOLD IN; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than DRINK, and DRINK, &c.] According to the specimen given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think they *were less ready to drink than speak.* Besides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *speaking*, *drinking*, and *praying*, to do with one another? We should certainly read *think* in both places instead of *drink;* and then we have a very regular and humorous climax. "They will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than *think;* and *think*

continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they

sooner than pray." By which last words is meant, that "though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them." The Oxford editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt about this passage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of *such as can hold in?* It cannot mean *such as can keep their own secret*, for they will, he says, *speak* sooner than *think:* it cannot mean *such as will go calmly to work without unnecessary violence*, such as is used by *long-staff strîkers*, for the following part will not suit with this meaning; and though we should read by transposition *such as will speak sooner than strike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I must leave it as it is. JOHNSON.

Such as can hold in, may mean *such as can curb old father antick the law*, or such as *will not blab*. STEEVENS.

Turbervile's Book on Hunting, 1575, p. 37, mentions huntsmen on horseback to make young hounds "*hold in* and close" to the old ones: so Gadshill may mean, that he is joined with such companions as will *hold in*, or keep and stick close to one another, and such as are men of deeds, and not of words; and yet they love to talk and speak their mind freely better than to drink.

TOLLET.

I think a gradation was intended, as Dr. Warburton supposes. To *hold in*, I believe, meant to 'keep their fellows' counsel and their own;' not to discover their rogueries by talking about them. So, in Twelfth Night: "— that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to *keep in*." Gadshill, therefore, I suppose, means to say, that he keeps company with steady robbers; such as will not impeach their comrades, or make any discovery by talking of what they have done; men that will strike the traveller sooner than talk to him; that yet would sooner speak to him than drink, which might intoxicate them, and put them off their guard; and, notwithstanding, would prefer drinking, however dangerous, to prayer, which is the last thing they would think of.—The words however will admit a different interpretation. We have often in these plays, "it were as good a deed as to drink." Perhaps therefore the meaning may be,—Men who will knock the traveller down sooner than speak to him; who yet will speak to him and bid him stand, sooner than drink; (to which they are sufficiently well inclined;) and lastly, who will drink sooner than pray. Here indeed the climax is not regular. But perhaps our author did not intend it should be preserved. MALONE.

ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her [6]. We steal as in a castle [7], cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed [8], we walk invisible.

[6] She will, she will; justice hath LIQUOR'D her.] A satire on chicane in courts of justice; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

Alluding to boots mentioned in the preceding speech. "They would melt me (says Falstaff, in The Merry Wives of Windsor,) out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's *boots* with me." See also Peacham's Complete Gentleman, 1627, p. 199:

"Item, a halfpenny for *liquor* for his boots." MALONE.

[7] — as in a castle,] This was once a proverbial phrase. So, Dante, (in Purgatorio):

Sicura quasi *rocca* in alto monte.

Again, in The Little French Lawyer, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That noble courage we have seen, and we
"Shall fight *as in a castle*."

Perhaps Shakspeare means, we steal with as much security as the ancient inhabitants of *castles*, who had those strong holds to fly to for protection and defence against the laws. So, in King Henry VI. Part I. Act III. Sc. I.:

"Yes, as an outlaw *in a castle* keeps,
"And uses it to patronage his *theft*."

Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, book ii.: "Among the rest, two brothers of huge both greatnesse and force, therfore called giants, who kept themselves *in a castle* seated upon the top of a rock, impregnable," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] — we have the receipt of FERN-SEED,] *Fern* is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that *fern* was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern-seed* many strange properties, some of which the rustick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

This circumstance relative to *fern-seed* is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn:

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase [9], as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men [1]. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

" —— had you Gyges' ring,
" Or the herb that gives invisibility? "

Again, in Ben Jonson's New Inn:

" —— I had
" No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
" No *fern-seed* in my pocket."

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny, book xxvii. ch. ix.: " Of *ferne* be two kinds, and they beare neither floure nor *seede*."

Steevens.

The ancients, who often paid more attention to received opinions than to the evidence of their senses, believed that *fern* bore *no seed*. Our ancestors imagined that this plant produced seed which was invisible. Hence, from an extraordinary mode of reasoning, founded on the fantastic doctrine of signatures, they concluded that they who possessed the secret of wearing this seed about them would become invisible. This superstition the good sense of the poet taught him to ridicule. It was also supposed to seed in the course of a single night, and is called in Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, 1613:

" The wond'rous one-night-seeding *ferne*."

Absurd as these notions are, they were not wholly exploded in the time of Addison. He laughs at " a doctor who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and *had discovered the female fern-seed*." *Tatler*, No 240. Holt White.

[9] — purchase,] Is the term used in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. Johnson.

Purchase was anciently the cant term for *stolen goods*. So, in Henry V. Act III.:

" They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*."

So, Chaucer:

" And robbery is holde *purchase*." Steevens.

[1] — *Homo* is a common name, &c.] Gadshill had promised as he was a *true man*; the Chamberlain wills him to promise

SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance.*

POINS. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet [2].

P. HEN. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. HEN. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

FAL. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. HEN. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.

FAL. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire [3] further afoot, I shall break my wind.

rather as a *false thief;* to which Gadshill answers, that though he might have reason to change the word *true*, he might have spared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves. JOHNSON.

This is a quotation from The Accidence, and I believe is not the only one from that book, which, therefore, Mr. Capell should have added to his Shaksperiana. LORT.

See vol. v. p. 391, n. 3; and vol. vi. p. 106, n. 4. MALONE.

[2] — like a gummed velvet.] This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. So, in The Malcontent, 1604: "I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to *fret, fret.*" STEEVENS.

[3] — four foot by the SQUIRE —] The thought is humorous, and alludes to his bulk: insinuating, that his legs being four foot asunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four feet square.* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether there is so much humour here as is sus-

Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him[4], I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further[5]. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine

pected: "Four foot by the squire" is probably no more than 'four foot by a rule.' JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. Bishop Corbet says in one of his poems:

"Some *twelve foot by the square.*" FARMER.

All the old copies read—"by the *squire*," which points out the etymology—*esquierre*, Fr. The same phrase occurs in The Winter's Tale: "— not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half *by the squire*." Again, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part II. sect. IV.: "— as for a workman not to know his axe, saw, *squire*, or any other toole," &c. STEEVENS.

See vol. iv. p. 435, n. 5. MALONE.

[4] — medicines to make me love him,] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love powder*. JOHNSON.

So, in Othello:

"——she is corrupted
"By spells and *medicines* bought of mountebanks."
STEEVENS.

[5] — rob a foot further.] This is only a slight error, which yet has run through all the copies. We should read—"*rub* a foot." So we now say—"*rub* on." JOHNSON.

Why may it not mean—'I will not go a foot further to rob? STEEVENS.

ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt[6] me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters[7]! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison[8]: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Stand.

[6] — to COLT —] Is to *fool*, to *trick*; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*. JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used by Nashe, in Have With You to Saffron Walden, &c. 1596: "His master fretting and chaffing to be thus *colted* of both of them," &c. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Loyal Subject: "What, are we bobbed thus still? *colted* and carted?" From Decker's Bell-man's Night-Walkes, &c. 1616, it appears that the technical term for any inn-keeper or hackney-man who had been cheated of horses, was a *colt*. STEEVENS.

[7] — heir-apparent garters!] "He may hang himself in his own *garters*" is a proverb in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

[8] An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:] So, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
"And sung by children in succeeding times."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra;

"—— saucy lictors
"Will catch at us like strumpets, and *scald rhymers*
"*Ballad* us out of tune." MALONE.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. What news[9]?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

9 *Bard.* What news?] In all the copies that I have seen, Poins is made to speak upon the entrance of Gadshill thus:

"O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.—*Bardolph*, what news?" This is absurd; he knows Gadshill to be the *setter*, and asks *Bardolph* what news. To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gadshill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gadshill alone, and we find that Falstaff, who knew their stations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horse, but not to Gadshill, who was posted at a distance. We should therefore read:

"*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter, &c.

"*Bard.* What news?

"*Gads.* Case ye," &c. Johnson.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. Henry and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole[1], say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied[2] knaves; Are ye un-

[1] — dole,] The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's Alchemist, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions, by selling the *dole* beer to aqua-vitæ men. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in The Costly Whore, 1633:

"—— we came thinking

"We should have some *dole* at the bishop's funeral."

Again:

"Go to the back gate, and you shall have *dole*."

Steevens.

The same proverb occurs in The Merry Wives of Windsor, vol. viii. p. 135. Malone.

[2] — gorbellied —] i. e. fat and corpulent. See the Glossary to Kennet's Parochial Antiquities.

This word is likewise used by Sir Thomas North in his translation of Plutarch.

Nashe, in his Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596, says: —"O 'tis an unconscionable *gorbellied* volume, bigger bulk'd than a Dutch hoy, and far more boisterous and cumbersome than a payre of Swissers omnipotent galeaze breeches." Again, in The

done? No, ye fat chuffs [3]; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt* FAL. *&c. driving the Travellers out.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS *.

P. HEN. The thieves have bound the true men [4]: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go mer-

* Direction in the old copies—*Here they rob them, and bind them. Exeunt. Enter the Prince and Poins.*

Weakest goes to the Wall, 1600: "What are these thick-skinned, heavy-pursed, *gorbellied* churles mad?" STEEVENS.

[3] —ye fat CHUFFS;] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. So, in The Muses' Looking Glass, 1638:

"—— the *chuff's* crowns,
"Imprison'd in his rusty chest," &c.

The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects his prey on the sea-shore. So, in Chaucer's Assemble of Foules:

"The *thief the chough*, and eke the chatt'ring pie."

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his Just Italian, 1630, has the same term:

"They're rich *choughs*, they've store
"Of villages and plough'd earth."

And Sir Epicure Mammon, in The Alchemist, being asked who had robbed him, answers, "a kind of *chough*, sir." STEEVENS.

The name of the Cornish bird is pronounced by the natives *chow*. *Chuff* is the same word with *cuff*, both signifying a *clown*, and being in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter sound. RITSON.

See various derivations of this word in Johnson's Dictionary by Todd. BOSWELL.

[4] —the TRUE MEN:] In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. So, in the ancient Morality called Hycke Scorner, bl. l. no date:

"And when me list to hang a *true man*——
"Theves I can help out of pryson."

Again, in The Four Prentices of London, 1615:

"Now, *true man*, try if thou canst rob a *thief*."

Again:

"Sweet wench, embrace a *true man*, scorn a *thief*."

See vol. ix. p. 148, n. 8. STEEVENS.

rily to London, it would be argument for a week[5], laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer[6].
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth[7] as he walks along:

[5] — ARGUMENT for a week,] *Argument* is *subject matter for conversation* or a *drama*. So, in the second part of this play:

" For all my part has been but as a scene
" Acting that *argument*."

Mr. M. Mason adopts the former of these meanings, and adds, in support of his opinion, a passage from Much Ado About Nothing, vol. vii. p. 23, where Don Pedro says to Benedick:

" —— if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable *argument*." STEEVENS.

[6] Each takes his fellow for an officer.] The same thought, a little varied, occurs again in King Henry VI. Part III.:

" The thief doth fear each bush an officer.' STEEVENS.

[7] And LARDS THE lean EARTH —] So, in King Henry V.

" In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie
" *Larding the plain*." STEEVENS.

We'rt not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a Letter[8].

—— *But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;* —Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York[9] commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan[1]. Is there not

[8] *Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

MR. EDWARDS's MS. Notes.

[9] — my lord of York —] Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York.

STEEVENS.

my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate[2]? I must leave you within these two hours.

[1] —I could brain him with his lady's fan.] Mr. Edwards observes, in his Canons of Criticism, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers." See Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, Act II. Sc. II.:

"This *feather* grew in her sweet *fan* sometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it."

So again, in Cynthia's Revels, Act III. Sc. IV.:

"—— for a garter,
"Or the least *feather* in her bounteous *fan*."

Again, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at several Weapons, Act V.:

"—— Wer't not better
"Your head were broke with *the handle of a fan?*"

See the wooden cut in a note on a passage in The Merry Wives of Windsor, vol. viii. p. 75, and the figure of Marguerite de France Duchesse de Savoie, in the fifth vol. of Montfaucon's Monarchie de France, Plate xi. STEEVENS.

This passage ought to be a memento to all commentators, not to be too positive about the customs of former ages. Mr. Edwards has laughed unmercifully at Dr. Warburton for supposing that Hotspur meant to brain the Earl of March with the *handle* of his lady's fan, instead of the *feathers* of it. The lines quoted by Mr. Whalley show that the supposition was not so wild a one as Mr. Edwards conceived. MALONE.

[2] How now, KATE?] Shakspeare either mistook the name of

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep [3]?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures [4], and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers [5], I by thee have watch'd,

Hotspur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*,) or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of *Katharine* and Petruchio, and the courtship between King Henry V. and the *French Princess*. The wife of Hotspur was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger Earl of March, and aunt to Edmund Earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of Lord Mortimer. Steevens.

The sister of Roger Earl of March, according to Hall, was called *Eleanor*: "This Edmonde was sonne to Erle Roger,—which Edmonde at King Richarde's going into Ireland was proclaimed heire apparent to the realme; whose aunt, called *Elinor*, this lord Henry Percy had married." *Chron.* fol. 20. So also, Holinshed. But both these historians were mistaken, for her christian name undoubtedly was *Elizabeth*. See p. 213, n. 3. Malone.

[3] —golden sleep?] So, in Hall's Chronicle, Richard III.: "—he needed now no more once for that cause eyther to wake, or breake hys *golden sleepe*." Henderson.

The various epithets, borrowed from the qualities of metals, which have been bestowed on *sleep*, may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us, sleep is called *golden*, and in King Richard III. we have "*leaden* slumber." But in Virgil it is "*ferreus* somnus;" while Homer terms sleep *brazen*, or more strictly *copper*, χαλκεος υπνος.

Holt White.

[4] And given my treasures,] So, in Othello:

"To pour our *treasures* into foreign laps." Malone.

[5] In thy faint slumbers,] Such are the remarks of Argia, on the inquietude of her husband Polynices, at the commencement of the Theban war. See the second Thebaid of Statius, v. 333, *et seq.* Steevens.

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires [6]; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers,[7] parapets;
Of basilisks [8], of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoner's ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents [9] of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,

[6] — and RETIRES;] *Retires* are *retreats*. So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 10: "—their secret safe *retire*." Again, in Holinshed, p. 960: "—the Frenchmen's flight, (for manie so termed their sudden *retire*,") &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —frontiers,] For *frontiers*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read very plausibly—*fortins*. JOHNSON.

Plausible as this is, it is apparently erroneous, and therefore unnecessary. *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along, or near those limits. In Ives's Practice of Fortification, printed in 1589, p. 1, it is said: "A forte not placed where it were needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*." Again, p. 21: "In the *frontiers* made by the late emperor Charles the Fifth, divers of their walles having given way," &c. p. 34: "It shall not be necessary to make the bulwarkes in townes so great as those in royall *frontiers*." P. 40: "When as any open towne or other inhabited place is to be fortified, whether the same be to be made a royal *frontier*, or to be meanly defended," &c. This account of the word will, I hope, be thought sufficient. STEEVENS.

So, in Notes from Blackfryers, by H. Fitzgeoffery, 1617:

"He'll tell of basilisks, trenches, and retires,
"Of palisadoes, parapets, *frontiers*." MALONE.

[8] Of BASILISKS,] A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind. So, in Ram Alley, 1611:

"My cannons, demi-cannons, *basilisks*," &c.

Again, in The Devil's Charter, 1607:

"————are those two *basilisks*
"Already mounted on their carriages?"

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816: "—setting his *basiliskes* and other cannon in the mouth of the baie." See likewise Holinshed's Description of England, p. 198, 199. STEEVENS.

[9] And all the 'CURRENTS—] i. e. the *occurrences*. In old language *occurrent* was used instead of *occurrence*. MALONE.

That beads of sweat [1] have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste [2]. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is my lord, an hour ago [3].

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now,

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!* [4]—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady [5]?

[1] That BEADS of sweat—] So, in Julius Cæsar:

" ——— mine eyes,
" Seeing those *beads* of sorrow stand in thine,
" Began to water." MALONE.

On some great SUDDEN haste.] The epithet—*sudden*, which overloads the verse, may be justly suspected as an interpolation. STEEVENS.

[3] He is, my lord, an hour ago.] I suppose our author wrote:

" He is, my lord, *above* an hour ago."

The verse is otherwise defective: as is the Servant's next reply, which originally might have run thus:

" One horse, my lord, he brought *but* even now."
STEEVENS.

[4] —*esperance?*] This was the motto of the Percy family. MALONE.

[5] What say'st, my lady?] Old copies—What say'st *thou*, my lady? STEEVENS.

Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why my horse [6], my love, my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen [7],
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprize [8]: But if you go ——
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry [9],
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not [1],

[6] My horse,] Old copies—*Why*, my horse. STEEVENS.

[7] A WEASEL hath not such A DEAL OF SPLEEN,] So, in Cymbeline:

"As *quarrellous* as the *weasel*." STEEVENS.

[8] To LINE his enterprize:] So, in Macbeth:

"——— did *line* the rebel
"With hidden help and vantage." STEEVENS.

[9] — I'll break thy little finger, Harry,] This token of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Fenton's Tragical Discourses, 1579: "Whereupon, I think, no sort of kysses or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor *pinching by the little finger*." AMNER.

See Antony and Cleopatra:

"The stroke of death is as *a lover's pinch*,
"*Which hurts, and is desired*." MALONE.

[1] *Hot.* Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,] This, I think, would be better thus:

"*Hot.* Away, you trifler!
"*Lady.* Love!
"*Hot.* I love thee not.
"This is no world," &c. JOHNSON.

The alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson seems unnecessary. The passage, as now regulated, appears to me perfectly clear.—The first *love* is not a substantive, but a verb:

"—— love [*thee?*]—I love thee not."

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
To play with mammets,[2] and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns[3],
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

Hotspur's mind being intent on other things, his answers are irregular. He has been musing, and now replies to what Lady Percy had said *some time before:*

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
"And I must know it,—*else he loves me not.*"

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the Prince of Wales, in his description of a conversation between Hotspur and Lady Percy: "O my sweet Harry, (says she,) how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench, (says he, and answers,)—some fourteen,—an hour after." MALONE.

[2] —mammets,] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies drest in the fashion, says: "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together."

So, in the old comedy of Every Woman in her Humour, 1609: "—I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Cæsar, acted by *mammets*." Again, in the ancient romance of Virgilius, bl. l. no date: "—he made in that compace all the goddes that we call *mawmets* and ydolles." *Mammet* is perhaps a corruption of *Mahomet*. Throughout the English translation of Marco Paolo, 1579, *Mahometans* and other worshippers of idols are always called *Mahomets* and *Mahmets*. Holinshed's History of England, p. 108, speaks "of *mawmets* aud idols." This last conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add, that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he saw the *puppets dallying*." STEEVENS.

We charge the prelatical clergy with popery, to make them odious, though we know they are guilty of no such thing; just as heretofore they called images *mammets*, and the adoration of images *mammetry*: that is, *mahomet* and *mahometry*, odious names; when all the world knows the Turks are forbidden images by their religion. *Selden's Table Talk*, Art. Popery. BOSWELL.

[3] —crack'd crowns, &c.] Signifies at once *cracked money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its sense is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal reception. JOHNSON.

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer: for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know[4];
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate?
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*

The same quibble occurs in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600:

"——I'll none of your *cracked* French *crowns*——

"*King.* No *cracked* French *crowns!* I hope to see more *cracked* French *crowns* ere long.

"*Priest.* Thou mean'st of Frenchman's *crowns*," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;] This line is borrowed from a proverbial sentence: "A woman conceals what she knows not." See Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

So, in Nashe's Anatomie of Absurditie, 1587: "In the same place he [Valerius] saith, *quis muliebri garrulitati aliquid committit, quæ illud solum potest tacere quod nescit?* who will commit any thing to a woman's tatling trust, who conceales nothing but that she knows not?" MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern[5].

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers[6]; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud

[5] EASTCHEAP. A Room in the BOAR'S HEAD Tavern.] In the old anonymous play of King Henry V. *Eastcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet: "*Henry* 5. You know the old tavern in *Eastcheap*; there is good wine." Shakspeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the *Boar's Head* tavern was very near Black-friars play-house. See Stowe's Survey, 4to. 1618, p. 686. MALONE.

This sign is mentioned in a Letter from Henry Wyndesore, 1459, 38 Henry VI. See Letters of the Paston Family, vol. i. p. 175. The writer of this letter was one of Sir John Fastolf's household.

Sir John Fastolf, (as I learn from Mr. T. Warton,) was in his life-time a considerable benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford, for which his name is commemorated in an anniversary speech: and though the College cannot give the particulars at large, the *Boar's Head* in *Southwark*, (which still retains that name, though divided into tenements, yielding 150l. per ann.) and Caldecot manor in Suffolk, were part of the lands, &c. he bestowed.

STEEVENS.

[6] —I am SWORN BROTHER to a leash of drawers;] Alluding to the *fratres jurati* in the ages of adventure. So, says Bardolph, in King Henry V. Act II. Sc. I.: "—we'll be all three *sworn brothers* to France." See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian[7], a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering[8], they cry—hem! and bid you play

[7] — Corinthian,] A wencher. JOHNSON.

This cant expression is common in old plays. So, Randolph, in The Jealous Lovers, 1632:

" —— let him *wench*,
" Buy me all *Corinth* for him."

Non cuivis homini contingit adire *Corinthum*.

Again, in the tragedy of Nero, 1633:

" Nor us, tho' Romans, Lais will refuse,
" To *Corinth* any man may go." STEEVENS.

[8] — and when you breathe, &c.] A certain maxim of health attributed to the school of Salerno, may prove the best comment on this passage. I meet with a similar expression in a MS. play of Timon of Athens, which, from the hand-writing, appears to be at least as ancient as the time of Shakspeare:

" ——— we also do enact
" That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud;
" Drink much at one draught; *breathe not in their drink;*
" That none go out to ——." STEEVENS.

There is no ground (as Mr. Gifford has observed) for Mr. Steevens's filthy interpretation of this passage. " To breathe in your watering" is 'to stop and take breath when you are drinking.' The following passage, from Samuel Rowland's Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine, &c. 1600, which was first pointed out by Sir Walter Scott in a reprint of that collection, will fully explain the phrase:

" Will is a right good fellow by this drinke,
" * * * * * * *
" Shall look into your *water* well enough,
" And hath an eye that no man leaves a snuffe;
" A p— of piecemeal drinking William sayes,
" *Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and stayes.
" Blowne drinke is odious, what man can disgest it?
" No faithfull drunkard but he doth detest it."

To cry *hem!* was a jovial exclamation. See the note on—

" Cry sorrow wag, and *hem* when he should groan."

Much Ado about Nothing, vol. vii. p. 128. It was not fallen into disuse in the last century. When Brome's Jovial Crew was revived with songs 1732, the following was one of them:

it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, —to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar[9], clapped even now in my hand by an under-skinker[1]; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and*

"There dwelt an old fellow at Waltham cross,
"Who merrily sung though he lived by the loss;
"He cheared up his heart when his goods went to wrack,
"With a *hem boys hem*, and a cup of old sack."

BOSWELL.

9 — this pennyworth of sugar,] It appears from the following passage in Look About You, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

"—— but do you hear?
"Bring *sugar in white paper*, not in brown."

Shakspeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Decker, in The Gul's Horn Book, 1609: "Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the *city fashion*) send them in a pottle of wine, *and your name sweetened in two pittiful papers of sugar*, with some filthy apologie cram'd into the mouth of a drawer," &c.

STEEVENS.

1 — under-skinker;] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is one that *serves drink at table*. JOHNSON.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenker* is a *cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses*. An *under-skinker* is, therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*. STEEVENS.

Giles Fletcher, in his Russe Commonwealth, 1591, p. 13, speaking of a town built on the south side of Moskoa, by Basilius the emperor, for a garrison of soldiers, says: "— to whom he gave privilege to drinke mead and beer at the drye or prohibited times, when other Russes may drinke nothing but water; and for that cause called this new citie by the name of Naloi, that is, *skink* or *poure in*."

So, in Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Act IV. Sc. III.:

"*Alb.* I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.
"*Her.* Heaven is like to have but a lame *skinker*." REED.

sixpence, and—*You are welcome;* with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of Bastard in the Half-moon,* or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*

Enter Francis[2].

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate[3], Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'rlady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

[2] *Enter* Francis.] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the Prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. Johnson.

[3] Look down into the Pomegranate,] To have windows or loop-holes looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general custom. See note on King Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. II. Steevens.

It means, I think, go down into the Pomegranate, and see whether they want any thing. Malone.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin[4], crystal-button[5], nott-pated[6], agate-ring, puke-

[4] Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, &c.] The Prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions. Johnson.

[5] — crystal-button,] It appears from the following passage in Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1620, that a *leather jerkin* with *crystal-buttons* was the habit of a *pawn-broker*: "—a black taffata doublet, and a spruce *leather jerkin* with *chrystal buttons*, &c. I enquired of what occupation: Marry, sir, quoth he, a *broker*." Steevens.

[6] — nott-pated,] It should be printed as in the old folios, *nott-pated* [not *knot-pated*.] So, in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Yeman is thus described:

"A *nott head* had he with a brown visage."

A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round. Ray says the word is still used in Essex, for *polled* or *shorn*. Vide Ray's Collection, p. 108. Morell's Chaucer, 8vo. p. 11, vide Jun. Etym. ad verb. Percy.

So, in The Widow's Tears, by Chapman, 1612:

stocking[7], caddis-garter[8], smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

" —— your *nott-headed* country gentleman."

Again, in Stowe's Annals for the Year 1535, 27th of Henry the Eighth: " He caused his own head to bee polled, and from thenceforth his beard to bee *notted* and no more shaven." In Barrett's Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, to *notte* the hair is the same as to *cut* it. STEEVENS.

[7] — puke-stocking,] In Barrett's Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

Again, in Drant's translation of the eighth Satire of Horace, 1567:

—— *nigra* succinctam vadere palla.

" —— ytuckde in *pukishe* frocke."

In a small book entitled The Order of my Lorde Maior, &c. for their Meetings and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the Yeere, printed in 1586: " the maior, &c. are commanded to appeare on Good Fryday in their *pewke gownes*, and without their chaynes and typetes."

Shelton, in his translation of Don Quixote, p. 2, says: " the rest and remnant of his estate was spent on a jerkine of fine *puke*." Edit. 1612.

In Salmon's Chymist's Shop Laid Open, there is a receipt to make a *puke* colour. The ingredients are the vegetable gall and a large proportion of water; from which it should appear that the colour was *grey*.

In the time of Shakspeare the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in King Lear, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted-stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour. STEEVENS.

Dugdale's Warwickshire, 1730, p. 406, speaks of " a gown of black *puke*." The statute 5 and 6 of Edward VI. c. vi. mentions cloth of these colours " *puke*, brown-blue, blacks." Hence *puke* seems not to be a perfect or full black, but it might be a russet blue, or rather, a russet black, as Mr. Steevens intimates from Barrett's Alvearie. TOLLET.

If Shelton be accurate, as I think he is, in rendering *velarte* by *puke; puke* must signify *russet wool that has never been dyed.* HENLEY.

I have no doubt that the epithet referred to the dark colour. Black stockings are now worn, as they probably were in Shakspeare's time, by persons of inferior condition, on a principle of œconomy. In Markham's English Houswife, 1660, we meet with the following recipe, chap. v. on dressing wool, p. 124:

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?
P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard [9] is your

" To dye wool of a *puke* colour, take galls, and beat them very small in a morter, put them into fair seething water, and boyle your wool or your cloth therein, and boyle them the space of half an hour: then take them up, and put in your coperas into the same liquor, then put in your wool again, and doing this once or twice, it will be sufficient." MALONE.

[8] — caddis-garter,] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse *ferret*. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort was probably called by this contemptuous distinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639:

" —— dost hear,
" My honest *caddis-garters?*"

This is an address to a servant. Again, in Warres, or the Peace is Broke: " —— fine piecd silke stockens on their legs, tyed up smoothly with *caddis garters*—." STEEVENS.

" At this day, [about the year 1625] says the continuator of Stowe's Chronicle, men of mean rank weare *garters* and shoe-roses of more than *five pound price*." In a note on Twelfth-Night, Mr. Steevens observes that very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee; and quotes the following lines from Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. ix. c. xlvii. which may throw a light on the following passage:

" Then wore they
" *Garters* of *listes;* but now of silk, some edged deep with gold."

In a manuscript Account-book kept by Mr. Philip Henslowe, step-father to the wife of Alleyn the player, of which an account in given in vol. iii. is the following article: " Lent unto Thomas Hewode, [the dramatick writer,] the 1 of september 1602, to bye him a payre of *silver* garters, ijs. vid."

Caddis was *worsted galloon*. MALONE.

[9] —brown BASTARD—] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing, to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

In an old dramatick piece, entitled, Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco, the second edition, 1630, Beer says to Wine:

" Wine well born? Did not every man call you *bastard* but t'other day?"

So again, in The Honest Whore, a comedy by Dekker, 1635:

" —— What wine sent they for?

only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

"*Ro. Bastard wine;* for if it had been truely begotten, it would not have been asham'd to come in. Here's sixpence to pay for the nursing the *bastard.*"

Again, in The Fair Maid of the West, 1631:

"I'll furnish you with *bastard,* white or *brown,*" &c.

In the ancient metrical romance of The Squhr of Low Degre, bl. l. no date, is the following catalogue of wines:

"You shall have Rumney and Malmesyne,
"Both Ypocrasse and Vernage wyne:
"Mountrose, and wyne of Greke,
"Both Algrade and Respice eke,
"Antioche and *Bastarde,*
"Pyment also and Garnarde:
"Wyne of Greke and Muscadell,
"Both Clare-Pyment and Rochell,
"The rede your stomach to defye,
"And pottes of Osey set you by." Steevens.

Maison Rustique, translated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, says: "——such wines are called *mungrell,* or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, nor manifest astriction, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." Tollet.

Barrett, however, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, says, that "*bastarde* is *muscadell, sweet wine.*"

Steevens.

So also, in Stowe's Annals, 867: "When an argosie came with Greek and Spanish wines, viz. muscadel, malmsey, sack, and *bastard,*" &c. Malone.

Bastard wines are said, by Olaus Magnus, to be Spanish wines in general. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack: "Vina igitur Hispanica etsi *Bastarda* nomine, a negotiatoribus in aquilonem delata appellantur: tamen sapore, colore, et odore, et excellentiam dulcedinis, ab omnibus legitima reputantur. Est enim suave, pingue, mollitèr crassum, vivacitate firmissimum, nare violentum, colore quam perspicuum; quod ita redolet ore ructatum ut merito illi excellentior aliqua æstimatio debeatur," &c. *Olai Magni Gent. Septentrionalium Historia. Basiliæ,* 1567, p. 520. Boswell.

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Fran.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis, with Wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind[1], the Hotspur of the north;

[1] — I am not yet of Percy's mind,] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: "I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours;——I am not yet of Percy's mind;" that is, 'I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life.' "I am not yet of Percy's mind,"—who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets de-

he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fye upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry*, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench*, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*,[2] says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks[3], and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Did'st thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the

cency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier. JOHNSON.

[2] —*Rivo*,] This was perhaps the cant of the English taverns. JOHNSON.

This conjecture Dr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

"If thou art sad at others' fate,
"*Rivo*, drink deep, give care the mate."

I find the same word used in the comedy of Blurt Master Constable, 1602:

"——Yet to endear ourselves to thy lean acquaintance, cry *rivo* ho! laugh and be fat," &c.

Again, in Marston's What You Will, 1607:

"— that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries *rivo*," &c.

Again: "*Rivo*, here's good juice, fresh borage, boys." Again,

"Sing, sing, or stay: we'll quaffe, or any thing:
"*Rivo*, Saint Mark!" STEEVENS.

[3] — nether-stocks,] *Nether-stocks* are *stockings*. See King Lear, vol. xi. p. 108, n. 2. STEEVENS.

sweet tale of the sons[4]! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

[4] Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the sweet tale of the SONS!] The usual reading has hitherto been—"the sweet tale of the *sun*." The present change will be accounted for in the course of the following annotations. STEEVENS.

All that wants restoring is a parenthesis, into which (*pitiful-hearted Titan!*) should be put. *Pitiful-hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. The heat of the sun is figuratively represented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or *amorous*. WARBURTON.

The same thought, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, is found among Turberville's Epitaphs, p. 142:

"It melts as butter doth against the sunne."

The reader, who inclines to Dr. Warburton's opinion, will please to furnish himself with some proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever used to signify *amorous*, before he pronounces this learned critick's emendation to be just.

In the oldest copy, the contested part of the passage appears thus:

"—— at the sweet tale of *the sonnes*."

Our author might have written—"pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of *his son;*" i. e. of Phaëton, who, by a plausible story, won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day.

As gross a mythological corruption as the foregoing, occurs in Locrine, 1595:

"The arm-strong offspring of the *doubted knight*,
"Stout Hercules," &c.

Thus all the copies, ancient and modern. But I should not hesitate to read—*doubled night*, i. e. the night lengthened to twice its usual proportion, while Jupiter possessed himself of Alcmena; a circumstance with which every school-boy is acquainted. STEEVENS.

I have followed the reading of the original copy in 1598, rejecting only the double genitive, for it reads—*of the son's*. *Sun*, which is the reading of the folio, derives no authority from its being found in that copy; for the change was made arbitrarily in the quarto 1604, and adopted of course in that of 1608 and 1613, from the latter of which the folio was printed; in consequence of which the accumulated errors of the five preceding editions were incorporated in the folio copy of this play.

Mr. Theobald reads—"pitiful-hearted *butter*, that melted at the sweet tale of the *sun;*"—which is not so absurd as—"piti-

FAL. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in vil-

ful-hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet tale of the *sun*,"—but yet very exceptionable; for what is the meaning of butter melting at a *tale?* or what idea does the *tale of the sun* convey? Dr. Warburton, who, with Mr. Theobald, reads—*sun*, has extracted some sense from the passage by placing the words—"pitiful-hearted Titan" in a parenthesis, and referring the word *that* to *butter;* but then, besides that his interpretation *pitiful-hearted*, which he says means *amorous*, is unauthorized and inadmissible, the same objection will lie to the sentence when thus regulated, that has already been made to the reading introduced by Mr. Theobald.

The prince undoubtedly, as Mr. Theobald observes, by the words, "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?" alludes to Falstaff's entering in a great heat, "his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the sun." Our author here, as in many other places, having started an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very slight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter *melted* by *Titan*, or the *Sun*, suggests to him the idea of *Titan's* being *melted* or softened by the tale of his son, Phaëton: a tale, which undoubtedly Shakspeare had read in the third book of Golding's translation of Ovid, having, in his description of Winter, in The Midsummer-Night's Dream, imitated a passage that is found in the same page in which the history of Phaëton is related. I should add that the explanation now given was suggested by the foregoing note.—I would, however, wish to read—"*thy* son." In the old copies, *the*, *thee*, and *thy* are frequently confounded.

I am now [This conclusion of Mr. Malone's note is taken from his Appendix,] persuaded that the original reading—*son's*, however ungrammatical, is right; for such was the phraseology of our poet's age. So again in this play:

"This absence of your *father's* draws a curtain."

not—of your *father*.

So, in The Winter's Tale:

"—— the letters of *Hermione's*—."

Again, in King John:

"With them a bastard of the *king's* deceas'd."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Nay, but this dotage of our *general's*—."

Again, in Cymbeline:

"—— or could this earl,
"A very drudge of *nature's*—."

How little attention the reading of the folio ("—— of the *sun's*,") is entitled to, may appear from hence. In the quarto

lainous man[5]: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy

copy of 1613, we find—"Why then 'tis like, if there comes a hot *sun*,"—instead of—"a hot *June*." There, as in the instance before us, the error is implicitly copied in the folio.—In that copy also, in Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. ult. we find "—'twixt natural *sunne* and sire," instead of "—'twixt natural *son* and sire." MALONE.

Till the deviation from established grammar, which Mr. Malone has styled "the phraseology of our poet's age," be supported by other examples than such as are drawn from the most incorrect and vitiated of all publications, I must continue to exclude the double genitive, as one of the numerous vulgarisms by which the early printers of Shakspeare have disgraced his compositions.

It must frequently happen, that while we suppose ourselves struggling with the defects and obscurities of our author, we are in reality busied by omissions, interpolations, and corruptions, chargeable only on the ignorance and carelessness of his original transcribers and editors. STEEVENS.

"Pitiful-hearted Titan," &c. I should prefer Dr. Warburton's punctuation and reading; though *butter* cannot literally *melt at a tale*, yet, as Mr. Malone has justly observed, Shakspeare's similes seldom quadrate completely. As to *pitiful-hearted* signifying *amorous*, our author, perhaps as well as Dryden, knew—

"—— that love was in the next degree,
"'Twas but a kindred strain to move,
"For *pity melts* the soul to love."

Thus the prince's comparison is very witty: Falstaff, in his present heat, might well look like "butter in the sun," as we proverbially phrase it. To suppose him like Apollo, overcome by the solicitations of Phaëton, is, if at all admissible, to say the best of it, very flat. BLAKEWAY.

If the old copies of Shakspeare are not considered as sufficient authority for a phraseology which is common at this day, I can produce that of one of the commentators. See Mr. Edwards's note, p. 14, "This observation of Mr. *Pope's*." I am however convinced, with Mr. Blakeway, that Warburton's explanation is the right one. BOSWELL.

[5] — here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man:] Sir Richard Hawkins, one of Queen Elizabeth's sea-captains, in his Voyages, p. 379, says: "Since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns, which for conservation are mingled with the lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two

ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the

millions of crowns of our substance, by conveyance into foreign countries." I think Lord Clarendon, in his Apology, tells us, "That sweet wines before the Restoration were so much to the English taste, that we engrossed the whole product of the Canaries; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe." But the banished cavaliers brought home with them the goust for French wines, which has continued ever since.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton does not consider that *sack*, in Shakspeare, is most probably thought to mean what we now call *sherry*, which, when it is drank, is still drank with sugar. JOHNSON.

Rhenish is drank with sugar, but never *sherry*.

The difference between the true *sack* and *sherry*, is distinctly marked by the following passage in Fortune by Land and Sea, by Heywood and Rowley, 1655:

"*Rayns.* Some *sack*, boy, &c.

"*Drawer.* Good *sherry sack*, sir?

"*Rayns.* I meant *canary*, sir: what, hast no brains?"

STEEVENS.

Eliot, in his Orthoepia, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*. says: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the *goutties*." FARMER.

From the following passage in Greene's Ghost Haunting Conie-catchers, 1604, it seems as though *lime* was mixed with the sack for the purpose of giving strength to the liquor: "— a christian exhortation to Mother Bunch would not have done amisse, that she should not mixe *lime* with her ale to make it *mightie*." REED.

Sack, the favourite beverage of Sir John Falstaff, was, according to the information of a very old gentleman, a liquor compounded of *sherry, cyder, and sugar*, Sometimes it should seem to have been brewed with eggs, i. e. *mulled*. And that the vintners played tricks with it, appears from Falstaff's charge in the text. It does not seem to be at present known; the sweet wine so called, being apparently of a quite different nature. RITSON.

That the sweet wine at present called *sack*, is different from Falstaff's favourite liquor, I am by no means convinced. On the contrary, from the fondness of the English nation for *sugar* at this period, I am rather inclined to Dr. Warburton's opinion on this subject. If the English drank only rough wine with *sugar*, there appears nothing extraordinary, or worthy of particular notice; and that their partiality for *sugar* was very great, will appear from the following passage in Hentzner already quoted, p. 205, as well as the passage from Morison's Itinerary, which being since adopted by Mr. Malone in his note, ibid. need not to be here repeated.

earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing[6]: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

The addition of *sugar* even to *sack*, might, *perhaps*, to a taste habituated to sweets, operate only in a manner to improve the flavour of the wine. REED.

[6] — I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, &c.] In the first edition [the quarto 1598,] the passage is read thus:— "I could sing psalms or any thing." In the first folio thus: "I could sing all manner of songs." Many expressions bordering on indecency or profaneness are found in the first editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three last editions, "I could sing psalms and all manner of songs," is made without authority out of different copies. JOHNSON.

The editors of the folio, 1623, to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. xxi. changed the text here, as they did in many other places from the same motive. MALONE.

In the persecutions of the Protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. WARBURTON.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts.

Weavers are mentioned as lovers of musick in The Merchant of Venice. [Twelfth-Night, vol. xi. p. 390, n. 2.] Perhaps "to sing like a weaver" might be proverbial. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the following passage: Ben Jonson, in The Silent Woman, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with *cloth-workers*." STEEVENS.

So, in The Winter's Tale: "— but one *puritan* among them, and he *sings psalms* to hornpipes." MALONE.

The Protestants who fled from the persecution of the Duke d'Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton observes,) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack, what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath[7], and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter.

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that? and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds[8], ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony. Sir J. Hawkins.

[7] — a dagger of lath,] i. e. such a dagger as the Vice in the old moralities was arm'd with. So, in Twelfth-Night:

" In a trice, like to the old Vice,
" Your need to sustain:
" Who with *dagger of lath*,
" In his rage and his wrath," &c.

Again, in Like Will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587, the Vice says:

" Come no neer me you knaves for your life,
" Lest I stick you both with this *wood knife*.
" Back, I say, back, you sturdy beggar;
" Body o' me, they have tane away my *dagger*."

And in the Second Part of this play, Falstaff calls Shallow a " Vice's *dagger*." Steevens.

[8] *Poins.* 'Zounds, &c] Thus the first quarto and the three subsequent copies. In the quarto of 1613, *Prince* being prefixed to this speech by the carelessness of the printer, the error, with many others, was adopted in the folio; the quarto of 1613 being evidently the copy from which the folio was printed. Malone.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet: four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through[9]; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

9 — my buckler cut through and through;] It appears from the old comedy of The Two Angry Women of Abington, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakspeare's time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:

"I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler-man, will be spitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c. Steevens.

See vol. viii. p. 70, n. 3. Malone.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them: or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew[1].

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid[2]; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What four? thou saidst but two even now.

[1] — an Ebrew Jew.] So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona: "— thou art an *Hebrew, a Jew*, and not worth the name of a Christian."

The natives of Palestine were called *Hebrews*, by way of distinction from the *stranger Jews* denominated *Greeks*. Steevens.

Jews, in Shakspeare's time, were supposed to be peculiarly hard-hearted. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "A *Jew* would have wept to have seen our parting." Malone.

[2] — two, I am sure, I have paid;] i. e. drubbed, beaten. So, in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's Elegies, printed at Middleburgh (without date):

"Thou cozenest boys of sleep, and dost betray them
"To pedants that with cruel lashes *pay* them." Malone.

Paid, here, seems to import more than *drubbed, beaten*. I think it means *killed*. In Sir Richard Hawkins's Observations, we have *payments* in this sense. See p. 58. Reed.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram [3].

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits [4].

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose [5].

[3] In buckram.] I believe these words belong to the Prince's speech: "— there were but four even now,—in buckram." Poins concurs with the Prince: "Ay, four, in buckram suits;" and Falstaff perseveres in the number of seven. As the speeches are at present regulated, Falstaff seems to assent to the Prince's assertion, that there were but *four*, if the Prince will but grant they were in *buckram;* and then immediately afterwards asserts that the number of his assailants was *seven*. The regulation proposed renders the whole consistent. MALONE.

[4] *P. Hen.* Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.] From the Prince's speech, and Poins's answer, I apprehend that Falstaff's reply should be interrogatively: "In buckram?" WHALLEY.

[5] *Fal.* Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose.] To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was *to untruss a point*. JOHNSON.

So, in the comedy of Wily Beguiled: "I was so near taken,

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal[6] green, came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that be-

that I was fain to cut all my *points*." Again, in Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:

"——Help me to truss my *points*.——"

"I had rather see your hose about your heels, than I would help you to truss a *point*."

Randle Holme also, in his Academy of Arms and Blazon, book iii. ch. iii. has given us to understand, that these holders "are small wiers made round, through which the breeches hooks are put, to keep them from falling."

The same jest indeed had already occurred in Twelfth Night. See vol. xi. p. 363, n. 4. Steevens.

[6] —Kendal—] *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th song of his Polyolbion:

"——where *Kendal* town doth stand,
"For making of our *cloth* scarce match'd in all the land."

Kendal green was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntington and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601:

"——all the woods
"Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,
"Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington."

Again:

"Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*."

Again, in The Playe of Robyn Hoode verye proper to be played in Maye Games, bl. l. no date:

"Here be a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
"Clothed all in *Kendale grene*." Steevens.

Again: "*Kendal*, a towne so highly renowned for her commodious cloathing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind." Camd. in Brit. Barnabee's Journal.

Bowle.

See also Hall's Chronicle, Henry VIII. p. 6. Malone.

gets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech [7],———

FAL. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. HEN. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand [8]? come, tell us your reason; What sayest thou to this?

POINS. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FAL. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado [9], or all the racks in the world, I

[7] —tallow-keech,] The word *tallow-catch* is in all editions; but having no meaning, cannot be understood. In some parts of the kingdom, a *cake* or *mass* of wax or tallow, is called a *keech*, which is doubtless the word intended here, unless we read *tallow-ketch*, that is, *tub of tallow*. JOHNSON.

The conjectural emendation *ketch*, i. e. tub, is very ingenious. But the Prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter; and only suppose, that by *tallow-catch*, he means a *receptacle for tallow*. T. WARTON.

Tallow-*keech* is undoubtedly right, but ill explained. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow-loaf* in Sussex, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakspeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech*, in the Second Part of this play. STEEVENS.

[8] —when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand.] The humour of Falstaff seeing the colour of the men's coats, when it was so dark he could not see his hand, is just like a passage in the Plutus of Aristophanes, where Carion the slave says, that, after covering his head with his cloke, he saw Æsculapius, upon which the old woman observes,

Σὺ δὲ πῶς εωρας, ω κακις' απολωμενε,
Ος εγκεκαλυφθαι φης; iii. 3. BLAKEWAY.

[9] —the STRAPPADO,] "The *strappado* is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint; which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo." See

would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin[1], you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;——

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them[2], and were masters of their wealth.—

Randle Holme's Academy of Arms and Blazon, book iii. ch. vii. p. 310. Steevens.

[1] — you starveling, you ELF-SKIN,] For *elf-skin* Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little fairy*: for though the Bastard in King John compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man. Johnson.

In these comparisons Shakspeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin*, to whose shapeless uniformity of length, an "eel-skin stuff'd" (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *taylor's yard*, the *tuck*, or small sword set upright, &c. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and dried *neat's tongue* allude to the leanness of the Prince. The reading—*eel-skin*, is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from King John, and by Falstaff's description of the *lean* Shallow in The Second Part of King Henry IV.

Shakspeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the Prince of Wales. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small," &c. Steevens.

[2] — YOU bound them,] The old copies read—*and* bound them. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince [3]. Instinct is a great matter [4]; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by

[3] — the lion will not touch the true prince.] So, in The Mad Lover, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Fetch the Numidian *lion* I brought over;
"If she be sprung from *royal blood*, the lion
"Will *do her reverence*, else he'll tear her," &c.

STEEVENS.

[4] INSTINCT is a great matter;] Diego, the host, in Love's Pilgrimage, by Beaumont and Fletcher, excuses a rudeness he had been guilty of to one of his guests, in almost the same words:

"— should I have been so barbarous as to have parted brothers?
"*Philippo.* —— You knew it then?
"*Diego.* —— I knew 'twas necessary
"You should be both together. *Instinct*, signior,
"*Is a great matter* in an host." STEEVENS.

the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—— Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father,

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man[4], and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

[4] —there is a nobleman——Give him as much as will make him a ROYAL man,] I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman:* in this sense the Prince catches the word, and bids the landlady 'give him as much as will make him a royal man,' that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away. JOHNSON.

The same play on the word—*royal*, occurs in The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

"This is not noble sport, but *royal* play.

"It must be so where *royals* walk so fast." STEEVENS.

"Give him as much as will make him a *royal* man." The *royal* went for 10*s*.—the noble only for 6*s*. and 8*d*. TYRWHITT.

This seems to allude to a jest of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said: "My *royal* Queen," and a little after: "My *noble* Queen." Upon which says the Queen: "What am I *ten groats* worse than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. TOLLET.

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass[5], to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men[6]. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner[7], and ever since thou hast blushed extempore:

5 —to tickle our noses with spear-grass, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play of The Victories of Henry the Fifth: "Every day when I went into the field, I would take a *straw*, and thrust it into my nose, and make my nose bleed," &c. STEEVENS.

6 — the blood of true men.] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honest* men, opposed to thieves. JOHNSON.

7 —taken WITH THE MANNER,] *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify *taken in the fact.* But the Oxford editor alters it, for better security of the sense, to—"taken in the *manor;*"—i. e. I suppose, by the lord of it, as a stray. WARBURTON.

The expression—"taken *in* the manner," or "*with* the manner," is a forensick term, and common to many of our old dramatick writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife and Have a Wife:

Thou hadst fire and sword[8] on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

BARD. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

"How like a sheep-biting rogue *taken in the manner*,
"And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?"

Again, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:

"Take them not *in the manner*, though you may."

STEEVENS.

Manour, or *Mainour*, or *Maynour*, an old law term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*,) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals; and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour*, is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact. The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292, where it is spelt *manner*. HAWKINS.

Dr. Pettingall, in his Enquiry into the Use and Practice of Juries among the Greeks and Romans, 4to. p. 176, observes, that "in the sense of *being taken* in the fact, the Romans used the expression *manifesto deprehensus*. Cic. *pro Cluentio—et pro Cœlio*. The word *manifesto* seems to be formed of *manu*. Hence the Saxons expressed this idea by words of the same import, *hand, habend, having in the hand*, or *back berend, bearing on the back*. The Welsh laws of Hoel-dda, used in the same sense the words *lledrad un y llaw—latrocinium vel furtum in manu, the theft in his hand*. The English law calls it *taken with the manner*, instead of the *mainer*, from *main*, the *hand*, in the French language, in which our statute laws were written from Westminst. primer 3 Edward I. to Richard III. In Westminst. primer, c. xv. it is called *prise ove le mainer*. In Rot. Parliament. 5 Richard II. Tit. 96, Cotton's Abridgement, and Coke's Institutes, it is corruptly called *taken with the manner;* and the English translators of the Bible, following the vulgar jargon of the law, rendered Numbers v. 13, relating to a woman taken in the fact of adultery, by *taken with the manner*."—"In the Scotch law it is called *taken with the fang*. See Reg. Majest. lib. iv. c. xxi. And in cases of murder manifest, the murderer was said to be *taken with the red hand* and *hot blade*. All which modes of expression in the Western Empire took their origin from the Roman *manifesto deprehensus*." REED.

[8] Thou hadst fire and sword, &c.] The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*:

"While I affirm *a fiery face*
"Is to the owner no disgrace." *Legend of Capt. Jones.*

JOHNSON.

P. Hen. I do.
Bard. What think you they portend?
P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses [9].
Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.
P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter [1].

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast [2]? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring [3]:

9 Hot livers, and cold purses.] That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, to *heat the liver*. JOHNSON.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. II. as Charmian replies to the Soothsayer:

"*Sooth.* You shall be more beloving, than belov'd.
"*Char.* I had rather *heat my liver* with drinking."
STEEVENS.

1 *Bard.* CHOLER, my lord, if rightly taken.
P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, HALTER.] The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the similarity of sound between *collar* and *choler*.

So, in King John and Matilda, 1655:

"*O. Bru.* Son, you're too full of *choler*.
"*Y. Bru.* Choler! *halter*.
"*Fitz.* By the mass, that's near the *collar*." STEEVENS.

2 —bombast?] Is the stuffing of clothes. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1595, observes, that in his time "the doublettes were so hard quilted, stuffed, *bombasted*, and sewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." And again, the same chapter, he adds, that they were "stuffed with foure, five, or sixe pounde of *bombast* at least." Again, in Deckar's Satiromastix: "You shall swear not to *bombast* out a new play with the old linings of jests." *Bombast* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the *cotton plant* "the *bombast* tree." STEEVENS.

3 —I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:] Aristophanes has the same thought:

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook[4],—What, a plague, call you him?——

Διὰ δακτυλίε μὲν ἓν ἐμέ γ' ἀ'ν διελκύσαις.
Plutus, v. 1037. SIR W. RAWLINSON.

An alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Brome in The Antipodes, 1640: "— Item, a distich graven in his *thumb-ring*." Again, in The Northern Lass, 1632: "A good man in the city, &c. wears nothing rich about him, but the gout, or a *thumb-ring*." Again, in Wit in a Constable, 1640: "— no more wit than the rest of the bench; what lies in his *thumb-ring*." The custom of wearing *a ring on the thumb*, is very ancient. In Chaucer's Squier's Tale, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse, who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

"——upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*."
STEEVENS.

[4] — upon the cross of a WELSH HOOK,] A *Welsh hook* appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind. It is mentioned in the play of Sir John Oldcastle:

"—that no man presume to wear any weapons, especially *welsh-hooks* and forest-bills."

Again, in Westward Hoe, by Deckar and Webster, 1607:

"— it will be as good as a *Welsh-hook* for you, to keep out the other at staves-end."

Again, in The Insatiate Countess, by Marston, 1613:

"The ancient *hooks* of great Cadwallader."

"The Welsh Glaive," (which I take to be the same weapon under another name,) says Captain Grose in his Treatise on Ancient Armour, "is a kind of bill, sometimes reckoned among the pole-axes;" a variety perhaps of the *securis falcata*, or probably resembling the *Lochaber axe*, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Prestonpans. See the representation of an ancient watchman, with a *bill* on his shoulder, vol. vii. p. 87. STEEVENS.

The *Welsh hook*, I believe, was pointed, like a spear, to push or thrust with; and below had a hook to seize the enemy if he should attempt to escape by flight. I take my ideas from a passage in Butler's Character of a Justice of the Peace, whom the witty

POINS. O, Glendower.

FAL. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. HEN. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol[5] kills a sparrow flying.

FAL. You have hit it.

P. HEN. So did he never the sparrow.

FAL. Well, that rascal hath good metal in him; he will not run.

P. HEN. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

FAL. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. HEN. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FAL. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps[6] more: Worcester is stolen away to-night;

author thus describes: "His whole authority is like a *Welsh hook;* for his warrant is a *puller to her*, and his mittimus a *thruster from her.*" *Remains,* vol. ii. p. 192. WHALLEY.

Minsheu, in his Dict. 1617, explains a *Welsh hook* thus: "Armorum genus est ære in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longissimæ præfixo." Cotgrave calls it "a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partisan." See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598:

"*Falcione.* A bending *forrest bill,* or *Welsh hook.*—

"*Pennati.* Hedge-bills, forest bills, *Welsh-hooks,* or weeding hooks." MALONE.

[5] —pistol—] Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol.* JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher are still more inexcusable. In The Humorous Lieutenant, they have equipped Demetrius Poliorcetes, one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great, with the same weapon. STEEVENS.

[6] —blue-caps—] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue-bonnets.* JOHNSON.

There is an old ballad called "Blew Cap for Me," or

thy father's beard is turned white with the news[7]; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel[8].

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

" A Scottish lass her resolute chusing;
" Shee'll have bonny *blew cap*, all other refusing."

STEEVENS.

7 — thy father's BEARD IS TURNED WHITE with the news;] I think Montaigne mentions a person condemned to death, whose *hair turned grey* in one night. TOLLET.

Nashe, in his Have With You to Saffron Walden, &c. 1596, says: " —looke and you shall find a *grey haire* for everie line I have writ against him; and you shall have *all his beard white* too, by the time he hath read over this book." The reader may find more examples of the same phænomenon in Grimeston's translation of Goulart's Memorable Histories, p. 489, &c. STEEVENS.

8 — you may buy land, &c.] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the King regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life [9].

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state [1], this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown [2].

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown [3]!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be

9 Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.] In the old anonymous play of Henry V. the same strain of humour is discoverable:

"Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shalt sit in the chair; and I'll be the young prince, and hit thee a box on the ear," &c.

STEEVENS.

1 —This chair shall be my STATE,] A *state* is a chair with a canopy over it. So, in Macbeth:

"Our hostess keeps her *state*."

See also, vol. xi. p. 416, n. 7.

This, as well as a following passage, was perhaps designed to ridicule the mock majesty of *Cambyses*, the hero of a play which appears from Deckar's Guls Hornbook, 1609, to have been exhibited with some degree of theatrical pomp. Deckar is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who sat or stood on the stage: "on the very rushes where the commedy is to daunce, yea and under the *state of Cambises himselfe*." STEEVENS.

2 —this cushion my crown.] Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions; and in the play of King Edward IV. Part II. 1619, is the following passage:

"Then comes a slave, one of those drunken sots,
"In with a tavern reck'ning for a supplication.
"Disguised with a *cushion* on his head." STEEVENS.

3 Thy state, &c] This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock-royalty.

JOHNSON.

This is an *apostrophe* of the Prince to his absent father, not an *answer* to Falstaff. FARMER.

Rather a ludicrous description of Falstaff's mock *regalia*.

RITSON.

thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses'[4] vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg[5].

Fal. And here is my speech :—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen[6],
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes[7].

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players[8], as I ever see.

[4] —king Cambyses'—] The banter is here upon a play called, A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of Pleasant Mirth, containing the Life of *Cambises*, King of Persia. By Thomas Preston. [1570.] Theobald.

I question if Shakspeare had ever seen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of measure, which, when he professed to speak in "king Cambyses' vein," he would hardly have missed, if he had known it. Johnson.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of King Cambyses: "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the measure is not preserved. Farmer.

[5] — my leg.] That is, my obeisance to my father. Johnson.

[6] — my tristful queen,] Old copies—*trustful*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The word *tristful* is again used in Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 390. Malone.

[7] — the flood-gates of her eyes.] This passage is probably a burlesque on the following in Preston's Cambyses:

"*Queen.* These words to hear makes stilling teares issue from chrystall eyes."

Perhaps, says Dr. Farmer, we should read—"do *ope* the flood-gates," &c. Steevens.

The allusion may be to the following passage in Soliman and Perseda:

"How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,
"When they are *stop'd* with *floods* of flowing tears?"
Ritson.

[8] — harlotry players,] The word is used in The Plowman's

FAL. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain [9].—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile [1], the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip,

Tale: "Soche *harlotre* men," &c. Again, in P. P. fol. 27: "I had lever hear an *harlotry*, or a somer's game." Junius explains the word by "*inhonesta* paupertinæ sortis fœditas." STEEVENS.

9 —tickle-brain,] This appears to have been the nick name of some strong liquor. So, in A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, 1636:

"A cup of Nipsitate brisk and neat,
"The drawers call it *tickle-brain*."

In The Antipodes, 1640, *settle-brain* is mentioned as another potation. STEEVENS.

1 — though the camomile, &c.] This whole speech is supremely comick. The simile of camomile used to illustrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an observation of a late writer of some merit, whom the desire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young soldiers, he remarks, that "though Bedlam be in the road to Hogsden, it is out of the way to promotion." JOHNSON.

In The More the Merrier, a collection of Epigrams, 1608, is the following passage;

"The *camomile* shall teach thee patience,
"Which thriveth best when trodden most upon."

Again, in Parasitaster, or the Fawne, a comedy, by Marston, 1606:

"For indeed, sir, a repress'd fame mounts like *camomile*, the more trod down, the more it grows." STEEVENS.

The style immediately ridiculed, is that of Lyly, in his Euphues: "Though the *camomile* the more it is trodden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth: yet the *violet* the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth," &c. FARMER.

Again, in Philomela, the Lady Fitzwaller's Nightingale, by Robert Greene, bl. l. 1595, sign. I 4: "The palme tree, the more it is prest downe, the more it sprowteth up: *the camomill, the more it is troden, the sweeter smell it yeildeth*." REED.

that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven[1] prove a micher[3], and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile[4]; so doth the company thou

[2] Shall the blessed SUN of heaven—] Thus the first quarto. In the second quarto, 1599, the word *sun* was changed to *son*, which consequently is the reading of the subsequent quartos and the folio: and so I suspect the author wrote. The orthography of these two words was formerly so unsettled, that it is often from the context alone one can determine what is meant. MALONE.

[3] — a micher;] i. e. truant; to *mich* is to *lurk out of sight*, a *hedge-creeper*. WARBURTON.

The allusion is to a truant boy, who unwilling to go to school, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

In A Comment on the Ten Commandments, printed at London, in 1493, by Richard Pynson, I find the word thus used:

"They make Goddes house a den of theyves; for commonly in such feyrs and markets, wheresoever it be holden, ther ben many theyves, *michers*, and cutpurse."

Again, in The Devil's Charter, 1607:

"Pox on him, *micher*, I'll make him pay for it."

Again, in Lyly's Mother Bombie, 1594:

"How like a *micher* he stands, as though he had *truanted* from honesty."

Again, in the old Morality of Hycke Scorner:

"Wanton wenches and also *michers*." STEEVENS.

A *micher*, I believe, means only a lurking thief distinguished from one more daring. Lambard in his Eirenarcha, 1610, p. 186, speaking of the powers which may be exercised by one justice, says, he may charge the constables to arrest such as shall be suspected to be "draw-latches, wastors, or robertsmen, that is to say, either *miching* or mightie theeves, for the meaning must remaine howsoever the word be gone out of use." REED.

[4] — this PITCH, as ancient writers do report, DOTH DEFILE;] Alluding to an ancient ballad beginning:

"Who toucheth *pitch* must be *defil'd*." STEEVENS.

keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree [5] may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Or perhaps to Lyly's Euphues:

"He that toucheth *pitch* shall be *defiled*."

HOLT WHITE.

Dr. Farmer has pointed out another passage exhibiting the same observation, but omitted to specify the work to which it belongs: "— It is harde for a man to *touch pitch*, and not to be *defiled* with it." STEEVENS.

The quotation is from the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus, xiii. 1: "He that toucheth *pitch* shall be *defiled* therewith."

HARRIS.

[5] — If then the tree, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—"If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit," &c. and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. The old reading is, I think, well supported by Mr. Heath, who observes, that "Virtue is considered as the fruit, the man as the tree; consequently the old reading must be right. If then the *tree* may be known by the *fruit*, as the *fruit* by the *tree*,—that is, If I can judge of the man by the virtue I see in his looks, he must be a virtuous man." MALONE.

I am afraid here is a prophane allusion to the 33d verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. STEEVENS.

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-sucker [6], or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle thee for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man [7] is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch [8] of beastliness,

[6] — rabbet-sucker, &c.] Is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbet*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson is right; for in the account of the serjeant's feast, by Dugdale, in his Orig. Juridiciales, one article is a dozen of *rabbet-suckers*.

Again, in Lyly's Endymion, 1591: "I prefer an old coney before a *rabbet-sucker*." Again, in The Tryal of Chivalry, 1599: "— a bountiful benefactor for sending thither such *rabbet-suckers*."

A *poulterer* was formerly written—a *poulter*, and so the old copies of this play. Thus, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, 1595: "We must have our tables furnisht like *poulters'* stalles." Steevens.

[7] — a tun of man —] Dryden has transplanted this image into his Mac Flecknoe:

"*A tun of man* in thy large bulk is writ,
"Yet sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit." Steevens.

[8] — bolting-hutch —] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *bolted*. Steevens.

that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack [9], that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox [1] with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years [2]? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning [3], but in craft? wherein crafty,

9 — that huge BOMBARD of sack,] A *bombard* is a *barrel*. So, in The Tempest: "— like a foul *bombard* that would shed his liquor." STEEVENS.

1 — MANNINGTREE OX —] *Manningtree* in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, are famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of publick festivity, or exposed for money to publick show.

This place likewise appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "— you shall have a slave eat more at a meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two davs, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitsun-ale." STEEVENS.

It appears from Heywood's Apology for Actors, 1612, that *Manningtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage-plays yearly. See also The Choosing of Valentines, a poem, by Thomas Nashe, MS. in the Library of the Inner Temple, No. 538, vol. xliii.:

"—— or see a play of strange moralitie,
"Showen by bachelrie of *Manning-tree*,
"Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale swarme."

Again, in Decker's Seven Deadly Sinnes of London, 1607: "Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morals* at *Manning-tree*." In this season of festivity, we may presume it was customary to roast an ox whole, "Huge volumes, (says Osborne, in his Advice to his Son,) like the *ox roasted whole* at *Bartholomew Fair*, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces." MALONE.

2 — that reverend VICE, that grey INIQUITY,——that VANITY in years?] The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, and *Vanity*, were personages exhibited in the old moralities. MALONE.

3 — cunning,] *Cunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning; it signified *knowing*, or *skilful*. JOHNSON.

but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you[4]; Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault[5], God help the wicked! If to be

[4] — take me with you;] That is, go no faster than I can follow. Let me know your meaning. Johnson.

Lyly, in his Endymion, says: "Tush, tush, neighbours, *take me with you.*" Farmer.

The expression is so common in the old plays, that it is unnecessary to introduce any more quotations in support of it. Steevens.

[5] If sack and sugar be a fault,] *Sack with sugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakspeare's time. In a Letter describing Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo. the writer says, (p. 86,) "sipt I no more *sack and sugar* than I do malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz az I doo." And in another place, describing a minstrel, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at last, by sum entreaty, and many fair woords, with *sack and sugar*, we sweeten him again." P. 52.

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's account belonging to the city of Worcester, I also find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *sack*, [Fr. *sec.*] viz. "—Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. [1592] Item, For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *seck*, and a pound of *sugar*, geven to sir John Russell, iiij. s."—This Sir John Russell, I believe, was their representative in parliament, or at least had prosecuted some suit for them at the court.—In the same book is another article, which illustrates the history of the stage at that time, viz. "A. Eliz. xxxiiij. Item, Bestowed upon the queen's trumpeters and players, iiij. lb." Percy.

This liquor is likewise mentioned in Monsieur Thomas, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1639, and in The Wild Goose Chase of the same authors:

old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!——

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick[6]: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad[7], without seeming so.

" —— You shall find us at the tavern,
" Lamenting in *sack and sugar* for your losses."

Again, in Northward Hoe, 1607:

" I use not to be drunk with *sack and sugar*." Steevens.

The folio, and some of the later quartos, give this speech to *Falstaff*. Boswell.

[6] —a fiddle-stick:] I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in The Humorous Lieutenant of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— for certain, gentlemen,
" *The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick*." Steevens.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major:* if you will deny the sheriff, so [8]; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras [9];—the

7 —mad,] Old copies—*made*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that I understand this speech. Perhaps Falstaff means to say,—We must now look to ourselves; never call that which is real danger, fictitious or imaginary. If you do, you are a madman, though you are not reckoned one. Should you admit the sheriff to enter here, you will deserve that appellation. The first words, however, "Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit," may allude, not to real and imaginary danger, but to the subsequent words only, *essential* and *seeming* madness. Malone.

8 I deny your MAJOR: if you will deny the SHERIFF, so;] Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the *sheriff* is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition. Ritson.

To render this supposition probable, it should be proved that the mayor of a corporation was called in Shakspeare's time *ma-jor*. That he was not called so at an earlier period, appears from several old books, among others from The History of Edward V. annexed to Hardynge's Chronicle, 1543, where we find the old spelling was *maire*:—"he beeyng at the haveryng at the bower, sent for the *maire* and aldermen of London." Fol. 307, b.—If it shall be objected, that afterwards the pronunciation was changed to *ma-jor*, the following couplet in Jordan's Poems, (no date, but printed about 1661,) may serve to show that it is very unlikely that should have been the case, the pronunciation being at the Restoration the same as it is now:

"———— and the *major*

"Shall justle zealous Isaac from the *chaire*." Malone.

Major is the Latin word, and occurs, with the requisite pronunciation, as a dissyllable, in King Henry VI. Part I. (folio edition):

"*Major*, farewell; thou dost but what thou may'st." Ritson.

9 —hide thee behind the arras;] The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet sacrifices something to the scenery. If Falstaff had not

rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

FAL. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and* POINS.

P. HEN. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

SHER. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. HEN. What men?

SHER. One of them is well known, my gracious lord[1];
A gross fat man.

been hidden, he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched. JOHNSON.

When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses, therefore, long before the time of Shakspeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Such are those which Fantome mentions in The Drummer.

Again, in The Bird in a Cage, 1633:

"Does not the *arras* laugh at me? it shakes methinks.

"*Kat.* It cannot choose, there's one *behind* doth tickle it."

Again, in Northward Hoe, 1607: "—but softly as a gentleman courts a wench *behind the arras*."

Again, in King John, Act IV. Sc. I.:

"Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
"*Within the arras*."

In Much Ado About Nothing, Borachio says, "I whipped me behind the *arras*." Polonius is killed behind the arras. See likewise Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 594. See also my note on the second scene of the first Act of King Richard II. p. 22. STEEVENS.

So, in Brathwaite's Survey of Histories, 1614: "Pyrrhus, to terrifie Fabius, commanded his guard to place *an elephant behind the arras*." MALONE.

Car. As fat as butter [2].

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; [3]
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
He shall he answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff [4]!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

[1] —my GRACIOUS lord;] We have here, I believe, another playhouse intrusion. Strike out the word *gracious*, and the metre becomes perfect:

"*P. Hen.* What men?
"*Sher.* One of them is well known, my lord."
STEEVENS.

[2] As fat as butter.] I suppose our author, to complete the verse, originally wrote—
"*A man* as fat as butter." STEEVENS.

[3] The man, I do assure you, is not here;] Every reader must regret that Shakspeare would not give himself the trouble to furnish Prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance.
STEEVENS.

[4] *Poins.* Falstaff! &c.] This speech, in the old copies, is given to *Peto*. It has been transferred to *Poins* on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson. *Peto* is again printed elsewhere for *Poins* in this play, probably from a P. only being used in the MS. "What

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*Poins searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d. [5]
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth

had Peto done, (Dr. Johnson observes,) to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? Poins has the Prince's confidence, and is a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty; they all retired but Poins, who, with the Prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himself from the travellers." Malone.

[5] — Sack, two gallons, *5s. 8d.*] It appears from Peacham's Worth of a Penny, that sack was, not many years after Shakspeare's death, about two shillings a quart. If therefore our author had followed his usual practice of attributing to former ages the modes of his own, the charge would have been here 16*s.* Perhaps he set down the price at random. He has, however, as a learned friend observes to me, fallen into an anachronism, in furnishing his tavern in Eastcheap with sack in the time of King Henry IV. "The *vintners* sold no other sacks, muscadels, malmsies, bastards, alicants, nor any other wines but white and claret, till the 33d year of King Henry VIII. 1543, and then was old Parr 60 years of age. All those sweet wines were sold till that time at the apothecary's, for no other use but for medicines." *Taylor's Life of Thomas Parr*, 4to. Lond. 1635. If therefore Falstaff got drunk with sack 140 years before the above date, it could not have been at Mrs. Quickly's.

For this information I am indebted to the Reverend Dr. Stock, the accurate and learned editor of Demosthenes.

Since this note was written, I have learnt from a passage in Florio's First Fruites, 1578, with which I was furnished by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle, that *sack* was at that time but sixpence a quart. "Claret wine, red and white, is sold for fivepence the quart, and *sacke* for sixpence: muscadel and malmsey for eight." Twenty years afterwards sack had probably risen to eight-pence or eight-pence halfpenny a quart, so that our author's computation is very exact. Malone.

of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close: we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score [6]. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[6] —I know, his death will be a march of TWELVE-SCORE.] i. e. It will kill him to march so far as twelve-score yards.

JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the same expression in his Sejanus:

"That look'd for salutations *twelve-score* off."

Again, in Westward Hoe, 1606:

"I'll get me *twelve-score* off, and give aim."

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entitled, The Second Maiden's Tragedy:

"———not one word near it;
"There was no syllable but was *twelve-score* off."

STEEVENS.

That is, twelve score *feet;* the Prince quibbles on the word *foot*, which signifies a *measure*, and the *infantry* of an army. I cannot conceive why Johnson supposes that he means twelve score *yards;* he might as well extend it to twelve score *miles*.

M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson supposed that "twelve-score" meant twelve score *yards*, because that was the common phraseology of the time. When archers talked of sending a shaft *fourteen score*, they meant fourteen score *yards*. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "This boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easily as a cannon will shoot point-blank *twelve-score*." See also, King Henry IV. Part II. I have therefore great doubts whether the equivoque pointed out by Mr. Mason was intended. If not, Mr. Pope's interpretation [twelve-score *foot*] is wrong, and Dr. Johnson's right. MALONE.

"Twelve-*score*" always means so many *yards*, and not *feet*. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that Shakspeare meant any quibble. DOUCE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

MORT. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction [7] full of prosperous hope.

HOT. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?——
And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

GLEND. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

HOT. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLEND. I cannot blame him: at my nativity [8],
The front of heaven was full of firy shapes,

[7] —induction—] That is, *entrance, beginning*. JOHNSON. An *induction* was anciently *something introductory to a play*. Such is the business of the Tinker previous to the performance of The Taming of the Shrew. Shakspeare often uses the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiarized to his conception. Thus, in King Richard III.:

"Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous." STEEVENS.

[8] —at my nativity, &c.] Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakspeare. Holinshed says only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." STEEVENS.

In the year 1402, a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Shakspeare had probably read an account of this star in some Chronicle, and transferred its appearance to the time of Owen's nativity. MALONE.

Of burning cressets[9]; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done[1]
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature[2] oftentimes breaks forth

9 Of burning CRESSETS;] A *cresset* was a *great light* set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower: from the French word *croissette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them. HANMER.

The same word occurs in Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt, 1610:

"Come, Cressida, my *cresset*-light,
"Thy face doth shine both day and night."

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinshed says: "The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveied by *cresset*-light, and torch-light, to Sir T. Gresham's house in Bishopsgate-street." Again, in The Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London, 1590:

"Watches in armour, triumphs, *cresset-lights*."

The *cresset-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross, like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen them represented in an ancient print from Van Velde. See also a wooden cut in vol. iv. p. 372. STEEVENS.

1 Why, so it would have done, &c.] A similar observation occurs in Cicero de Fato, cap. 3: "Quid mirum igitùr, ex speluncâ saxum in crura Icadii incidisse? Puto enim, etiàm si Icadius in speluncâ non fuisset, saxum tamèn illud casurum fuisse." STEEVENS.

2 Diseased nature—] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrariousness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth[3], and topples down

[3] —— oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd
By the IMPRISONING of unruly WIND
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
SHAKES the old beldame EARTH,] So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"As when the *wind, imprison'd* in the ground,
"Struggling for passage, *earth's foundation shakes,*
"Which with cold terrours doth men's minds confound."

The same thought is found in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. ix.:

"—— like as a *boy'strous wind,*
"Which in th' *earth's* hollow caves hath long been hid,
"And, shut up fast within her *prison's* blind,
"Makes the huge element against her kind
"To *move,* and *tremble,* as it were aghast,
"Untill that it an issue forth may find;
"Then forth it breakes; and with his furious blast
"Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast."

So also, in Drayton's Legend of Pierce Gaveston, 1594:

"As when within the soft and spongie soyle
"The wind doth pierce the entrails of the earth,
"Where hurlyburly with a restless coyle
"Shakes all the centre, wanting issue forth," &c.

MALONE.

Beldame is not used here as a term of contempt, but in the sense of *ancient mother. Belle-age*, Fr. Drayton, in the 8th song of his Polyolbion, uses *bel-sire* in the same sense:

"As his great *bel-sire* Brute from Albion's heirs it won."

Again, in the 14th song:

"When he his long descent shall from his *bel-sires* bring."

Beau pere is French for *father-in-law*, but the word employed by Drayton seems to have no such meaning. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a *grandmother*. So, in Shakspeare's Tarquin and Lucrece:

"To show the *beldame* daughters of her daughter."

STEEVENS.

Steeples, and moss-grown towers[4]. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

GLEND. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields[5].
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales,——
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

[4] ——and TOPPLES down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers.] To *topple* is to *tumble*. So, in Macbeth:
"Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads."
STEEVENS.

[5] The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.] Shakspeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phœnomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature. A writer in The Philosophical Transactions, No. 207, describing an earthquake in Catanea, near Mount Ætna, by which eighteen thousand persons were destroyed, mentions one of the circumstances that are here said to have marked the birth of Glendower: "There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying*." MALONE.

"——*to* the frighted fields." We should read—*in* the frighted fields. M. MASON.

In the very next scene, *to* is used where we should at present use—*in*:
"He hath more worthy interest *to* the state—."
STEEVENS.

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh:——

I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil[6],

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,

Bootless[7] home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

[6] — to shame the devil,] "Speak the truth, and shame the devil," was proverbial. See Ray's Proverbs, 163. Reed.

[7] Bootless —] Unless we read *bootless* as a trisyllable, the metre will be defective. In As You Like It—*wrestler* is apparently to be thus pronounced:

"The parts and graces of the *wrestler*." Steevens.

Mr. Pope transferred the word *him* from the former line to this: and perhaps he was right. Malone.

Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it [8]
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto [9],
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space, [*To Glend.*] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here [1],

[8] The archdeacon hath divided it —] The metre is here deficient. I suppose the line originally ran thus:
"The archdeacon hath divided it already. Steevens.

[9] England, from Trent and Severn HITHERTO,] i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map). Malone.

[1] Methinks, my MOIETY, north from Burton here,] The division is here into three parts.—A *moiety* was frequently used by

In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in[2],
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out[3].
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

the writers of Shakspeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a note on King Lear, Act I. Sc. IV. Malone.

[2] — cranking in,] Perhaps we should read—*crankling*. So, Drayton, in his Polyolbion, song 7, speaking of a river, says that Meander—

"Hath not so many turns, nor *crankling* nooks as she."

Steevens.

Mr. Pope reads—*crankling*. *Cranking*, however, is right. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"He *cranks* and crosses with a thousand doubles."

Malone.

[3] — cantle out.] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the same sense that Horace uses *angulus*:

—— O si *angulus* ille
Proximus arridet!

Canton, Fr. *canto*, Ital. signify a *corner*. To *cantle* is a verb used in Decker's Whore of Babylon, 1607:

"That this vast globe terrestrial should be *cantled*."

The substantive occurs in Drayton's Polyolbion, song 1:

"Rude Neptune cutting in a *cantle* forth doth take."

Again, in A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, 1636:

"Not so much as a *cantell* of cheese or crust of bread."

Steevens.

Canton in heraldry is a corner of the shield. *Cant* of cheese is now used in Pembrokeshire. Lort.

The word in its strict sense signifies a small piece of any thing, but here a portion or parcel. The French have *chanteau* and *chantel*, from the Latin *quantulum*. Douce.

See vol. xii. p. 304, n. 2. The quartos read—*scantle*. Mr. Todd, in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, produces the authority of Lord Chesterfield for the verb—to *scantle*; to *divide into small portions*. Boswell.

Mort. Yea,
But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then [4], Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you; For I was train'd up in the English court [5]:

[4] Let me not understand YOU then,] *You*, an apparent interpolation, destructive to the metre, should, I think, be omitted. STEEVENS.

[5] For I was train'd up in the English court:] The real name of Owen Glendower was Vaughan, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. STEEVENS.

Owen Glendower, whose real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan, took the name of Glyndour or Glendowr from the lordship of Glyndourdwy, of which he was owner. He was particularly adverse to the Mortimers, because Lady Percy's nephew, Edmund Earl of Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales, (as well as the crown of England,) being lineally descended from Gladys the daughter of Lhewelyn, and sister of David Prince of Wales, the latter of whom died in the year 1246. Owen Glendower himself claimed the principality of Wales.

He afterwards became esquire of the body to K. Richard II. with whom he was in attendance at Flint Castle, when Richard was taken prisoner by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards King Henry IV. Owen Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in the year 1402, and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the English. He died in great distress in 1415. MALONE.

Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue [6] a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd [7],
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;

[6] —the tongue —] The English language. JOHNSON.

Glendower means, that he graced his own tongue with the art of singing. RITSON.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation the true one. MALONE.

[7] — a brazen CANSTICK turn'd,] The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written *canstick* in the quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it was pronounced. Heywood, and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canstick* is one of the spirits mentioned by Reginald Scott, 1584. Again, in The Famous History of Thomas Stukely, 1605, bl. l.: "If he have so much as a *canstick*, I am a traitor."

Again, in Chapman's Translation of Homer's Batrachomuomachia:

"——Their fenceful bucklers were
"The middle rounds of *cansticks;* but their spear
"A huge long needle was."

The noise to which Hotspur alludes, is likewise mentioned in A new Trick to Cheat the Devil, 1636:

"As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
"Where they *turn brazen candlesticks.*"

And again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Witches Metamorphosed:

"From the *candlesticks* of Lothbury,
"And the loud pure wives of Banbury." STEEVENS.

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLEND. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I'll in and haste the writer[8], and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

MORT. Fye, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOT. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant[9],

[8] I'll haste the writer,] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

I suppose, to complete the measure, we should read:

"I'll *in and* haste the writer:"

for he goes out immediately.

So, in The Taming of the Shrew:

"But *I will in*, to be reveng'd for this villainy."

Again:

"My cake is dough: But *I'll in*, among the rest."

STEEVENS.

We should undoubtedly read:

"I'll *in, and* haste the writer, and withal—."

The two supplemental words, which were suggested by Mr. Steevens, complete both the sense and metre, and were certainly omitted in the first copy by the negligence of the transcriber or printer. Such omissions more frequently happen than almost any other errour of the press. The present restoration is supported by various other passages. So, in Timon of Athens, Act I. Sc. I.:

"1 *Lord.* Shall we *in?*

"2 *Lord.* I'll keep you company."

Again, ibidem, Act V. Sc. III.:

"*In, and* prepare."

Again, more appositely, in King Richard III.:

"*I'll in*, to urge his hatred more to Clarence." MALONE.

[9] — of the moldwarp and the ant,] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against King Henry. See Hall's Chronicle, fol. 20. POPE.

So, in The Mirror for Magistrates, 1559, Owen Glendower is introduced speaking of himself:

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff [1]
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at least nine hours [2],
In reckoning up the several devils' names [3],
That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and well,—
go to [4],—

" And for to set us hereon more agog,
" A prophet came (a vengeaunce take them all!)
" Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
" Whom Merlyn doth a *mouldwarp* ever call,
" Accurs'd of God, that must be brought in thrall,
" By a wulf, a dragon, and a lyon strong,
" Which shuld devide his kingdome them among."

The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, so called because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raises.

Anglo-Saxon, *molde*, and *weorpan*. STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, for he was Shakspeare's authority: "This [the division of the realm between Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy,] was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though king Henry was the *molde-warpe*, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, which should divide this realm between them."

MALONE.

[1] — skimble-skamble stuff —] This cant word, formed by reduplication from *scamble*, occurs likewise in Taylor the water-poet's Description of a Wanton:

" Here's a sweet deal of *scimble-scamble stuff*."

STEEVENS.

[2] He held me, BUT last night, at least nine hours,] I have inserted the conjunction—*but*, which is wanting in the ancient copies. Without some such assistance the metre would be defective. STEEVENS.

[3] In reckoning up the several devils' names,] See Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584, book xv. ch. ii. p. 377, where the reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hotspur, and on the same occasion. Shakspeare must certainly have seen this book. STEEVENS.

[4] — go to,] These two senseless monosyllables seem to have been added by some foolish player, purposely to destroy the measure. RITSON.

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house [5]:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments [6]; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame [7];

[5] — a RAILING WIFE;
Worse than a SMOKY HOUSE:] Thus Chaucer, in The Wif of Bathe's Prologue:
" —— *smoke,*
" And *chiding wives* maken men to flee
" Out of hir owen hous." STEEVENS.

[6] — profited
In strange concealments;] Skilled in wonderful secrets. JOHNSON.

[7] — too wilful-BLAME;] This is a mode of speech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—" too wilful-*blunt*," or " too wilful-*bent*;" or thus:
" Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, *too wilful*." JOHNSON.
I suspect that our author wrote—
" ———— *to* wilful-blame:"
i. e. you are *wilfully to blame*; the offence you give is meditated, designed.
Shakspeare has several compounds in which the first adjective has the power of an adverb. Thus, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed,) in King Richard III. we meet with *childish*-foolish, *senseless*-obstinate, and *mortal*-staring. STEEVENS.

And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion [8], and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to his Daughter in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry [9],
One that no persuasion [1] can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.*

[8] — opinion,] Means here *self-opinion*, or *conceit*. M. MASON.

[9] — a peevish self-will'd harlotry,] Capulet, in Romeo and Juliet, reproaches his daughter in the same terms:
"*A peevish self-will'd harlotry* it is." RITSON.

[1] One no persuasion, &c.] A common ellipsis for—"One *that*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens [2],
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.
[*Lady M. speaks.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation [3]:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower [4],
With ravishing division, to her lute [5].

no persuasion," &c. and so the ancient copies redundantly read. STEEVENS.

[2] Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,] The defect of harmony in this line, induces me to suppose (with Sir T. Hanmer) that our author originally wrote—

" Which thou pour'st down from these *two* swelling heavens," meaning her *two prominent lips*. STEEVENS.

According to Mr. Steevens, *swelling heavens* are *prominent lips*. Are they not *eyes swollen with tears*? Glendower has just said, that his daughter wept; and Mortimer tells his wife that he would answer the melting language of her eyes, if it were not *for shame*. DOUCE.

[3] — a feeling disputation:] i. e. a contest of sensibility, a reciprocation in which we engage on equal terms. STEEVENS.

[4] Sung by a fair queen, &c.] Our author perhaps here intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who was a performer on the lute and the virginals. See Sir James Melvil's curious account. Memoirs, folio, p. 50. MALONE.

[5] With ravishing DIVISION, to her lute.] A *division*, in musick, is a *variation of melody upon some given fundamental harmony*. DYER.

This verse may serve for a translation of a line in Horace:

—— grataque fœminis
Imbelli cithara carmina *divides*.

It is to no purpose that you (Paris) please the women by singing " with ravishing division," to the harp. See the Commentators, and Vossius on Catullus, p. 239. S. W.

Divisions were very uncommon in vocal musick during the time of Shakspeare. BURNEY.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad [6].
[*Lady M. speaks again.*
Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this [7].
Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down [8],
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep [9],

[6] Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.] We might read, to complete the verse:
" Nay, if you melt, *why* then will she run mad." STEEVENS.

[7] O, I am ignorance itself in this.] Massinger uses the same expression in The Unnatural Combat, 1639:
" —— in this you speak, sir,
" *I am ignorance itself.*" STEEVENS.

[8] She bids you
UPON the wanton RUSHES lay you down,] It was the custom in this country, for many ages, to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.
I have followed the old copies. Mr. Seevens reads:
" —— she bids you
" *Upon* the wanton rushes lay you down."
We have some other lines in these plays as irregular as this. MALONE.
We have; but there is the strongest reason for supposing such irregularities arose from the badness of the playhouse copies, or the carelessness of printers. STEEVENS.

[9] And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,] The expression is fine; intimating, that the god of sleep should not only *sit* on his eyelids, but that he should *sit crowned*, that is, *pleased and delighted*. WARBURTON.
The same image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster:
" —— who shall take up his lute,
" And touch it till he *crown a silent sleep*
" *Upon my eyelid.*"
Again, in Chapman's version of the ninth book of Homer's Odyssey:
" —— *Sleep, with all crowns crown'd,*
" Subdu'd the savage." STEEVENS.
The image is certainly a strange one; but I do not suspect any corruption of the text. The god of sleep is not only to sit on Mortimer's eyelids, but to *sit crowned*, that is, with sovereign dominion. So, in Twelfth Night:

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep [1],
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book [2], I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here [3]: sit, and attend.

" Him will I tear out of that cruel *eye*,
" Where he *sits crowned* in his master's spite."

Again, in our poet's 114th Sonnet:

" Or whether doth my mind, being *crown'd* with you,
" Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery? "

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

" Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit,
" For 'tis a throne, where honour may be *crown'd*
" Sole monarch of the universal earth."

Again, in King Henry V.:

" As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
" *Crowned* with faith and constant loyalty." Malone.

[1] Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,] She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day. Johnson.

[2] — our book,] Our paper of conditions. Johnson.

[3] And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here:] Glendower had before boasted that he could call spirits from the vasty deep; he now pretends to equal power over the spirits of the air. Sir, says he to Mortimer, and, by my power, you shall have heavenly musick. The musicians that shall play to you, now hang in the air a thousand miles from the earth: I will summon them, and they shall straight be here. "*And* straight" is the reading of the most authentick copies, the quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, and indeed of all the other ancient editions. Mr. Rowe first introduced the reading—*Yet* straight, which all the subsequent editors have adopted; but the change does not seem absolutely necessary. Malone.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

Glendower speaks some Welsh words, and then the Musick plays.

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault [4].

[4] Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.] I do not plainly see what is a woman's fault. JOHNSON.

"It is a woman's fault," is spoken ironically. FARMER.

This is a proverbial expression. I find it in The Birth of Merlin, 1662:

"'*Tis a woman's fault*: p—— of this bashfulness."

Again:

"*A woman's fault*, we are subject to go to it, sir."

Again, in Greene's Planetomachia, 1585: "— *a woman's faulte*, to thrust away that with her little finger, whiche they pull to them with both their hands."

I believe the meaning is this: Hotspur having declared his resolution neither to have his head broken, nor to sit still, slily adds, that such is the usual fault of a woman; i. e. never to do what they are bid or desired to do. STEEVENS.

The whole tenor of Hotspur's conversation in this scene shows, that the stillness which he here imputes to women as a fault, was something very different from silence; and that an idea was couched under these words, which may be better understood than explained.—He is still in the Welsh lady's bedchamber. WHITE.

Without attempting to penetrate Mr. White's occult meaning,

Lady P. Now God help thee!
Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.
Lady P. What's that?
Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh Song sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury [5].
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread [6],
To velvet-guards [7], and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

it may be questioned whether there is any ground for supposing that this scene takes place in the Welsh lady's bedchamber. BOSWELL.

[5] As IF thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.] Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street, London Wall, by Moorgate; the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. I suppose the verse originally (but elliptically) ran thus:

"As thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbury."

i. e. as *if* thou ne'er, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] — such protest of PEPPER-GINGERBREAD,] i. e. protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *spice* ginger-bread was then called *pepper* ginger-bread. STEEVENS.

Such protestations as are uttered by *the makers* of gingerbread. MALONE.

Hotspur had just told his wife that she "*swore* like a *comfit-maker's* wife;" such *protests* therefore of *pepper ginger-bread*, as "*in sooth*," &c. were to be left to persons of that class. HENLEY.

[7] —velvet-guards,] To such as have their clothes adorned with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher[8]. An the indentures be drawn, I'll

"The cloaks, doublets, &c. (says Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses,) were guarded with *velvet-guards*, or else laced with costly lace." Speaking of women's gowns, he adds: they must be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard four or six fingers broad at the least."

So, in The Malcontent, 1606:

"You are in good case since you came to court; *garded, garded:*

"Yes, faith, even footmen and bawds wear *velvet*."

Velvet guards appear, however, to have been a *city fashion*. So, in Histriomastix, 1610:

"Nay, I myself will wear the *courtly* grace:
"Out on these *velvet-guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves,
"These simp'ring fashions simply followed!"

Again:

"I like this jewel; I'll have his fellow——.
"How?—you?—what fellow it?—gip, *velvet-guards!*"

STEEVENS.

To "velvet-guards" means, I believe, to "the higher rank of female citizens," the wives of either merchants or wealthy shopkeepers. It appears from the following passage in The London Prodigal, 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the best dress of a *city lady* in the time of our author:

"*Frances.* But, Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married?

"*Civet.* No, Franke, [i. e. Frances,] I'll have thee go like a *citizen*, in a *garded* gown, and a French hood."

Fynes Morison is still more express to the same point, and furnishes us with the best comment on the words before us. Describing the dress of the various orders of the people of England, he says, "At public meetings the aldermen of London weere skarlet gownes, and their *wives* a close gown of skarlet, with *gardes* of black *velvet*." *Itin.* fol. 1617, Part III. p. 179. See vol. ix. p. 105, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] — 'Tis the NEXT way to turn TAILOR, &c.] I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore he excuses his lady. JOHNSON.

The *next* way—is the *nearest* way. So, in Lingua, &c. 1607: "The quadrature of a circle; the philosopher's stone; and the *next* way to the Indies." *Tailors* seem to have been as remarkable for singing, as *weavers*, of whose musical turn Shakspeare has more than once made mention. Beaumont and Fletcher, in

away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn [9]; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

The Knight of the Burning Pestle, speak of this quality in the former: "Never trust a *tailor* that does not *sing* at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching."

The Honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a *goldfinch* still continues to be called a *proud tailor*, in some parts of England; (particularly Warwickshire, Shakspeare's native county,) which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever." Perhaps this bird is called a *proud tailor*, because his plumage is varied like a suit of clothes made out of remnants of different colours, such as a *tailor* might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this:—The next thing to singing oneself, is to teach birds to sing, the goldfinch and the robin. I hope the poet meant to inculcate, that singing is a quality destructive to its possessor; and that after a person has ruined himself by it, he may be reduced to the necessity of instructing birds in an art which can render birds alone more valuable.

Steevens.

One instance may suffice, to shew that *next* has been rightly interpreted: "— and when mattens was done, the erles and the lordes went the *next* way to the deane's place to breckfast." *Ives's Select Papers*, 4to. 1773, p. 165.

This passage has been interpreted as if the latter member of the sentence were explanatory of the former; but surely they are entirely distinct. The plain meaning is, that he who makes a common practice of singing, reduces himself to the condition *either* of a tailor, *or* a teacher of musick to birds. That *tailors* were remarkable for *singing* in our author's time, he has himself informed us elsewhere: "Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, (says Malvolio in Twelfth-Night,) that ye squeak out your *coziers' catches*, without any mitigation or remorse of voice?"

Malone.

9 — our book's drawn;] i. e. our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book*, on the registers of ancient publications. Steevens.

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and Lords.*

K. HEN. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference: But be near at hand[1],
For we shall presently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service[2] I have done,
That in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life[3],
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts[4],

It is more material to observe that patents, grants, covenants, articles, &c. when in MS. were called *books*. That printed plays, ballads, or histories, should be called books is not at all strange. MALONE.

[1] Must have some conference: But be near at hand,] The old copies redundantly read—some *private* conference; but, as the lords were dismissed on this occasion, they would naturally infer that *privacy* was the King's object. STEEVENS.

[2] For some displeasing SERVICE —] *Service* for *action*, simply. WARBURTON.

[3] — in thy passages of life,] i. e. in the passages of thy life. STEEVENS.

[4] — such LEWD, such MEAN ATTEMPTS,] *Mean attempts*, are *mean, unworthy undertakings*. *Lewd* does not in this place barely signify *wanton*, but *idle, ignorant*, or *licentious*. So, Ben Jonson, in his Poetaster:

" ——— great actions may be su'd
" 'Gainst such as wrong men's fames with verses *lewd*."

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg [5],
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd [6],—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks [7] and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.

And again, in Volpone:

"—— they are most *lewd* impostors,
"Made all of terms and shreds."

This epithet is likewise employed to describe a *lay* or an *ignorant* character, as in the following instance:

"He spared nether *lewde* nor clerke."
Romance of the Sowdon, &c. MS. STEEVENS.

The word is thus used in many of our ancient statutes. MALONE.

[5] Yet such extenuation let me beg, &c.] The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true.* I should read *on reproof*, instead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakspeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

[6] As, in REPROOF of many tales devis'd,] *Reproof* here means *disproof*. M. MASON.

[7] —pick-thanks,] i. e. officious parasites. So, in the tragedy of Mariam, 1613:

"Base *pick-thank* devil ——." STEEVENS.

Again, in Euphues, 1587: "I should seeme either to *picke a thanke* with men, or a quarrel with women." HENDERSON.

Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost[8],
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession[9];
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven[1],

[8] Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,] The Prince was removed from being President of the Council, immediately after he struck the judge. STEEVENS.

Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of an anachronism. The prince's removal from council in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury (1403). His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed President of the Council in his room, and he was not created a duke till the 13th year of King Henry IV. (1411). MALONE.

[9] —loyal to possession;] True to him that had then possession of the crown. JOHNSON.

[1] And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,] This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole *fire* from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, so with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were supposed jealous in appropriating *reason* to themselves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courtesy* from thence, by which power is best procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquisitely great and beautiful. WARBURTON.

And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts[2],

Massinger has adopted this expression in The great Duke of Florence:

" ——— Giovanni,
" A prince in expectation, when he liv'd here,
" *Stole courtesy from heaven;* and would not to
" The meanest servant in my father's house
" Have kept such distance." STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of this passage appears to me very questionable. The poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courtesy* (even understanding it to signify *affability*) the characteristick attribute of those deities.—The meaning, I apprehend, is,—'I was so affable and popular, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus *defrauded Heaven of its worshippers*.'

Courtesy may be here used for the respect and obeisance paid by an inferior to a superior. So, in this play:

" To dog his heels and *court'sy* at his frowns."

In Act V. it is used for a respectful salute, in which sense it was applied formerly to *men* as well as *women*:

" I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
" That he shall shrink under my *courtesy*."

Again, in the History of Edward IV. annexed to Hardynge's Chronicle, 1543: " which thyng if I could have forsene,—I would never have wonne the *courtisies* of men's knees with the loss of so many heades."

This interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines, which contain a kindred thought:

" And dress'd myself in such humility,
" That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."

Henry, I think, means to say, that he robbed *heaven* of its *worship*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his subjects. MALONE.

Mr. Gifford, in a note on the passage which Mr. Steevens has quoted from Massinger's Great Duke of Florence, has the following observations: " This is from Shakspeare, and the plain meaning of the phrase is, that the affability and sweetness of Giovanni were of a heavenly kind, i. e. more perfect than was usually found among men, resembling that divine condescension which excludes more from its regard, and, therefore, immediately derived or *stolen* from heaven, from whence all good proceeds. In this there is no impropriety: common usage warrants the application of the term to a variety of actions, which imply nothing of turpitude, but rather the contrary; affections are *stolen*.—In a

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at [3]: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits [4],
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state [5];

word, to *steal*, here, and in many other places, means little else than to *win by imperceptible progression, by gentle violence*, &c." BOSWELL.

[2] That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,] Apparently copied from Marlowe's Lust's Dominion, written before 1593:

"The pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,
"And *pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts.*"

In another place, in the same play, we meet with the phrase used here:

"—— Then here upon my knees
"*I pluck allegiance* from her." MALONE.

[3] My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at:] So, in our author's 52d Sonnet:

"Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
"To make some special instant special-blest,
"By new unfolding his imprison'd pride." MALONE.

[4] — RASH BAVIN wits,] *Rash*, is *heady, thoughtless: bavin*, is *brushwood*, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. JOHNSON.

So, in Mother Bombie, 1594: "*Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt." Again, in Greene's Never Too Late, 1606: "Love is like a *bavin*, but a blaze." STEEVENS.

Rash is, I believe, *fierce, violent*. So, in King Richard II.:

"His *rash* fierce blaze of riot cannot last."

In Shakspeare's time *bavin* was used for *kindling* fires. See Florio's Second Frutes, 4to. 1591, ch. i.: "There is no fire.—Make a little blaze with a *bavin*." MALONE.

[5] — CARDED his state;] Dr. Warburton supposes that *carded* or *'scarded*, (for so he would read,) means *discarded, threw it off*. MALONE.

The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling *coarse* wool

Mingled his royalty with capering fools[6];
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;

with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The King means, that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal state with capering fools, &c. A subsequent part of the speech gives a sanction to this explanation:

" For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
" With *vile participation*."

To *card*, is used by other writers for to *mix*. So, in The Tamer Tamed, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" But mine is such a drench of balderdash,
" Such a strange *carded* cunningness."

Again, in Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1620: " — you *card* your beer, (if you see your guests begin to get drunk,) half small, half strong," &c. Again, in Nashe's Have With You to Saffron Walden, &c. 1596: " — he being constrained to betake himself to *carded* ale." Shakspeare has a similar thought in All's Well that Ends Well: " The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." The original hint for this note I received from Mr. Tollet. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens very rightly supports the old reading. The word is used by Shelton, in his translation of Don Quixote. The Tinker in the introduction to The Taming of the Shrew, was *by education a cardmaker*. FARMER.

To *card* does not mean to *mix coarse wool with fine*, as Mr. M. Mason has justly observed, but simply to *work wool with a card* or *teazel*, so as to prepare it for spinning. MALONE.

By *carding his state*, the King means that his predecessor set his consequence to hazard, played it away (as a man loses his fortune) at *cards*. RITSON.

[6] — CAPERING fools;] Thus the quarto 1598, and rightly, I believe, because such a reading requires no explanation. The other copies, however, have—*carping*. STEEVENS.

Carping is *jesting*, *prating*, &c. This word had not yet acquired the sense which it bears in modern speech. Chaucer says of his Wife of Bath, Prol. 470:

" In felawship wele could she laugh and *carpe*."
T. WARTON.

The verb, to *carp*, is whimsically used by Phaer in his version of the first book of the Æneid:

—— *cithara crinitus Iopas*
Personat *aurata*.
" —— and on his golden harp
" Iopas with his bushie locks in sweete song gan to *carpe*."
STEEVENS.

In the second quarto, printed in 1599, *capering* was changed

And gave his countenance, against his name [7],
To laugh at gibing boys [8], and stand the push

into *carping*, and that word was transmitted through all the subsequent quartos. Hence, it is also the reading of the folio, which appears to have been printed from the quarto of 1613. Had all the quartos read *capering*, and the folio *carping*, the latter reading might derive some strength from the authority of that copy; but the change having been made arbitrarily, or by chance, in 1599, it has no pretensions of that kind.

It may be further observed, that "*capering* fools" were very proper companions for a "*skipping* king;" and that Falstaff in the second part of this play, boasts of his being able to *caper*, as a proof of his youth: "To approve my *youth* further I will not; the truth is, I am old in judgment and understanding; and he that will *caper* with me for a thousand marks," &c.

Carping undoubtedly might also have been used with propriety; having had in our author's time the same signification as at present; though it has been doubted. Minsheu explains it in his Dict. 1617, thus: "To taunt, to find fault with, or bite with words."

It is observable that in the original copy the word *capring* is exhibited without an apostrophe, according to the usual practice of that time. So, in Marlowe's Hero and Leander, 1598:

"Whereat the saphir-visag'd god grew proud,
"And made his *capring* Triton sound aloud."

The original reading is also strongly confirmed by Henry's description of the *capering fools*, who, he supposes, will immediately after his death flock round his son:

"Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum;
"Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, *dance*,
"Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
"The oldest sins the newest kind of way," &c.

Capering, I apprehend, is not used, in its literal sense, to signify *dancing*, but metaphorically. So, Sir William Cornwallyes, in his Essayes: "We of these latter times full of a nice curiosity, mislike all the performances of our forefathers; we say they were honest plaine men, but they wanted the *capring* wits of this ripe age."

So also, in Cynthia's Revels, Act II. Sc. I.: "Though you can presume upon the easiness and dexterity of your wit, you shall give me leave to be a little jealous of mine; and not desperately to hazard it after your *capering humour*." BOSWELL.

[7] And gave his countenance, against his name,] Made his presence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

"Against his name" is, I think, parenthetical. He gave his

Of every beardless vain comparative [9]:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity [1]:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes [2],

countenance, (to the diminution of his *name* or character,) to laugh, &c. In plain English, he honoured gibing boys with his company, and dishonoured himself by joining in their mirth. MALONE.

To *countenance*, or to *give countenance to*, are common expressions, and mean, to *patronize* or *encourage*. M. MASON.

[8] To laugh at gibing boys,] i. e. at the jests of gibing boys. MALONE.

[9] Of every beardless vain comparative;] Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the King's.

When Lewis XIV. was asked, why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery, he answered, that he who practised raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Conversation.* JOHNSON.

Comparative, I believe, is equal, or rival in any thing; and may therefore signify, in this place,—every one who thought himself on a level with the Prince. So, in the second of The Four Plays in One, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——— Gerrard ever was
" His full *comparative*——." STEEVENS.

I believe *comparative* means here, one who affects wit, a *dealer in comparisons*. " The most *comparative* prince " has already occurred in the play before us; and the following passage in Love's Labour's Lost, is yet more apposite in support of this interpretation:

" —— The world's large tongue
" Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks
" Full of *comparisons*, and wounding flouts." MALONE.

[1] ENFEOFF'D himself to popularity:] To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possession. So in the old comedy of Wily Beguiled: " I protested to *enfeoffe* her in forty pounds a year." STEEVENS.

Gave *himself up* absolutely and entirely *to popularity*. A *feofment* was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England were granted in fee-simple for several ages, till the conveyance of Lease and Release was invented by Serjeant Moor, about the year 1630. Every deed of feofment was accompanied with *livery of seisin*, that is, with the delivery of corporal possession of the land or tenement granted in fee. MALONE.

[2] That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,] Nearly the

They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspéct
As cloudy men use to their adversaries[3];
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou[4]:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world[5],

same expression occurs in A Warning for Faire Women, a tragedy, 1599:

"The people's *eyes* have *fed* them with my sight."
MALONE.

[3] As CLOUDY men use to their adversaries;] Strada, in his imitation of Statius, describing the look thrown by the German on his Portuguese antagonist, has the same expression:

Lusiademque tuens, et amaro *nubilus* ore—. STEEVENS.

[4] And in that very line, Harry, standest thou:] So, in The Merchant of Venice:

"In this predicament, I say, thou stand'st." STEEVENS.

[5] For all the world,] Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the verse, reads—

"*Harry*, for all the world——." STEEVENS.

As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession [6]:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior in his enterprizes

[6] He hath more worthy interest TO the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:] This is obscure. I believe the meaning is—Hotspur hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who hast only the *shadowy right of lineal succession*, while he has real and solid power. JOHNSON.

Rather,—He better deserves to inherit the kingdom than thyself, who art intitled by birth to that succession of which thy vices render thee unworthy. RITSON.

To have an interest *to* any thing, is not English. If we read,

" He hath more worthy interest *in* the state,"

the sense would be clear, and agreeable to the tenor of the rest of the King's speech. M. MASON.

I believe the meaning is only, he hath more popularity in the realm, more weight with the people, than thou the heir apparent to the throne.—

" From thy *succession* bar me, father; I
" Am heir to my affection——"

says Florizel, in The Winter's Tale.

We should now write—*in* the state, but there is no corruption in the text. So, in The Winter's Tale: " —he is less frequent *to* his princely exercises than formerly." MALONE.

Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate [7] against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest [8] enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,——
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them, that have so much sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask [9],

[7] Capitulate —] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles. Steevens.

Rather, *combine*, *confederate*, *indent*. To capitulate is *to draw up any thing in heads or articles*. *Johnson's Dictionary*. Ritson.

To *capitulate*, Minsheu explains thus: "—per *capita* seu *articulos* pacisci;" and nearly in this sense, I believe, it is used here. The Percies, we are told by Walsingham, sent about letters containing three *articles*, or principal grievances, on which their rising was founded; and to this perhaps our author alludes. Malone.

[8] — dearest —] *Dearest* is *most fatal, most mischievous*. Johnson.

[9] And stain my favours in a bloody mask,] We should read —*favour*, i. e. countenance. Warburton.

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:

Favours are *features*. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that *favours*, in this place, means *features*, or that the plural number of *favour* in that sense is ever used. I believe *favours* mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. So, afterwards, in this play:

"But let my *favours* hide thy mangled face:"

where the Prince must have meant his scarf.

Again, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630:

"Aruns, these crimson *favours*, for thy sake,
"I'll wear upon my forehead mask'd with blood."

STEEVENS.

Steevens's explanation of this passage appears to be right. The word *garment*, in the preceding line, seems to confirm it.

M. MASON.

I think Johnson is clearly right. Mask can have no meaning as applied to decoration or garment. In Heywood, as here, the mask is the blood upon his forehead. *Favours* is used for *features* in Richard II. p. 131:

"—— Yet I well remember
"The *favours* of these men." BOSWELL.

If not, the end of life cancels all bands[1];
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of[2].
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word[3],—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,

[1] — cancels all BANDS;] i. e. *bonds*, for thus the word was anciently spelt. So, in The Comedy of Errors:

"My master is arrested on a *band*."

Shakspeare has the same allusion in Macbeth:

"*Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond*," &c.

Again, in Cymbeline:

"And *cancel* these cold *bonds*." STEEVENS.

[2] So HATH the business that I come to speak of.] So also the business that I come to speak of, hath *speed*; i. e. requires immediate attention and dispatch. Mr. Pope changed *hath* to *is*, and the alteration has been adopted, in my opinion, unnecessarily, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

[3] LORD MORTIMER OF SCOTLAND hath sent word,] There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *Lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the King.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the King's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being the Earl of March in England, the other, Earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer* instead of *March*. STEEVENS.

The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat[4], while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown[5]; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in

[4] Advantage feeds HIM fat,] i. e. feeds *himself.* MALONE. So, in The Taming of the Shrew:

"Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed *him*
"No better than a poor and loathsome beggar."

STEEVENS.

[5] — my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown;] Pope has in The Dunciad availed himself of this idea:

"In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin." MALONE.

some liking[6]; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse[7]: the inside

[6] — while I am in some LIKING;] While I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *well-liking* in the same sense in Love's Labour's Lost, vol. iv. p. 418:

"*Well liking* wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat."

MALONE.

So, in the Book of Job, xxxix. 4: "—their young ones are in good *liking*." Thus also P. Holland, in his translation of the eleventh book of Pliny's Natural History: "—when they be well *liking*, the heart hath a kind of fat in the utmost tip thereof."

STEEVENS.

[7] —a brewer's horse:] I suppose a *brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A *brewer's horse*, however, is mentioned in Aristippus, or The Jovial Philosopher, 1630: "—to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a sin as to call Pegasus a *brewer's horse*."

STEEVENS.

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but, on the contrary, some striking *dissimilitude*. He says here, "I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse;" just as in Act II. Sc. IV. he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as "a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddish—a horse." TYRWHITT.

That Falstaff was unlike a *brewer's horse*, may be collected from a conundrum which I found in The Devil's Cabinet Opened: "What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse?* Because the one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly?" But *malt-horse*, which is the same thing, was a common term of reproach in our author's time. So, in the Comedy of Errors, vol. iv. p. 192:

"Mome, *malt-horse*, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch."

So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Gifford's edit. vol. i. p. 36:

"Why he has no more judgment than a *malt-horse*."

Again, in Bartholomew Fair, vol. iv. p. 431: "I did not tell you of his fables, I, no, no, I am a dull *malt-horse*, I, I know nothing." BOSWELL.

of a church[8]! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral[9], thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp[1].

[8] —the inside of a church!] The latter words ("the inside of a church!") were, I suspect, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Or Falstaff may be here only repeating his former words—"The inside of a church!"—without any connection with the words immediately preceding. My first conjecture appears to me the most probable. Malone.

[9] —Thou art our admiral, &c.] Decker, in his Wonderful Yeare, 1603, has the same thought. He is describing the Host of a country inn: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose*.—The Hamburghers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East-Indian voyage, to have stoode a nightes *in the Poope of their Admirall, onely to save the charges of candles*." Steevens.

This appears to have been a very old joke. So, in A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull, &c. by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: "Marie, this friar, though he did rise to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his nose was so redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheeks were well set with curral and rubies." Malone.

[1] —the knight of the burning lamp.] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity,

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire [2]: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus,* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph [3], an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches [4], walking with

however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom. Johnson.

The "knight of the burning lamp," and the "knight of the burning pestle," are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. Steevens.

[2] — By this fire:] Here the quartos 1599 and 1608 very profanely add:—"that's God's angel." This passage is perhaps alluded to in Histriomastrix, 1610, where Asinius says: "By this candle (which is none of *God's angels*) I remember you started back at sprite and flame." Mr. Henley, however, observes, that "by the extrusion of the words now omitted, the intended antithesis is lost." Steevens.

[3] — thou art a perpetual triumph,] So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"And what now rests but that we spend the time
"With stately *triumphs,* mirthful comick shows,
"Such as befit the pleasures of the court."

A *triumph* was a general term for any publick exhibition, such as a royal marriage, a grand procession, &c. &c. which commonly being at night, were attended by multitudes of torch-bearers. Steevens.

[4] — Thou hast saved me a thousand marks, &c.] This pas-

thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap[5], at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

BARD. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

sage stands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help seizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakspeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps,) *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. So, in Decker's Satiromastix: "—dost roar? thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry *lantern and candle light*." Again, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, among the Cries of London:

"*Lanthorn and candlelight* here,
"Maid ha' light here.
"Thus go the cries," &c.

Again, in King Edward IV. 1626:

"No more calling of *lanthorn and candlelight*."

Again, in Pierce Pennyless's Supplication to the Devil, 1595: "It is said that you went up and down London, crying like *a lantern and candleman*." STEEVENS.

[5] —good cheap,] *Cheap* is *market*, and *good cheap* therefore is *a bon marché*. JOHNSON.

So, in Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 1599:

"If this weather hold, we shall have hay *good cheap*."

Again, in the anonymous play of King Henry V.:

"Perhaps thou may'st agree *better cheap* now."

And again, in these two proverbs:

"They buy *good cheap* that bring nothing home."
"He'll ne'er have thing *good cheap* that's afraid to ask the price."

Cheap (as Dr. Johnson has observed) is undoubtedly an old word for *market*. So, in the ancient metrical romance of Syr Bevys of Hampton, bl. l. no date:

"Tyll he came to the *chepe*
"There he founde many men of a hepe."

From this word, *East-cheap*, *Chep-stow*, *Cheap-side*, &c. are derived; indeed a passage that follows in Syr Bevys may seem to fix the derivation of the latter:

"So many men was dead,
"The *Chepe syde* was of blode red." STEEVENS.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet [6] the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell [7]. You owe money here be-

[6] — dame Partlet —] *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of Reynard the Fox; and in Chaucer's tale of The Cock and the Fox, the favourite hen is called dame *Pertelote*. Steevens.

[7] — holland of eight shillings an ell.] This has been supposed to be an error, but there is no ground for such a notion. Falstaff's shirts, according to this calculation, would come to about 22*s.* a piece; and we learn from Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, that the shirt of the meanest man cost at least five shillings. He thus concludes his invective upon this subject: "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillynges, some twentie,

sides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings[6], and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

FAL. He had his part of it; let him pay.

HOST. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

FAL. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich[7]? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me[8]? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked[9]?

some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare,) some ten pounde a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doest cost a crowne, or a noble at the least; and yet this is scarsly thought fine enough for the simplest person that is." MALONE.

6 — by-drinkings,] Drinkings between meals.

DALRYMPLE.

7 — What call you rich?] A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich* face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* JOHNSON.

8 — a YOUNKER of me?] A *younker* is a *novice*, a young inexperienced man easily gulled. So, in Gascoigne's Glass for Government, 1575:

"These *yonkers* shall pay for the rost."

See Spenser's Eclogue on May, and Sir Tho. Smith's Commonwealth of England, book i. ch. xxiii.

This contemptuous distinction is likewise very common in the old plays. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother:

"I fear he'll make an ass of me, a *yonker*."

I learn, however, from Smith's Sea-Grammar, 1627, (there was an earlier edition,) that one of the senses of the term—*younker*, was "the young men" employed "to take in the top-sailes." They are mentioned as distinct characters from the sailors, who "are the *ancient* men for hoisting the sailes," &c.

STEEVENS.

9 — shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?] There is a peculiar force in these words. "To take mine ease in mine inne," was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's house is his castle!" for *inne* originally signified *a house* or *habitation.* [Sax. inne, *domus, domicilium.*] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify *a house of entertainment*, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakspeare: or perhaps Falstaff here humorously puns upon the word *inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark[1].

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack[2], a sneak-cup;

In John Heywood's Works, imprinted at London, 1598, quarto, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. vi. is the following:

"Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
"To let the world wag, and *take my ease in mine inne.*"

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Ease in an Inne.*]

"Thou *takest thine ease in thine inne* so nye thee,
"That no man in his inne can take ease by thee."

Otherwise:

"Thou *takest thine ease in thine inne*, but I see,
"Thine *inne* taketh neither ease nor profit by thee."

Now in the first of these distichs the word *inne* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *inne* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present.

PERCY.

Gabriel Harvey, in a MS. note to Speght's Chaucer, says, "Some of Heywood's epigrams are supposed to be the conceits and devices of pleasant sir Thomas More."

Inne, for a habitation, or a recess, is frequently used by Spenser, and other ancient writers. So, in A World toss'd at Tennis, 1620: "These great rich men must *take their ease in their inn.*" Again, in Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617: "The beggar Irus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would *take his ease in his inne*, as well as the peeres of Ithaca." STEEVENS.

I believe *inns* differed from *castles*, in not being of so much consequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified. So *inns* of court, and in the universities, before the endowment of colleges. Thus, Trinity college, Cambridge, was made out of and built on the site of several *inns*. LORT.

[1] — a SEAL-RING of my grandfather's, worth FORTY MARK.] This seems to have been the usual price of such a ring about Falstaff's time. In the printed Rolls of Parliament, vol. vi. p. 140, we meet with "A *signet of gold*, to the value of xl marcs."

RITSON.

[2] — the prince is a JACK,] This term of contempt occurs

An he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

FAL. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

BARD. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion[3]?

HOST. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. HEN. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

HOST. Good my lord, hear me.

FAL. Pry'thee let her alone, and list to me.

P. HEN. What sayest thou, Jack?

FAL. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. HEN. What didst thou lose, Jack?

FAL. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

P. HEN. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

HOST. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks

frequently in these plays. In The Taming of the Shrew, Katharine calls her musick-master, in derision, a twangling *Jack*.
MALONE.

This term is likewise met with in Coriolanus, The Merchant of Venice, Cymbeline, &c. &c. but is still so much in use, as scarcely to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

[3] —Newgate-fashion?] As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's Satiromastix, 1601: "Why then come; we'll walk arm in arm, as though we were leading one another to *Newgate*." REED.

most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune[4]; nor no more truth in thee, than in

[4] There's no more faith in thee than in a STEWED PRUNE; &c.] The propriety of these similes I am not sure that I fully understand. A *stewed prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taste. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox *often hunted*; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for *pursuit by the track*. My interpretation makes the *fox* suit better to the *prune*. These are very slender disquisitions, but such is the task of a commentator.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a *dish of stewed prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing in her shop."

In Measure for Measure, Act II. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying, "that she came in great with child, and longing for *stewed prunes*, which stood in a dish," &c.

Slender, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a *dish of stewed prunes*.

In another old dramatick piece entitled, If this be not a Good Play the Devil is in it, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and says, "This is the pension of the stewes, you need not untie it; 'tis stew-money, sir, *stewed prune cash*, sir."

Among the other sins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagonist, Nash, "to be drunk with the sirrop or liquor of *stewed prunes*," is not the least insisted on.

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, Part II. 1630: "Peace! two dishes of *stewed prunes*, a bawd and a pander!" Again, in Northward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607, a bawd says, "I will have but six *stewed prunes* in a dish, and some of mother Wall's cakes; for my best customers are tailors." Again, in The Noble Stranger, 1640: "—to be drunk with cream and *stewed prunes!*—Pox on't, bawdy-house fare." Again, in Decker's Seven

a drawn fox[5]; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee[6]. Go, you thing, go.

Deadly Sinnes of London, 1606: "Nay, the sober Perpetuana-suited Puritane, that dares not (so much as by moone-light) come neare the suburb shadow of a house where they set *stewed prunes* before you, raps as boldly at the hatch, when he knows Candle-light is within, as if he were a new chosen constable."

The passages already quoted are sufficient to show that *a dish of stewed prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

From A Treatise on the Lues Venerea, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for those persons already infected; and that both *stewed prunes* and roasted apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *stewed prunes*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of *stewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance, 1595, we have "a stock of wenches, set up with their *stewed prunes*, nine for a tester."

FARMER.

[5] — a drawn fox;] A *drawn fox* may be a fox drawn over the ground, to exercise the hounds. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Tamer Tamed:

"—— that *drawn fox* Moroso."

Mr. Heath observes, that "a *fox drawn* over the ground to leave a scent, and exercise the hounds, may be said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox."

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes Olaus Magnus, lib. xviii. cap. xxxix.: "Insuper finget se mortuam," &c. This particular and many others relative to the subtilty of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers. STEEVENS.

[6] — MAID MARIAN may be, &c.] *Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris.

JOHNSON.

In the ancient Songs of Robin Hood frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many passages in my old MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

" Good Robin Hood was living then,
" Which now is quite forgot,
" And so was fayre *maid marian*," &c. PERCY.

It appears from the old play of The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name assumed by Matilda the daughter of Robert Lord Fitzwater, while Robin Hood remained in a state of outlawry:

" Next 'tis agreed (if therto shee agree)
" That faire *Matilda* henceforth change her name;
" And while it is the chance of *Robin Hoode*
" To live in Sherewodde a poore outlawes life,
" She by *maide Marian's* name be only call'd.
" *Mat.* I am contented; reade on, little John:
" Henceforth let me be nam'd *maide Marian*."

This lady was poisoned by King John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity. Drayton has written her legend.

Shakspeare speaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown.

See Figure 2, in the plate at the end of this play, with Mr. Tollet's observation on it. STEEVENS.

Maid Marian seems to have been the lady of a *Whitsun-ale*, or *morris-dance*. The Widow, in Sir W. D'Avenant's Love and Honour, (p. 247,) says: " I have been *Mistress Marian* in a *Maurice* ere now." Morris is, indeed, there spelt wrong; the dance was not so called from prince *Maurice*, but from the Spanish *morisco*, a dancer of the *morris* or *moorish* dance.

HAWKINS.

There is an old piece entitled, Old Meg of Herefordshire for a *Mayd-Marian*, and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance; or 12 Morris-dancers in Herefordshire, of 1200 Years old. Lond. 1609, quarto. It is dedicated to one Hall, a celebrated Tabourer in that country. T. WARTON.

A reprint of it was published by Mr. Triphook in 1816.

BOSWELL.

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh [7]; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion.

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break [8]!

[7] —neither fish, nor flesh;] So, the proverb: "*Neither fish nor flesh*, nor good red herring." Steevens.

[8] — I pray God, my girdle break!] Alluding to the old adage —"ungirt, unblest." Thus, in The Phantastick Age, bl. l. an ancient ballad:

"*Ungirt, unblest*, the proverbe sayes;
"And they, to prove it right,
"Have got a fashion now adayes
"That's odious to the sight;
"Like Frenchmen, all on points they stand,
"No *girdles* now they wear," &c.

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal[9], if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain[1]. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong[2]: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.——You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in 'Tis Merry when Gossips Meet, a poem, 4to. 1609:

"How say'st thou, Besse? shall it be so, girle? speake:
"If I make one, *pray God my girdle break!*" STEEVENS.

This wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter. MALONE.

9 —impudent, EMBOSSED rascal,] *Embossed* is *swoln, puffy*. JOHNSON.

So, in King Lear:

"A plague-sore, or *embossed* carbuncle." STEEVENS.

1 —if thy pocket were enriched with any other INJURIES but these, &c.] As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phrase, I suppose, the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—*injuries*. STEEVENS.

2 —you will not pocket up wrong:] Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose Falstaff in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution *not to pocket up wrongs* or *injuries*, to which the Prince alludes. JOHNSON.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still? —Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,— How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too[3].

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall

[3] — do it with UNWASHED HANDS too.] i. e. do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

So, in The More the Merrier, a collection of Epigrams, 1608:

"———— as a school-boy dares
"Fall to *ere wash'd his hands*, or said his prayers."

Perhaps, however, Falstaff alludes to the ancient adage:—"Illotis manibus tractare sacra." I find the same expression in Acolastus, a comedy, 1540: "Why be these holy thynges to be medled with *with unwashed hands?*" STEEVENS.

I cannot accede to this explanation. It appears to me, that Falstaff means to say, *do it without retracting, or repenting of it.* When a man is unwilling to engage in a business proposed to him, or to go all lengths in it, it is a common expression to say,— I *wash my hands* of it: and in the Gospel of St. Matthew, we find that when Pilate was forced to condemn Christ by the tumult of the multitude, "he took water, and *washed his hands*, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person." And in King Richard III. the second Murderer says:

"———— a bloody deed!
"How fain, like Pilate, would I *wash my hands*
"Of this most grievous guilty murder done." M. MASON.

I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph——

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—
Go, Poins, to horse[4], to horse; for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.——
Jack,
Meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall
At two o'clock i' the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!——Hostess, my breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

[4] — Poins, to horse,] I cannot but think that *Peto* is again put for *Poins*. I suppose the old copy had only a P——. We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but Lieutenant to Falstaff. Johnson.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, Steevens.

The old copies read—"Go, *Peto*, to horse." In further support of Dr. Johnson's emendation, it may be observed, that *Poins* suits the metre of the line, which would be destroyed by a word of two syllables. Malone.

I am inclined to think, with Mr. Douce, that this speech, from the commencement, to the words "at two o'clock i' the afternoon," was intended for prose. Boswell.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas[5] have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers[6]; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him[7].

[5] — THE Douglas —] This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of *the* Douglas family. STEEVENS.

[6] — I DEFY
The tongues of soothers;] To *defy* means here to *disdain*. M. MASON.

[7] But I will BEARD him.] To *beard* is to *oppose face to face* in a hostile or daring manner. So, in Drayton's Quest of Cynthia:

" That it with woodbine durst compare
" And *beard* the eglantine."

Again, in Macbeth:

" —— met them dareful, *beard* to *beard*."

Again, in Chapman's version of the first Iliad:

" —— or in this proud kind bear
" Their *beards* against me."

This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *head* a man, was to *cut off his head*, and to *beard* him, signified to *cut off his beard;* a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So, Drayton, in his Polyolbion, Song 4:

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time [8]? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord [9].

" And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
" Made of the *beards* of kings." STEEVENS.

'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time?] Epaminondas, being told, on the evening before the battle of Leuctra, that an officer of distinction had died in his tent, exclaimed, " Good gods! how could any body find time to die in such a conjuncture." *Xenophon. Hellenic.* lib. vi. p. 596. BLAKEWAY.

9 *Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my LORD.] The old copies—" not I *my mind*," and—" not I *his mind*." STEEVENS.

The line should be read and divided thus:

" *Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I.
" *Hot.* His mind!"

Hotspur had asked, " who leads his powers?" The Messenger answers, " His letters bear his mind." The other replies, " His mind!" As much as to say, I enquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character. WARBURTON.

The earliest quarto, 1598, reads—" not I my *mind;*"—the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word *mind*, which had occurred immediately before; an error which often happens at the press. The printer of the third quarto, in 1604, not seeing how the mistake had arisen, in order to obtain some sense, changed *my* to *his*, reading, " not I *his* mind," which was followed in all the subsequent ancient editions. The present correction, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Capell. In two of the other speeches spoken by the Messenger, he uses the

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.——
He writes me here,—that inward sickness [9]—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd [1], but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

same language, nor is it likely that he should address Hotspur, without this mark of respect. In his *first* speech the Messenger is interrupted by the impetuosity of the person whom he addresses, to whom, it may be supposed, he would otherwise have there also given his title. MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Malone in printing this *first* speech with a break after—*father*——. At the same time I suspect that the word—*come*, which deprives the sentence of all pretensions to harmony, was a playhouse interpolation, and that the passage originally ran as follows:

"These letters from your father——." STEEVENS.

9 — that inward sickness—] A line, probably, has here been lost. MALONE.

I suspect no omission. Hotspur is abruptly enumerating the principal topicks of the letter he has before him. STEEVENS.

1 On any soul remov'd,] On any *less near* to himself; on any whose interest is *remote*. JOHNSON.

So, in Hamlet:

"It wafts you to a more *removed* ground." MALONE.

So, in As You Like It: "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so *removed* a dwelling." STEEVENS.

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now[2];
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes[3].

[2] —NO QUAILING now;] To *quail* is to *languish*, to *sink into dejection*. So, in Cymbeline:

"For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
"*Quail* to remember——."

Perhaps from the timid caution occasionally practised by the bird of that name. So, in Chaucer's Clerke's Tale:

"And thou shalt make him *couche as doth a quaille*."

STEEVENS.

[3] — for therein should we READ
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very LIST, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes,] To read *the bottom and the soul of hope, and the bound of fortune*, though all the copies, and all the editors, have received it, surely cannot be right. I can think on no other word than *risque*:

"—— therein should we *risque*
"The very bottom," &c.

The *list* is the *selvage*; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent. If we should with less change read *rend*, it will only suit with *list*, not with *soul* or *bottom*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"—— we then should *see the bottom*
"Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

I once wished to read—*tread*, instead of *read*; but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To *read a bound* is certainly a very harsh phrase, but not more so than many others of Shakspeare. At the same time that *the bottom* of their fortunes should be dis-

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains [4] a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in [5]:
A comfort of retirement [6] lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt [7]

played, its *circumference* or *boundary* would be necessarily exposed to view. *Sight* being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakspeare's licentious language, for *to see*.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from King Henry VI. strongly confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in Romeo and Juliet:

" Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
" Which *sees* into the *bottom* of my grief?"

And this in Measure for Measure:

" —— and it concerns me
" To *look* into the *bottom* of my place."

One of the phrases in the text is found in Twelfth Night: "She is the *list* of my voyage." The other [the *soul* of hope] occurs frequently in our author's plays, as well as in those of his contemporaries. Thus, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, we find—" the *soul* of counsel;" and in Troilus and Cressida—" the *soul* of love." So also, in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion:

" —— Your desperate arm
" Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope*."

MALONE.

[4] WHERE now remains —] *Where* is, I think, used here for *whereas*. It is often used with that signification by our author and his contemporaries. MALONE.

So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act I. Sc. I.:

" *Where* now you are both a father and a son."

STEEVENS.

[5] We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:] Read:

" We *now* may boldly spend, upon the hope
" Of what is to come in." RITSON.

[6] A comfort of retirement —] A support to which we may have recourse. JOHNSON.

[7] The quality and HAIR of our attempt —] The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh

Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side [8]

to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In an old comedy called The Family of Love, I meet with an expression which very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation:

"—— They say I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may stand to't."

Again, in The Coxcomb, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— since he will be
"An ass against the *hair*." STEEVENS.

This word is used in the same sense in the old interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1598:

"But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *haire*." MALONE.

Perhaps *hair* is put for *air*, *outward appearance*. See a note on Macbeth, vol. xi. p. 204. BOSWELL.

[8] — we of the OFFERING side —] All the latter editions read —*offending*, but all the older copies which I have seen, from the first quarto to the edition of Rowe, read—"we of the *off'ring* side." Of this reading the sense is obscure, and therefore the change has been made; but since neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be mistaken, I cannot but suspect that *offering* is right, especially as it is read in the copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any single edition, that I have yet seen, of a play written by Shakspeare.

The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers*; increases its numbers only by *promises*. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight.

The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition to the *defendant*; and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

Johnson's last explanation of the word *offering*, appears to be right. His first is far-fetched and unnatural. M. MASON.

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear [9]
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear [1].

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

9 This absence of your father's DRAWS a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of FEAR, &c.] To *draw* a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to *undraw* one has at present. So, (says Mr. Malone,) in a stage direction in King Henry VI. Part II. (quarto, 1600,) "Then the *curtaines* being *drawne*, Duke Humphrey is *discovered* in his bed."

Fear, in the present instance, signifies a terrifick object. STEEVENS.

1 — TERM of fear.] Folio—*dream* of fear. MALONE.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales [2],
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd [3];

[2] The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,] Shakspeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the Prince: "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck, or doe, in a large park." STEEVENS.

[3] All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that WING the wind;
Bated like eagles, &c.] The old copies—that *with* the wind. For the sake of affording the reader a text easily intelligible, I have followed the example of Mr. Malone, by adopting Dr. Johnson's emendation.

See the following notes. STEEVENS.

What is the meaning of *estridges*, 'that bated with the wind like eagles?' for the relative *that*, in the usual construction, must relate to *estridges*.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

"All plum'd like estridges, *and* with the wind
"*Bating* like eagles."

By which he has escaped part of the difficulty, but has yet left impropriety sufficient to make his reading questionable.

I read:

"All furnish'd, all in arms,
"All plum'd like estridges, that *wing* the wind
"Bated like eagles."

This gives a strong image. They were not only plumed like estridges, but their plumes fluttered like those of an estridge beating the wind with his wings. A more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprize, perhaps no writer has ever given. JOHNSON.

I believe *estridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. I should have suspected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the same reading.

Glittering in golden coats, like images[4];
As full of spirit as the month of May,

In the 22d Song of Drayton's Polyolbion is the same thought:

" Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been:
" The Mountfords *all in plumes, like estridges,* were seen."

STEEVENS.

I have little doubt that instead of *with,* some verb ought to be substituted here. Perhaps it should be *whisk.* The word is used by a writer of Shakspeare's age. England's Helicon, sign. Q:

" This said, he *whisk'd* his particoloured wings."

TYRWHITT.

This is one of those passages, in which, in my apprehension, there can be no doubt that there is some corruption, either by the omission of an entire line, or by one word being printed instead of another. The first quarto, which is followed by all the other ancient copies, reads:

" All plum'd like estridges, that *with* the wind,
" Bated like eagles having lately bath'd."

From the context, it appears to me evident that two distinct comparisons were here intended, that two objects were mentioned, to *each* of which the Prince's troops were compared; and that our author could never mean to compare *estridges* to *eagles,* a construction which the word *with* forces us to. In each of the subsequent lines a distinct image is given.—Besides, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, " What is the meaning of *estridges that bated with the wind like eagles?* for the relative *that* in the usual construction must relate to estridges."

Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in thinking the old text corrupt. I have therefore adopted the slight alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson—that *wing* the wind; which gives an easy sense.—The *spirit* and *ardour* of the troops are marked by their being compared to eagles in the next line; but the estridges appear to be introduced here, as in the passage quoted above, from Drayton, by Mr. Steevens, solely on account of the soldiers' *plumes;* and the manner in which those birds are said to move, sufficiently explains the meaning of the words—that *wing* the wind. If this emendation be not just, and *with* be the true reading, a line must have been lost, in which the particular movement of the estridge was described. The concurrence of the copies (mentioned by Mr. Steevens in a foregoing note,) militates but little in my mind against the probability of such an omission; for, in general, I have observed, that whenever there is a corruption in one copy, it is continued in every subsequent one. Omission is one of the most frequent errors of the press, and we have undoubted proofs that some lines were omitted in the early editions of these plays,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

See p. 64, of this volume; and vol. ix. p. 7. See also King Henry VI. Part II. Act III. Sc. IV. where the following line is omitted in the folio, 1623:

"Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?"

There is still another objection to the old reading, that I had nearly forgotten. Supposing the expression—"that *with* the wind bated like eagles"—was defensible, and that these estridges were intended to be compared to eagles, why should the comparison be in the *past* time? Would it not be more natural to say,—The troops were all plumed like estridges, that, like *eagles*, *bate* with the wind, &c.

On the whole, I think it most probable that a line, in which the motion of estridges was described, was inadvertently passed over by the transcriber or compositor, when the earliest copy was printed; an error which has indisputably happened in other places in these plays. It is observable, that in this passage, as it stands in the old copy, there is no verb: nothing is predicated concerning the troops. In the lost line, it was very probably said, that they were then *advancing*. Rather, however, than print the passage with asterisks as imperfect, I have, as the lesser evil, adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation. Mr. Steevens's notes perfectly explain the text as now regulated.

I have said that nothing is predicated of these *plumed troops*, and this is a very strong circumstance to show that a line was omitted, in which they probably were at once described as in motion, and compared (for the sake of their plumage) to ostridges. The omitted line might have been of this import:

"All furnish'd, all in arms,
"All plum'd like estridges, that *with* the wind
"*Run on, in gallant trim they now advance:*
"Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
"Glittering in golden coats like images,
"As full of spirit as the month of May,
"And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
"Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls."

MALONE.

"All *plum'd* like estridges." All dressed like the Prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. GREY.

"*Bated* like eagles having lately *bath'd*." To *bate* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight. JOHNSON.

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on [5],
His cuisses on his thighs [6], gallantly arm'd,—

The following passage from David and Bethsabe, 1599, will confirm Dr. Johnson's assertion:

"Where all delights sat *bating*, wing'd with thoughts,
"Ready to nestle in her naked breast."

Again, in Greene's Card of Fancy, 1608: "—made her check at the prey, *bate* at the lure," &c.

Writers on falconry also often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles, as highly necessary for their health and spirits.—All birds, after *bathing*, (which almost all birds are fond of,) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*, and by Shakspeare, 'bating with the wind.'—It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after *bathing*. STEEVENS.

This appears to be justly explained by Steevens. When birds have bathed, they cannot fly until their feathers be disentangled, by *bating* with the wind. M. MASON.

Bated is, I believe, here used for *bating*, the passive for the active participle; a licence which our author often takes. So, in Othello:

"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack."

Again, in The Comedy of Errors:

"And careful hours with time's *deformed* hand."

To *bate*, as appears from Minsheu's Dict. 1617, was originally applied to birds of prey, when they swoop upon their quarry. *S'abbatre, se devaller*, Fr. Hence it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, to flutter: "à Gal. *batre*, (says Minsheu,) i. e. to beat, because she [the hawk] beats herself with unquiet fluttering." MALONE.

The evident corruption or mutilation in these lines, has rendered any attempt to explain them a task of great difficulty. It will be necessary in the first place to ascertain the exact sense of the word *estridge;* and although it is admitted that the *ostrich* was occasionally so denominated by our old writers, it is by no means certain that this bird is meant in the present instance. It may seem a very obvious comparison between the feathers of a crested helmet and those of the ostrich; and had the expression "plum'd like estridges" stood *singly*, no doubt whatever could have arisen. It is what follows that occasions the difficulty.

The old copies read, "with the wind:" now if the ostrich had been here alluded to, the conjectural substitution of *wing* would have been absolutely requisite; but the line which follows cannot by any possible construction be made to apply to that bird.

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted [7] with such ease into his seat,

It relates altogether to falconry, a sport to which Shakspeare is perpetually referring. Throughout the many observations on these difficult lines, it has been quite overlooked that *estridge* signifies a *goshawk*. In this sense the word is used in Antony and Cleopatra, vol. xii. p. 336:

"And in that mood [of fury] the dove will peck the *estridge*."

There is likewise a similar passage in the third part of King Henry VI. which may serve as a commentary on the above line:

"So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
"So *doves* do peck the *faulcon's* piercing talons."

It would be absurd to talk of a dove pecking an ostrich; the allusion is to the practice of flying falcons at pigeons. Thus Golding, in his translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, fo. 9:

"With flittering feather sielie *doves* so from the *gosshawk* flie."

The manor of Radeclyve in Nottinghamshire was held by the service of "mewing a goshawk;" in the original charter, "mutandi unum *estricium*." In the romance of Guy earl of Warwick, we have:

"*Estrich falcons*, of great mounde."

Falconers are often called *ostregers* and *ostringers* in the old books of falconry, and elsewhere. *Estridge* for *ostrich* or *ostridge* is a corrupt spelling that crept into the language at the commencement of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and it appears that after that period the two words were very often confounded together, and used one for the other.

The explanation of "to bate," as cited from Minsheu in one of the notes, cannot apply to *ostriches*, though it does, very properly, to a bird of prey like the falcon.

After all, there is certainly a line lost, as Mr. Malone has very justly and ingeniously conjectured; but the place should rather seem to have been *after* the word *bath'd*, than *before*. The sense of the old copies, as to what remains, will then be tolerably perspicuous:

"All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
"Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd
* * * * * * * *"

i. e. plumed like falcons, which, their feathers being ruffled with the wind, like eagles that have recently bathed, *make a violent fluttering noise;* the words in Italics being here conjecturally offered as something like the sense of the omitted line. DOUCE.

After all, the original reading may admit of defence. It is not uncommon in elliptical language to leave the verb to be understood.

Thus, in Macbeth:

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a firy Pegasus [8],

" *Will you* to Scone?—No cousin, *I'll to* Fife."
instead of " Will you *go* to Scone?"

So, in All's Well that Ends Well:

" His lordship *will* next morning for France;" instead of " will *set out*."

Again, ibid.: " *Will* you any thing *with* it?" instead of " Will you *have* any thing *to do* with it?" BOSWELL.

[4] Glittering in golden coats like images,] This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, book i. ch. iii.:

" He was to weet a stout and sturdie thiefe
" Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments, &c.
" The *holy saints* of their *rich vestiments*
" He did disrobe," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] I saw young Harry,—with his beaver ON,] We should read—" beaver *up*." It is an impropriety to say *on:* for the beaver is only the visiere of the helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen. (Hence Vernon says he *saw young Harry*, &c.) But, when upon action, it was let down to cover and secure the face. Hence, in The Second Part of K. Henry IV. it is said:

" Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down."
WARBURTON.

There is no need of all this note; for *beaver* may be a *helmet;* or the Prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down.
JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton seems not to have observed, that Vernon only says, he saw " young *Harry*," not that he saw his *face*. MALONE.

Bever and *visiere* were two different parts of the helmet. The former part let down to enable the wearer to *drink*, the latter was raised up to enable him to see. LORT.

Shakspeare, however, confounded them; for, in Hamlet, Horatio says, that he saw the old king's face, because " he wore his *beaver up*." Nor is our poet singular in the use of this word. This was the common signification of the word; for Bullokar in his English Expositor, 1616, defines *beaver* thus: " In armour it signifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely." MALONE.

The poet is certainly not guilty of the confusion laid to his charge with respect to the passage in Hamlet; for the beaver was as often made to *lift up* as to *let down*. DOUCE.

And witch the world [9] with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse [1],
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along.
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

For a more detailed examination of this topick, see the notes at the end of this play. Boswell.

[6] His cuisses on his thighs,] *Cuisses*, French. *Armour for the thighs.* Pope.

The reason why his *cuisses* are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised, and the *cuisses* are that part of armour which most hinders a horseman's activity. Johnson.

[7] And vaulted —] The context requires *vault*, but a word of one syllable will not suit the metre. Perhaps our author wrote—*vault it*, a mode of phraseology of which there are some examples in these plays. Malone.

[8] To turn and wind a firy Pegasus,] This idea occurs in Have With You to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, &c. 1596: "— her hottest fury may be resembled to the passing of a brave cariere by a *Pegasus*." Steevens.

[9] And witch the world —] For *bewitch, charm.* Pope.

So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"To sit and *witch* me, as Ascanius did." Steevens.

[1] — take my horse,] So the folio. The quartos, 1598 and 1599, read—*taste*. See the note on "taste your legs," Twelfth-Night, vol. xi. p. 434, n. 9. Boswell.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us make a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick Road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto[1] meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet[2]. I have misused the king's press

[1] — lieutenant Peto —] This passage proves that Peto did not go with the Prince. Johnson.

[2] — souced gurnet.] This is a dish mentioned in that very laughable poem called The Counter-scuffle, 1658:

"Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
"Well stuff'd with sage, and for the smack,
"Daintily strew'd with pepper black,
"*Souc'd gurnet.*"

damnably[3]. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders[4], yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck[5]. I pressed

Souced gurnet is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. So, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635:

" Punck! you *souc'd gurnet!*"

Again, in the Prologue to Wily Beguiled, 1606:

" Out you *souced gurnet*, you wool-fist!"

Among the Cotton MSS. is a part of an old household book for the year 1594. See Vesp. f. xvi.:

" Supper. Paid for a *gurnard*, viii. d." STEEVENS.

A *gurnet* is a *fish very nearly resembling a piper*.

It should seem from one of Taylor's pieces, entitled A Bawd, 12mo. 1635, that a *sowced gurnet* was sometimes used in the same metaphorical sense in which we now frequently use the word *gudgeon:* " Though she [a bawd] live after the flesh, all is fish that comes to the net with her;—She hath baytes for all kinde of frye: a great lord is her Greenland whale; a countrey gentleman is her cods-head; a rich citizen's son is her *sows'd gurnet*, or her *gudgeon*." MALONE.

[3] — I have misused the king's press damnably.] Thus, in the Voyage to Cadiz, 1597. [See Hakluyt, vol. i. p. 607.] " —about the 28 of the said moneth, a certaine Lieutenant was degraded and cashierd, &c. for the taking of money by the way of corruption of *certaine prest souldiers in the countrey*, and for placing of *others in their roomes, more unfit for service*, and of less sufficiency and abilitie." STEEVENS.

[4] — I press me none but good householders, &c.] This practice is complained of in Barnabie Riche's Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 62: " Sir, I perceive by the sound of your words you are a favourite to Captaines, and I thinke you could be contented, that to serve the expedition of these times, we should take up honest *householders*, men that are of wealth and abilitie to live at home, such as your captaines might chop and chaunge, and make marchandise of," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] — worse than a struck FOWL, or a hurt wild-duck.] The repetition of the same image disposed Sir Thomas Hanmer, and

me none but such toasts and butter[6], with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers[7], revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade fallen; the cankers of a calm world,

after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in opposition to all the copies, a *struck deer*, which is indeed a proper expression, but not likely to have been corrupted. Shakspeare, perhaps, wrote a—*struck sorrel*, which, being negligently read by a man not skilled in hunter's language, was easily changed to *struck fowl*. *Sorrel* is used in Love's Labour's Lost for a young *deer;* and the terms of the chase were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman. JOHNSON.

"— fowl." Thus the first quarto, 1598. In a subsequent copy (1608) the word *fowl* being erroneously printed *fool*, that error was adopted in the quarto 1613, and consequently in the folio, which was printed from it. MALONE.

Fowl seems to have been the word designed by the poet, who might have thought an opposition between *fowl*, i. e. domestick birds, and *wild-fowl*, sufficient on this occasion. He has almost the same expression in Much Ado About Nothing: "Alas poor *hurt fowl!* now will he creep into sedges." STEEVENS.

[6] — such toasts and butter,] This term of contempt is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money:

"They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell suckers."
STEEVENS.

"Londiners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called cocknies, and *eaters of buttered tostes*." *Moryson's Itin.* 1617. MALONE.

[7] — younger sons to younger brothers, &c.] Raleigh, in his Discourse on War, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the Discourse. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Oliver Cromwell was indebted to this speech, for the sarcasm which he threw out on the soldiers commanded by Hampden: "Your troops are most of them *old decayed serving men and tapsters*," &c. STEEVENS.

and a long peace [8]; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient [9]: and such have

[8] — cankers of a CALM WORLD, and a long peace;] So, in The Puritan: " — hatched and nourished in the idle *calmness* of peace." Again, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, 1592: " — all the *canker-wormes that breed on the rust of peace*." STEEVENS.

[9] — ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:] Shakspeare uses this word so promiscuously to signify an ensign or standard-bearer, and also the colours or standard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his allusion here. If the text be genuine, I think the meaning must be, as dishonourably ragged as one that has been an ensign all his days; that has let age creep upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Dr. Warburton, who understands it in the second construction, has suspected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation: " How is an old-faced *ancient* or *ensign*, dishonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is esteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. A very little alteration will restore it to its original sense, which contains a touch of the strongest and most fine-turned satire in the world: '— ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old *feast* ancient;' i. e. the *colours* used by the city-companies in their feasts and processions; for each company had one with its peculiar device, which was usually displayed and borne about on such occasions. Now nothing could be more witty or sarcastical than this comparison: for as Falstaff's ragamuffins were reduced to their tattered condition through their riotous excesses; so this old *feast ancient* became torn and shattered, not in any manly exercise of arms, but amidst the revels of drunken bachanals." THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is very acute and judicious; but I know not whether the licentiousness of our author's diction may not allow us to suppose that he meant to represent his soldiers, as *more ragged*, though less honourably ragged, *than an old ancient*. JOHNSON.

" An old faced ancient," is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *faced* are distinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim it;* an expression at present in use. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. So, in this play:

" To *face* the garment of rebellion
" With some fine colour."

Again, in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

" Your tawny coats with greasy *facings* here." STEEVENS.

So, in The Puritan, a comedy, 1607: " —— full of *holes*, like

I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: —Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on[1]; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half[2] in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daintry[3]. But that's all one; they'll find linen[4] enough on every hedge.

a shot *ancient*." The modern editors, instead of *dishonourable* read—*dishonourably;* but the change is unnecessary, for our author frequently uses adjectives adverbially. So again, in this play:

" And since this business so *fair* is done."

Again, in King Henry VIII.: " He is *equal* ravenous as he is subtle." Again, in Hamlet: "I am myself *indifferent* honest." Again, in The Taming of the Shrew:

" Her only fault—
" Is that she is *intolerable* curst."

See also vol. iv. p. 438, n. 7. MALONE.

[1] — GYVES on;] i. e. shackles. POPE.

So, in the old Morality of Hycke Scorner:

" And I will go fetch a pair of *gyves*."

Again:

" They be yeomen of the wrethe, that be shackled in *gyves*."
STEEVENS.

[2] — There's BUT a shirt and a half —] The old copies read— " There's *not* a shirt," &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. In The Merchant of Venice, printed by J. Roberts, 4to. 1600, *but* has taken the place of *not*:

" Repent *but* you that you shall lose your friend." MALONE.

[3] — of DAINTRY.] i. e. Daventry. STEEVENS.

[4] — FIND linen, &c.] This propensity of soldiers in a

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night[5].

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss[6]; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

march to purloin, is noticed by a writer contemporary with Shakspeare. Barnabie Rich says, "Fyrst by the way as they travayle through the countrey where they chaunce to lye all night, the good wyfe hath spedde well if shee fynde hyr sheetes in the morning, or if this happe to fayle, yet a coverlet or curtens from the bed, or a carpet from the table, some bed clothes or table napkins, or some other thing must needs packe away with them, there comes nothing amisse if it will serve to by drinke." *A Right Excellent and Pleasaunt Dialogue betwene Mercury and an English Souldier*, &c. 1574, bl. l. sig. H. 5. REED.

[5] —we must away all night.] Read—"we must away all *to*-night. M. MASON.

Perhaps Westmoreland means—"we must *travel* all night." STEEVENS.

[6] — good enough to toss;] That is, to toss upon a pike. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"The soldiers should have *toss'd me on their pikes*,
"Before I would have granted," &c. STEEVENS.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives[7]:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are[8],
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself[9].

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

[7] As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:] The old copies: "—— that *this day* lives." Steevens.

We should omit the words, *this day*, which weaken the sense and destroy the measure. M. Mason.

[8] —such great leading,] Such conduct, such experience in martial business. Johnson.

The old copies—

"—— such great leading *as you are.*"

By the advice of Mr. Ritson I have omitted the words—*as you are*, which only serve to destroy the metre. Steevens.

[9] — half himself.] Old copies—"half *of* himself." Steevens.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deserving, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality[1],
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs[2]; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,

[1] —of our QUALITY,] *Quality*, in our author's time, was frequently used in the sense of *fellowship* or *occupation*. So, in The Tempest: "Task Ariel and all his *quality*," i. e. all those who were employed with Ariel in similar services or occupations; his fellows. Again, in Hamlet: "—give me a taste of your *quality*." MALONE.

[2] —of your GRIEFS;] That is, *grievances*. So, in A Declaration of the Treasons of the late Earle of Essex, &c. 1601: "The Lord Keeper required the Earle of Essex, that if he would not declare his *griefs* openly, yet that then he would impart them privately." MALONE.

Did give him that same royalty he wears[3]:
And, when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery[4], and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,

[3] My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:] The Percies were in the highest favour with King Henry the Fourth for some time after his accession. Thomas Earl of Worcester was appointed Governour to the Prince of Wales, and was honoured with the custody of Isabel, widow of King Richard the Second, when she was sent back to France after that king's deposition. Hotspur, who accompanied him on that occasion, in the presence of the Ambassadors of both nations, who met between Calais and Boulogne, protested "upon his soul" that she was a virgin, "sound and entire even as she was delivered to King Richard, and if any would say to the contrary, he was ready to prove it against him by combat." *Speed*, p. 753. MALONE.

[4] To sue his livery,] This is a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from those persons who on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir *sued out his livery*. STEEVENS.

Before the 32d year of King Henry the Eighth, wardships were usually granted as court favours, to those who made suit for, and had interest enough to obtain them. RITSON.

During the existence of the feudal tenures, on the death of any of the King's tenants, an inquest of office, called *inquisitio post mortem*, was held, to inquire of what lands he died seized, who was his heir, of what age he was, &c. and in those cases where the heir was a minor, he became the ward of the crown; the land was seized by its officers, and continued in its possession, or that of the person to whom the crown granted it, till the heir came of age, and *sued out his livery*, or *ousterlemaine*, that is, the delivery of the land out of his guardian's hands. To regulate these inquiries, which were greatly abused, many persons being compelled to sue out livery from the crown, who were by no means tenants thereunto, the *Court of Wards and Liveries* was erected by Stat. 32 Hen. VIII. c. 46. See Blackstone's Comm. I 61. III. 258. MALONE.

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less [5] came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him [6],
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg [7];
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some straight decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.

[5] The MORE and less —] i. e. the *greater* and the *less.* STEEVENS.

Steevens has given the words, *the more and less,* the only explanation they can bear; but I have little doubt that we ought to read—

"*They* more and less, came in," &c. M. MASON.

[6] Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,] Perhaps we ought to point differently:

"Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him," &c. MALONE.

[7] Upon the naked shore, &c.] In this whole speech he alludes again to some passages in Richard the Second. JOHNSON.

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that[8], task'd the whole state[9]:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales[1],
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety[2]; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.

[8] And, in the NECK of that,] So, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566: "Great mischiefes succedyng *one in another's necke.*" HENDERSON.

[9] — TASK'D the whole state:] I suppose it should be *tax'd* the whole state. JOHNSON.

Task'd is here used for *taxed;* it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. *Memoirs of P. de Commines,* by Danert, folio, 4th edit. 1674, p. 136: "Duke Philip, by the space of many years, levied neither subsidies nor *tasks.*" Again, in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "— like a greedy surveiour being sent into Fraunce to govern the countrie, robbed them and spoyled them of all their treasure with unreasonable *taskes.*"

Again, in Holinshed, p. 422: "There was a new and strange subsidie or *taske* granted to be levied for the king's use." STEEVENS.

[1] — INCAG'D in Wales,] The old copies have *engag'd.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

No change was necessary. *Engag'd* signifies *delivered as a hostage;* and is again used in that sense. See p. 389, n. 8. DOUCE.

[2] This head of safety;] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief[3],
With winged haste to the lord marshal[4];
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do[5].
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and, I fear, sir Michael,

[3] — sealed BRIEF,] A *brief* is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

[4] — to the LORD MARSHAL;] Thomas Lord Mowbray. MALONE.

[5] *Gent.* My GOOD lord,
I guess their tenor.
Arch. Like enough, YOU DO.] Read:
" *Gent.* My lord, I guess their tenor.
" *Arch.* Like enough." RITSON.

What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion[6],)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence, thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew too[7],
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,)
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's Douglas,
And lord Mortimer[8].

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more cor-rivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,——

[6] — in the first proportion,] Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.

[7] — rated sinew too,] A *rated sinew* signifies a strength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account. JOHNSON.

[8] And Mortimer.] Old copies, redundantly:
"And *lord* Mortimer." STEEVENS.
Yet Mr. Steevens retains *lord* in the next line, where it is equally redundant. BOSWELL.

And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.[9] SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN *of Lancaster, Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF[1].

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill![2] the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes[3];
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

[9] Act V.] It seems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into Acts. The division which was made by the players in the first folio, seems commodious enough; but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himself able to make a better. JOHNSON.

[1] In the old and modern editions the Earl of Westmoreland is made to enter here with the King; but, it appears from a passage in the next scene that he was left as a hostage in Hotspur's camp, till Worcester should return from treating with Henry. See p. 388, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] — BUSKY hill!] *Busky* is *woody*. (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky*. STEEVENS.

I do not know whether Shakspeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmond hill from that spot, as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill. BLAKEWAY.

[3] — to his purposes;] That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. JOHNSON.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathise;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes[4] of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel[5]:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

[4] — DOFF our easy robes —] i. e. *do* them *off*, put them off. So, in King John:

"Thou wear a lion's hide! *doff* it for shame——."

STEEVENS.

[5] To crush OUR OLD LIMBS in ungentle steel:] Shakspeare must have been aware that the King was not at this time more than *four* years older than he was at the deposition of King Richard. And indeed in the next play, he makes him expressly tell us, that it was then—

"—— but *eight years* since
"Northumberland, even to the eyes of Richard,
"Gave him defiance."

But it is altogether fruitless to attempt the reconciliation of our author's chronology. RITSON.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace[6].

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office[7] did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;

[6] Peace, CHEWET, peace.] A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noisy chattering bird, a *pie*. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jest. THEOBALD.

In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which, from their ingredients, seem to have been fat greasy puddings; and to these it is highly probable that the Prince alludes. Both the quartos and folio spell the word as it now stands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's Natural History: "As for *chuets*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk," &c. It appears from a receipt in The Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, by the Master Cook of King Richard II. and published by Mr. Pegge, 8vo. 1780, that these *chewets* were fried in oil. See p. 83, of that work. Cotgrave's Dictionary explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie resembling *our chuet*.

STEEVENS.

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Frilingotti. A kinde of daintie *chewet* or minced pie." MALONE.

[7] — my staff of office —] See Richard the Second, p. 78.

JOHNSON.

And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time [8];
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird [9],
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed [1] by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

[8] — the injuries of a WANTON time;] i. e. the injuries done by King Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. MUSGRAVE.

[9] As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,] The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. JOHNSON.

Thus, in Philemon Holland's Translation of the tenth Book of Pliny's Nat. Hist. ch. 9: "The Titling, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge and bringeth up the chicke of another bird:—and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow* being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old Titling, and eat up her that hatched her." STEEVENS.

[1] — we stand opposed, &c.] We stand in opposition to you. JOHNSON.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated *[2],
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour[3], that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents[4],
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time[5]
Of pellmell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,

* Quartos, *articulate.*

[2] —articulated,] i. e. exhibited in articles. So, in Daniel's Civil Wars, &c. book v.:

"How to *articulate* with yielding wights."

Again, in The Spanish Tragedy:

"To end those things *articulated* here."

Again, in The Valiant Welchman, 1615:

"Drums, beat aloud!—I'll not *articulate*." Steevens.

[3] To face the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour,] This is an allusion to our ancient fantastick habits, which were usually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old Interlude of Nature, bl. l. no date:

"His hosen shall be freshly garded
"Wyth *colours* two or thre." Steevens.

[4] —poor discontents,] Poor *discontents* are *poor discontented people*, as we now say—*malcontents*. So, in Marston's Malcontent, 1604:

"What, play I well the free-breath'd *discontent?*"

Malone.

[5] —starving for a time—] i. e. impatiently expecting a time, &c. So, in The Comedy of Errors:

"And now again clean *starved* for a look." Malone.

This present enterprize set off his head[6],
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young[7],
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it: No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well[8]; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,

[6] — set off his head,] i. e. taken from his account. Musgrave.

[7] More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*more valued young*. I think the present gingle has more of Shakspeare. Johnson.

The same kind of gingle is in Sydney's Astrophel and Stella:

"—— young-wise, wise-valiant." Steevens.

[8] — No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well;] As there appears to be no reason for introducing the negative into this sentence, I should suppose it an error of the press, and that we ought to read:

"*Know*, good Worcester, *know*," &c.

There is sufficient reason to believe that many parts of these plays were dictated to the transcribers, and the words, *know* and *no*, are precisely the same in sound. M. Mason.

And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King*, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me[9], so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit*[1].

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg[2]? No. Or an arm? No. Or

[9] —and bestride me,] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the Duke of Gloucester. STEEVENS.

So again, in The Comedy of Errors:

"When I *bestrid thee in the wars*, and took
"Deep scars, to save thy life." MALONE.

[1] *Exit.*] This *exit* is remarked by Mr. Upton. JOHNSON.

[2] Can honour set to a leg?] Sganarelle, in Moliere's Cocu Imaginaire, argues in a manner remarkably similar:

Quand j'aurai fait le brave, et qu'un fer, pour ma peine,
M' aura d'un vilain coup transpercé la bedaine,
Que par la ville ira le bruit de mon trepas,
Dites-moi, mon honneur, en serez vous plus gras?

BLAKEWAY.

take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon [3], and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best, he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes [4]:

[3] — Honour is a MERE SCUTCHEON,] This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deserers. But Falstaff having said that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions; and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. WARBURTON.

[4] SUSPICION all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes:] The same image of *suspicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called Roxana, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer, with great propriety, would reform the line as I have printed it:

For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur[4], govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's; we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland[5]. Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland[6].

" Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes."
In all former editions, without regard to measure, it stood thus:
" Suspicion, *all our lives*, shall be stuck full of eyes."
All the old copies read—*supposition*. Steevens.
The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[4] —— an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur,] The name of *Hotspur* will privilege him from censure. Johnson.

[5] ——— Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.] He was "impawned as a surety for the safe return" of Worcester. See Act IV. Sc. III. Malone.

[6] *Doug.* Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.] This line,

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so [7].

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd [8], did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking [9]? seem'd it in contempt?

as well as the next, (as has been observed by Mr. Capell,) properly belongs to Hotspur, whose impatience would scarcely suffer any one to anticipate him on such an occasion. MALONE.

[7] Lord DOUGLAS, go you, &c.] *Douglas* is here used as a trisyllable. MALONE.

[8] And Westmoreland, that was ENGAG'D,] *Engag'd* is delivered as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

[9] How show'd his TASKING?] Thus the quarto, 1598. The others, with the folio, read—*talking*. STEEVENS.

I know not whether *tasking* is not here used for *taxing*; i. e. his satirical representation. So, in As You Like It:

"—— my *taxing*, like a wild goose, flies."

See p. 377, n. 9. *Tasking*, however, is sufficiently intelligible in its more usual acceptation. We yet say, "he took him to *task*."
MALONE.

VER. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you [1]:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself [2];
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd [3] there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—

[1] By still dispraising praise, valued with you:] This foolish line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonsense. WARBURTON.

This line is not only in the first folio, but in all the editions before it, that I have seen. Why it should be censured as nonsense I know not. To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise; and there seems to be no reason why Vernon should magnify the Prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakspeare forget the foregoing scene? or are some lines lost from the Prince's speech? JOHNSON.

I do not suspect any omission. Our author in repeating letters and speeches of former scenes in his plays, seldom attends minutely to what he had written. I believe, in these cases he always trusted to memory. MALONE.

[2] He made a blushing CITAL of himself:] Mr. Pope observes, that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather thinkit means *recital*. The verb is used in that sense in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, vol. iv. p. 98:

"—— for we *cite* our faults,
"That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives."

Again, in King Henry V. Act V. Sc. II.:

"Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
"Which you have *cited*," &c. COLLINS.

[3] — he MASTER'D —] i. e. was master of. STEEVENS.

If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear [4]
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty [5]:—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.——
Arm, arm, with speed:——And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,

[4] Upon his follies; never did I hear —] The old copies—*on* his follies. Mr. Pope introduced the syllable necessary to metre. Steevens.

[5] Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:] Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman. Johnson.

The quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—"so wild *a libertie*." Perhaps the author wrote—"so wild *a libertine*." Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"*Tie up the libertine* in a field of feasts."

The oldest reading, however, may be the true one; for in The Comedy of Errors the same phraseology occurs again:

"——prating mountebanks,
"And many such like *liberties* of sin." Steevens.

Our author uses the expression in the text again, in King Richard III.:

"My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses,
"And so doth mine. I muse, why she's *at liberty*."

I question if the passage quoted from the Comedy of Errors has the meaning assigned to it by Mr. Steevens. See vol. iv. p. 166, n. 4. Malone.

Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperance[6]!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musick let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth[7], some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

[6] Now,—ESPERANCE!] This was the word of battle on Percy's side. See Hall's Chronicle, folio 22. POPE.

Esperance, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance en Dieu* is the present motto of the Duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. Sometimes it was expressed *Esperance ma Comforte*, which is still legible at Alnwick castle over the great gate. PERCY.

Our author found this word of battle in Holinshed. He seems to have used *Esperance* as a word of four syllables. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

"*And* Honi soit qui mal y pensé, *write*." MALONE.

In French metre, the *e* final always makes a syllable, though it does not in prose. M. MASON.

[7] For, heaven to earth,] i. e. one might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle [8] thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot[9];
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triúmph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

[8] — in THE battle —] *The*, which is not in the old copies, was added for the sake of the measure, by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[9] I was not born a YIELDER, thou PROUD Scot;] The folio reads, I think, better:

"I was not born *to yield*, thou *haughty* Scot." RITSON.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself[1].

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes[2]!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Semblably furnish'd, &c.] i. e. in resemblance, alike. This word occurs in The Devil's Charter, 1607:

"So, *semblably* doth he with terror strike."

Again, in The Case is Alter'd, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

"*Sembably* prisoner to your general."

The same circumstance is also recorded in the 22d Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"The next, sir Walter Blunt, he with three others slew,
"*All armed like the king*, which he dead sure accounted;
"But after, when he saw the king himself remounted,
"This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day have slain,
"And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang again."

Steevens.

[2] A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!] The old copies read: "*Ah*, fool, go with thy soul," &c. but this appears to be nonsense. I have ventured to omit a single letter, as well as to change the punctuation, on the authority of the following passage in The Merchant of Venice:

"With one fool's head I came to woo,
"But I go away with two."

Again, more appositely in Promos and Cassandra, 1578:

"Go, and a knave with thee."

See a note on Timon of Athens, vol. xiii. p. 416, n. 5.

Steevens.

Mr. Steevens has but partially eradicated the nonsense of this passage. Read:

"A fool go with thy soul, *where-e'er* it goes." Ritson.

Whither, I believe, means—*to whatever place*. So, p. 258:

"——But hark you, Kate;
"*Whither* I go, thither shall you go too." Steevens.

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London[3], I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity[4]! —I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty[5] left alive; and they

[3] — SHOT-FREE at London,] A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

So, in Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher, 1630: "—the best *shot* to be discharged is the tavern bill; the best alarum is the sound of healths."

Again, in The Play of The Four P's, 1569:

"Then, after your drinking, how fall ye to winking?
"Sir, after drinking, while the *shot* is tinking."

Again, Heywood, in his Epigrams on Proverbs:

"And it is yll commynge, I have heard say,
"To the end of a *shot*, and begynning of a fray."

STEEVENS.

[4] — Here's no vanity!] In our author's time the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. Thus, Ben Jonson, in Every Man in his Humour, says:

"O here's *no foppery*!
"'Death, I can endure the stocks better."

Meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other places. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious and well supported, is true. The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or *empty appearance*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is right: the same ironical kind of expression occurs in The Mad Lover of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— Here's *no villainy!*
"I am glad I came to the hearing."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub:

"Here was *no subtle device* to get a wench!"

Again, in the first part of Jeronimo, &c. 1605:

"Here's *no fine villainy! no damned brother!*"

Again, in our author's Taming of the Shrew: "Here's *no* knavery!" STEEVENS.

[5] —there's BUT three of my hundred and fifty—] All the

are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword [6].

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms [7], as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee [8]. I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

old copies have—"There's *not* three," &c. They are evidently erroneous. The same mistake has already happened in this play, where it has been rightly corrected. See p. 370, n. 2. So again, in Coriolanus, 1623:

"*Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own desire?
"1 *Cit.* How, *not* your own desire?" MALONE.

I see no objection to the old reading. Why might not Falstaff's ragamuffins have been reduced to two. BOSWELL.

[6] —Pr'ythee, lend thy sword.] Old copies, redundantly,
"——Pr'ythee, lend *me* thy sword." STEEVENS.

[7] —TURK GREGORY never did such deeds in arms,] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the Emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his History, hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. WARBURTON.

On the subject of Hildebrand's exploits an ancient tragedy was written, though the title of it only has reached us. Hence, perhaps, our author's acquaintance with Turk Gregory. STEEVENS.

[8] —I have paid Percy, I have made him SURE.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and, &c.] The Prince's answer, which is apparently connected with Falstaff's last words, does not cohere so well as if the knight had said—

FAL. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. HEN. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

FAL. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city[9].

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack*[1].

P. HEN. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

FAL. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him[2]. If

"I have made him sure; Percy's safe enough."

Perhaps a word or two like these may be lost. JOHNSON.

Sure has two significations; *certainly disposed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the *former* sense, the Prince replies to it in the *latter*. STEEVENS.

9 —SACK a city.] A quibble on the word *sack*. JOHNSON.

The same quibble may be found in Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosospher, 1630: "—it may justly seem to have taken the name of *sack* from the *sacking* of cities." STEEVENS.

1 —*a bottle of sack.*] The same comic circumstance occurs in the ancient Interlude of Nature, (written long before the time of Shakspeare,) bl. l. no date:

"*Glotony.* We shall have a warfare it ys told me.
"*Man.* Ye; where is thy harnes?
"*Glotony.* Mary, here may ye se,
"Here ys harnes inow.
"*Wrath.* Why hast thou none other harnes but thys?
"*Glotony.* What the devyll harnes should I mys,
"Without it be a *bottell?*
"Another *bottell* I wyll go purvey,
"Lest that drynk be scarce in the way,
"Or happely none to sell." STEEVENS.

2 —if Percy be alive, I'll PIERCE him.] Certainly, "he'll pierce him," i. e. Prince Henry will, who is just gone out to seek him. Besides, "I'll pierce him," contradicts the whole turn and humour of the speech. WARBURTON.

I rather take the conceit to be this: To *pierce* a vessel is to *tap* it. Falstaff takes up his bottle, which the Prince had tossed at his head, and being about to animate himself with a draught, cries: "If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him." and so draws the cork. I do not propose this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same quibble in his New Inn, Act III.:

"Sir *Pierce* anon will *pierce* us a new hogshead."

I believe Falstaff makes this boast that the Prince may hear

he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me [3]. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. HEN. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much [4]:—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. JOHN. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. HEN. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends [5].

K. HEN. I will do so:—
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

it; and continues the rest of the speech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakspeare has the same play on words in Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. Sc. II. vol. iv. p. 358, n. 2. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was not aware that he here ridiculed the serious etymology of the Scottish historian: "*Piercy a penetrando* oculum Regis Scotorum, ut fabulatur Boetius." *Skinner.* HOLT WHITE.

[3] —a CARBONADO of me.] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron, JOHNSON.

So, in The Spanish Gypsie, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

"*Carbonado* thou the old rogue my father,——
"While you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man."
STEEVENS.

[4] —thou bleed'st too much:] History says, the Prince was wounded in the face by an arrow. STEEVENS.

[5] —AMAZE your friends.] i. e. throw them into *consternation*. STEEVENS.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triúmph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*

P. Hen. By heaven thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior[6].

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,

[6] I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for, &c.] So, Holinshed, p. 759: "— the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and *kept him at the sword's point* without advantage, *longer than his companions either thought or judged.*" Steevens.

And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter P. Henry.*

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley [7], Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay[8].—

[*They fight; Douglas flies.*

Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion [9];
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,

[7] Of Shirley, &c.] The old copies, redundantly:
"Of *valiant* Shirley," &c. Steevens.

[8] Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.] We should certainly read:
"Who never promiseth, but means to pay."
which agrees with what the Prince says in the first Act:
"And pay the debts I never promised." M. Mason.

[9] Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;] i. e. thy lost *reputation*; for in that sense the word was then used. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Thierry and Theodoret:
"What *opinion* will the managing
"Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention
"Tickles with approbation on't!"
Again, in The Gamester, by Shirley, 1637:
"Patience! I mean you have the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour against odds."
Reed.

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit King Henry.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee.
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. *Hotspur is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth[1],
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:——
But thought's the slave of life[2], and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop[3]. O, I could prophecy,

[1] O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:] Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales: but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinshed says, "The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur." Speed says Percy was killed by an unknown hand. MALONE.

[2] BUT thought's the slave of life,] So, in Hamlet:
"Purpose *is but the* slave to memory." STEEVENS.

[3] — those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts,——
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time,——
Must have a stop.] Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts;* but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at at end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the *fool* and sport of *time;* of *time*, which with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* itself at last be stopped. JOHNSON.

Hotspur alludes to the Fool in our ancient farces, or the representations commonly called Death's Dance, &c. The same allusion occurs in Measure for Measure, and Love's Labour's Lost. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens could not very easily have supported his opinion, that the allusion here is to the fool in the ancient farces, or in the

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—— [*Dies.*
P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy,: Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk[4]!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough[5]:—This earth that bears thee dead[6],
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show[7] of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face[8];

representations called the Dance of Death; a character which has been altogether misconceived in the course of the annotations on Shakspeare. Dr. Johnson's interpretation is much more natural and intelligible, and the allusion is certainly to the common or domestic fool, who was retained for the express purpose of affording *sport* to his still more foolish employers. In this sense our author uses *death's fool*, *fortune's fool*, and *fate's fool*. Douce.

The same expression is to be found in our author's 106th Sonnet:

"Love's not *Time's fool*." Malone.

[4] Ill-weav'd ambition, &c.] A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weaved, when its texture is loose. Johnson.

[5] A kingdom for it was too small a bound; &c.]

Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus;
Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit. *Ovid.*

Johnson.

[6] — that bears THEE dead,] The most authentick copy, the quarto of 1598, and the folio, have—"*the* dead." The true reading is found in a quarto of no authority or value, 1639; but it is here clearly right. Malone.

[7] — so DEAR a show—] Thus the first and best quarto. All the subsequent copies have—"so *great*," &c. Malone.

[8] But let my FAVOURS hide thy mangled face;] We should read—*favour*, face, or countenance. He is stooping down here to kiss Hotspur. Warburton.

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy[9] * sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*He sees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer[1] to-day,
Though many dearer[2], in this bloody fray:—

* So folio: quartos, *ignominy.*

He rather covers his face with a scarf, to hide the ghastliness of death. JOHNSON.

9 —ignomy—] So the word *ignominy* was formerly written. Thus, in Troilus and Cressida, Act V. Sc. III.:

"Hence broker lacquey! *ignomy* and shame," &c.

REED.

Again, in Lord Cromwell, 1602:

"With scandalous *ignomy* and slanderous speeches."

MALONE.

1 — so FAT a deer —] There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborn.

JOHNSON.

I find the same quibble in The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

"Life is as *dear* in *deer*, as 'tis in men."

Again, in A Maidenhead Well Lost, 1632, a comedy, by Heywood:

"There's no *deer* so *dear* to him, but he will kill it."

STEEVENS.

Fat is the reading of the first quarto, 1598, the most authentick impression of this play, and of the folio. The other quartos have —*fair*. MALONE.

"So *fat* a deer seems to be the better reading, for Turbervile, in The Terms of the Ages of all Beasts of Venerie and Chase, observes: "—You shall say by anie deare, a great deare, and not a *fayre* deare, unless it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *fayre* rowe-bucke." TOLLET.

2 —many dearer,] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by[3];
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

[3] EMBOWELL'D will I see thee by and by.] An ingenious commentator on Mr. Mason's supplement to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, (see the Monthly Magazine, vol. xii. p. 299,) has disputed the usual sense of *embowel'd* in this speech, on the ground that the prince would not be guilty of such *brutality* as to see Falstaff *eviscerated;* and he therefore contends that the meaning is, *put into the bowels of the earth.* But surely the prince designs no more than that Falstaff's body shall be embalmed in the usual manner. When the knight rises, he exclaims, "if thou embowel me to day, I'll give you leave to *powder me,* and eat me to morrow," evidently alluding to the practice of evisceration and subsequent treatment of a dead body by strewing aromatics over it for preservation. If the body were to be *put into the bowels of the earth,* as the commentator contends, Falstaff's "eat me to-morrow" would manifestly be an absurd expression. That the present writer may not be suspected of plagiarism on this occasion, he feels himself obliged to lay claim to the above opinion in answer to the commentator, as it appeared in the before-mentioned periodical publication.

But the following curious extract from the arraignment of Hugh Le Despenser the favourite of Edward II. will set the question at rest for ever: "Hugh contraytour este trove, par quoy vous agardent touz lez bonez gentz de realme, meyndrez et greyndres, ryches et povrez par comun assent, que vous come larone estes trove, par quey vous serrez pendue. Et contreytour estez trove, par quey vous serrez *treynez* * et quarterecez, et envoye parmy le realme. Et pur ceo que vous fuistez utlage par nostre seignour le roy et par commune assent, et estez revenue en courte sanz garrant, vous serrez decollez. Et pur ceo que vous abbestatez et procurastez discorde entre nostre seignour le roy et la royne et lez altrez del realme, si serret *enbouelleez,* et puis ils serront ars. Retrayez vous traytour, tyrant reneyee, si alez vostre juyse prendre. Traytour malveys et attaynte." In English: "Hugh Le Despencer, you have been found an arch-traitor, for which cause all good people of the realm, great and small, rich and poor, by common consent, award you a convicted felon; *therefore you shall be hanged.* And forasmuch as you have been found a traitor, *you shall be drawn and quartered, and* [*your limbs*] *dis-*

* This word may serve to correct a mistake in a note in King Richard III. Act V. Sc. II. by Dr. Johnson, who had supposed that *drawn* was the same as *exenterated.*

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me[3], and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*

persed throughout the kingdom. And having been outlawed by our lord the king, and by common assent, you have unwarrantably returned into court; *and therefore you shall be beheaded.* And because you have procured and abetted discord between our lord the king, and the queen, and others of the realm, *you shall be embowelled, and* [*your bowels*] *afterwards burnt.* Begone, traitorous renegade tyrant, and await the execution of your sentence. Wicked and attainted traitor!" *Knighton, inter Historiæ Anglicanæ decem Scriptores,* col. 2549.

The author of Aulicus Coquinariæ, 1650, speaking of the opening of King James the First's body, has these words: "The next day was solemnly appointed for *imbowelling* the corps, in the presence of some of the counsell, all the physicians, chirurgions, apothecaries, and the Palsgrave's physician."

We got this word from the *old* French *eboeler*, the orthography of which at once declares its meaning. With us it might perhaps be more properly written *ebowel*, if the ear were not likely to be offended by the change. Douce.

[3] — to POWDER me,] To *powder* is to *salt*. Johnson.

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and Prince* JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On the ground[4].——
Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears;—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man[5]: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh[6]: if the man were alive, and

[4] UPON the ground.] Old copies—
"*On* the ground——." STEEVENS.

[5] — a double man:] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double. JOHNSON.

Dryden has adopted this phrase in his Indian Emperor:
"I kill'd *a double man*; the one half lay
"Upon the ground, the other ran away." STEEVENS.

[6] — I gave him this wound in the thigh:] The very learned

would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.——

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit bearing off the Body.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland, and Others, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke [7].—

Lord Littleton observes, that Shakspeare applied an action to Falstaff, which William of Malmsbury tells us was really done by one of the Conqueror's knights to the body of King Harold. I do not however believe that Lord Littleton supposed Shakspeare to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the English Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. Farmer.

[7] Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.] Thomas Churchyard, in a catalogue of his own printed works, prefixed to his

Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—
[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath shown us[8] how to cherish such high deeds,

Challenge, 1593, informs us, that he had published "a booke called *A Rebuke to Rebellion* [dedicated] to the good old Earle of Bedford." STEEVENS.

[8] Hath TAUGHT us—] This reading, which serves to exclude an inelegant repetition, (and might have been derived from the quarto 1598, corrected by our author,) is refused by Mr. Malone.

Even in the bosom of our adversaries [9].

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

See the subsequent note. And yet, are we authorized to reject the fittest word, merely because it is not found in the earliest copy? In a note on p 403, Mr. Malone accepts a reading from a late quarto, which he acknowledges to be of no value. Steevens.

"Hath *shown* us—" Thus the quarto 1598. In that of 1599, *shown* was arbitrarily changed to *taught*, which consequently is the reading of the folio. The repetition is much in our author's manner. Malone.

9 Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speech from the quartos:

"*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
"Which I shall give away immediately."

But Dr. Johnson judiciously supposes it to have been rejected by Shakspeare himself. Steevens.

I can see no reason for its rejection. Prince John would naturally thank his brother for his kind delegation to him of so honourable an office. Boswell.

"As the honey of Hybla, MY OLD LAD OF THE CASTLE." p. 193. Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. An ingenious correspondent hints to me, that the passage above quoted from our author, proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. "Old lad of the castle" seems to have a reference to Oldcastle. Besides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the Epilogue to The Second Part of King Henry IV. where our author promises to continue his story with Sir John in it, should he say, "Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions: for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which seems almost to fix the charge. I have read an old

play, called, The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable Battle of Agincourt.—The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of King Henry the Fourth's reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth's marrying Princess Catharine of France. The scene opens with Prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Oldcastle is one of the gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades.—From this old imperfect sketch, I have a suspicion, Shakspeare might form his two parts of King Henry IV. and his history of King Henry V. and consequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir John Oldcastle, till some descendant of that family moved Queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. THEOBALD.

"— my old lad of the castle." This alludes to the name Shakspeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this: one Sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the Epilogue to The Second Part of King Henry IV. Fuller takes notice of this matter in his Church History:—"Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." Book iv. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakspeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never considered whom it belonged to. We have a like instance in The Merry Wives of Windsor, where he calls his French quack Caius, a name at that time very respectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned physician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge.

WARBURTON.

Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs was not the work of our poet. STEEVENS.

Fuller, besides the words cited in the note, has in his Worthies, p. 253, the following passage: "Sir John Oldcastle was first made a *thrasonical puff*, an emblem of *mock valour*, a make-sport in all plays, for a *coward*." Speed, likewise, in his Chronicle, edit. 2, p. 178, says: "The author of The Three Conversions (i. e. Parsons the Jesuit,) hath made Oldcastle a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority, taken from the *stage players*, is more befitting the pen of his slanderous report, than the credit of the judicious, being only grounded from the papist and the

poet, of like conscience for lies, the one ever feigning, and the other ever falsifying the truth." RITSON.

From the following passage in The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Powles, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle was represented on the stage as a very fat man (certainly not in the play printed with that title in 1600:) —"Now, signiors, how like you mine host? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too? and if you chaunce to talke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his great grandfather, and not much unlike him in *paunch*." —The host, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says: "Nay gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beefe."—Signor Kickshawe replies: "Let's have it, let's taste on it, mine host, my noble *fat actor*."

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff, (to which I do not give the smallest credit,) seems to have been this. Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled The Famous Victories of King Henry V. (which had been exhibited before 1589,) in which Henry Prince of Wales is a principal character. He is accompanied in his revels and his robberies by Sir John Oldcastle, ("a pamper'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age,) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from The Meeting of Gallants, &c. To this character undoubtedly it is that Fuller alludes in his Church History, 1656, when he says, "Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot." Speed, in his History, which was first published in 1611, alludes both to this "boon companion" of the anonymous King Henry V. and to the Sir John Oldcastle exhibited in a play of the same name, which was printed in 1600: "The author of The Three Conversions hath made Oldcastle a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority taken from the *stage players*." Oldcastle is represented as a *rebel* in the play last mentioned alone; in the former play as "a ruffian and a robber."

Shakspeare probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, in any respect: but thought proper to make Falstaff, in imitation of his proto-type, the Oldcastle of the old King Henry V. *a mad round knave* also. From the first appearance of our author's King Henry IV. the old play in which Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited, (which was printed in 1598,) was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is,

that Fuller says, "Sir John Falstaff has *relieved* the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is *substituted* buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspeare changed the name of his character.

A passage in his Worthies, folio, 1662, p. 253, shows his meaning still more clearly; and will serve at the same time to point out the source of the mistakes on this subject.—"Sir John Fastolfe, knight, was a native of this county [Norfolk]. To avouch him by many arguments valiant, is to maintain that the sun is bright; though, since, the stage has been over-bold with his memory, making him a Thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock-valour.—True it is, Sir John Oldcastle did *first* bear the brunt of the one, being made the makesport in *all plays* for a coward. It is easily known out of what purse this black penny came. The papists railing on him for a heretick; and therefore he must be also a coward: though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any of his age.

"Now as I am glad that Sir *John Oldcastle* is *put out*, so I am sorry that Sir *John Fastolfe* is *put in*, to relieve his memory in this base service: to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon. Nor is our *comedian* excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John *Falstafe*, (and making him the property and pleasure of King Henry V. to abuse,) seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight."

Here we see the assertion is, not that Sir John Oldcastle did *first* bear the brunt in *Shakspeare's* play, but in *all plays*, that is, on the stage in general, before Shakspeare's character had appeared; owing to the malevolence of *papists*, of which religion it is plain Fuller supposed the writers of those plays in which Oldcastle was exhibited, to have been; nor does he complain of Shakspeare's *altering* the name of his character from *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff*, but of the metathesis of *Fastolfe* to *Falstaff*. Yet I have no doubt that the words above cited, "put out" and "put in," and "by some *alteration of his name*," that these words alone, misunderstood, gave rise to the misapprehension that has prevailed since the time of Mr. Rowe, relative to this matter. For what is the plain meaning of Fuller's words? Sir John Fastolfe was in truth a very brave man, though he is now represented on the stage as a cowardly braggart. Before *he* was thus ridiculed, Sir John Oldcastle, being hated by the papists, was exhibited by *popish writers*, in all plays, as a coward. Since the new character of Falstaff has appeared, Oldcastle has no longer borne the brunt, has no longer been the object of ridicule: but, as on the one hand I am glad that 'his memory has been relieved,' that the plays in which he was represented have been expelled from the scene, so on the other, I am sorry that so respectable a character as Sir John Fastolfe has been brought on it, and 'substituted buffoon in his place;' for however our comick poet

[Shakspeare] may have hoped to escape censure by *altering* the name from *Fastolfe* to *Falstaff*, he is certainly culpable, since some imputation must necessarily fall on the brave knight of Norfolk from the similitude of the sounds."

Falstaff having thus grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, (the Oldcastle of the old King Henry V.) having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly, as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake, or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant appellation for Falstaff for a long time. Hence the name might have been prefixed inadvertently, in some play-house copy, to one of the speeches in The Second Part of King Henry IV.

If the verses be examined, in which the name of Falstaff occurs, it will be found, that Oldcastle could not have stood in those places. The only answer that can be given to this, is, that Shakspeare new-wrote each verse in which Falstaff's name occurred;—a labour which those only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's history and works, can suppose him to have undergone.—A passage in the Epilogue to The Second Part of King Henry IV. rightly understood, appears to me strongly to confirm what has been now suggested. "—Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless he be killed with your HARD OPINIONS; for OLDCASTLE died a MARTYR, and THIS is not the man." "This (says Mr. Pope,) alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff;" and "the word *martyr*," (says another commentator,) "hints at this miserable performance, and its fate, which was damnation." The play which these commentators suppose to be alluded to, is entitled The History of the famous Victories of King Henry V. printed in 1598. In this play there is a buffoon character called *Oldcastle*. I have already shewn, as I conceive, that there is no ground whatsoever for supposing that Falstaff was ever called Oldcastle. The assertion that the anonymous King Henry V. was *damned*, is equally unfounded. On the contrary, for ten or twelve years before our *Henries* were produced, I make no doubt that it was a very popular performance. Tarleton the celebrated comedian, who died in 1588, we know, was much admired in the parts both of the *Clown* and the *Chief Justice* in that play.

The allusion in the passage before us is undoubtedly not to any play, nor to any character in any play, but to the real Sir John Oldcastle. In 1559, Bale published an account of his trial and condemnation, under the title of "A brief Chronycle concernynge the examinacion and death of the blessed *Martyr* of Christ, Syr Johan Oldcastell," &c. a book that was probably much read in the

reign of Elizabeth. In 1601 was published The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant capitaine and most goodly martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham."

Shakspeare, I think, meant only to say, that "Falstaff may perhaps die of his debaucheries in France,"—(having mentioned Falstaff's *death*, he then with his usual licence uses the word in a metaphorical sense, adding,) "unless he be already *killed* by *the hard* and unjust *opinions*" of those who imagined that the knight's character (like that of his predecessor) was intended as a ridicule on Sir John Oldcastle, the *good* Lord Cobham. This our author disclaims; reminding the audience, that there can be no ground for such a supposition. I call them (says he) *hard* and unjust *opinions*, "for Sir John *Oldcastle* was no debauchee, but a protestant *martyr*, and our Falstaff *is not the man;*" i. e. is no representation of him, has no allusion whatsoever to him.

Shakspeare seems to have been pained by some report that his inimitable character, like the despicable buffoon of the old play already mentioned, whose dress and figure resembled that of Falstaff, was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of Lord Cobham; which, in the reign of so zealous a friend to the Protestant cause as Elizabeth, would not have been easily pardoned at court. Our author, had he been so inclined, (which we have no ground for supposing,) was much too wise to have ever directed any ridicule at the great martyr for that cause, which was so warmly espoused by his queen and patroness. The former ridiculous representations of Sir John Oldcastle on the stage were undoubtedly produced by papists, and probably often exhibited, in inferior theatres, to crowded audiences, between the years 1580 and 1590. MALONE.

Neither evidence nor argument has in my opinion been yet produced, sufficient to controvert the received opinion, that the character of Falstaff was originally represented under the name of *Oldcastle*. The contraction of the original name *Old*, left standing in the first edition, as the prolocutor of one of Falstaff's speeches, this address of "*Old* lad of the *castle*," the Epilogue to King Henry IV. Part II. plainly understood, the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, and the united testimony of contemporary or succeeding writers, not to insist on the opinions of the most eminent criticks and commentators, seem irrefragable. It has been observed, that "if the verses be examined in which the name of Falstaff occurs, it will be found that Oldcastle could not have stood in those places;" and that "those only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's history and works can suppose him to have undergone the labour of new-writing each verse." These verses, I believe, are in number *seven;* and why he, who wrote between thirty and forty plays with ease, cannot be reasonably supposed to have submitted to the drudgery of new-writing *seven*

lines, to introduce an alteration commanded by his sovereign, is to me utterly incomprehensible. But what need after all of new-writing? There was but a single syllable, in difference between the two names, to be supplied; which might surely be effected, in some places at least, without an entirely new line. The verses in question are, at present, as follows:

1. "Away, good Ned. *Falstaff* sweats to death;"
2. "And asking every one for sir John *Falstaff;*"
3. "Give me my sword and cloak; *Falstaff* good night;"
4. "Now, *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while?"
5. "Fare you well, *Falstaff*, I, in my condition;"
6. "Well, you must now speak sir John *Falstaff* fair;"
7. "Go, carry Sir John *Falstaff* to the Fleet;"

And may be supposed to have stood originally thus:

1. "Away, good Ned. *Oldcastle* sweats to death;"
2. "And asking every one for sir John *Oldcastle;*"
3. "Give me my sword and cloak; good night, *Oldcastle;*"
4. "Now, *Oldcastle*, where've you been all this while?" or,
   "*Oldcastle*, where have you been all this while?"
5. "Fare you well, *Oldcastle*, I, in my condition;"
6. "You must now speak sir John *Oldcastle* fair;"
7. "Go, carry sir John *Oldcastle* to the Fleet;" or,
   "Carry sir John *Oldcastle* to the Fleet."

Now, it is remarkable, that, of these seven lines, the *first* actually requires the name of *Oldcastle* to perfect the metre, which is at present a foot deficient, and consequently affords a proof that it was originally written to suit that name and no other; the *second* and *fifth* do not require the alteration of a single letter; the *third* but a slight transposition; and the *fourth*, *sixth*, and *seventh*, the addition at most of a single syllable. So that all this mighty labour, which no one acquainted with our author's history and works can suppose him to have undergone, consisted in the substitution of *Falstaff* for *Oldcastle*, the transposition of *two words*, and the addition of *three syllables!* a prodigious and insurmountable fatigue to be sure! which might have taken no less space than two long minutes; and which, after all, he might probably and safely commit to the players.

However the character of Sir John Oldcastle, in the original play, might be performed, he does not, from any passage now in it, appear to have been either *a pamper'd glutton* or *a coward;* and therefore it is a fair inference that all those extracts from early writers, in which *Oldcastle* is thus described, refer to our author's character so called, and not to the old play. If it be true that Queen Elizabeth, on seeing both or either of these plays of Henry IV. commanded Shakspeare to produce his fat knight in a different situation, she might at the same time, out of respect to the memory of Lord Cobham, have signified a desire that he would change his name; which, being already acquainted with

another cowardly knight of the same christian name, one *Sir John Falstaffe*, in the old play of Henry VI. (for both Hall and Holinshed call him rightly *Fastolfe*,) he was able to do without having the trouble to invent or hunt after a new one; not perceiving or regarding the confusion which the transfer would naturally make between the two characters. However this may have been, there is every reason to believe that when these two plays came out of our author's hands, the name of *Oldcastle* supplied the place of *Falstaff*. He continued *Ned* and *Gadshill*, and why should he abandon *Oldcastle?* a name and character to which the public was already familiarised, and whom an audience would indisputably be much more glad to see along with his old companions than a stranger; if indeed our author himself did not at the time he was writing these dramas, take the *Sir John Oldcastle* of the original play to be a real historical personage, as necessarily connected with his story as *Hal* or *Hotspur*.

RITSON.

I take this opportunity of expressing my concurrence with Mr. Ritson's sentiments on this subject, and of declaring my opinion that the tradition of Falstaff having been originally Oldcastle is by no means disproved. The weight of real evidence appears to me to be on the side of Fuller, who lived near enough to the time of Shakspeare to be accurately informed, and had no temptation to falsify the real fact. To avoid fatiguing the reader with a long train of facts and arguments, it may be sufficient to rely on two authorities which have been too slightly attended to, if they may be said to be noticed at all. The first is Weever, writing at the very period, who describes Oldcastle as Shakspeare does Falstaff, as the page of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, a circumstance which could hardly have happened if Falstaff had not originally been Oldcastle. The other is Nathaniel Field, a player in Shakspeare's company, who might have acted in the play himself, who could not be mistaken, and who expressly refers to Falstaff by the name of Oldcastle. (See p. 193.) Against these testimonies and others what has been opposed? May I not say, conjecture and inference alone? Conjecture, I admit, very ingeniously suggested, and inference very subtilly extracted; but weighing nothing against what is equivalent to positive evidence.

"Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk." Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc. II. The following circumstances, tending to prove that Shakspeare altered the name of *Oldcastle* to that of *Falstaff*, have hitherto been overlooked. In a poem by J. Weever, entitled The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most godly Martyre, Sir John Oldcastle,

Knight, Lord Cobham, 18mo. 1601, Oldcastle, relating the events of his life, says:

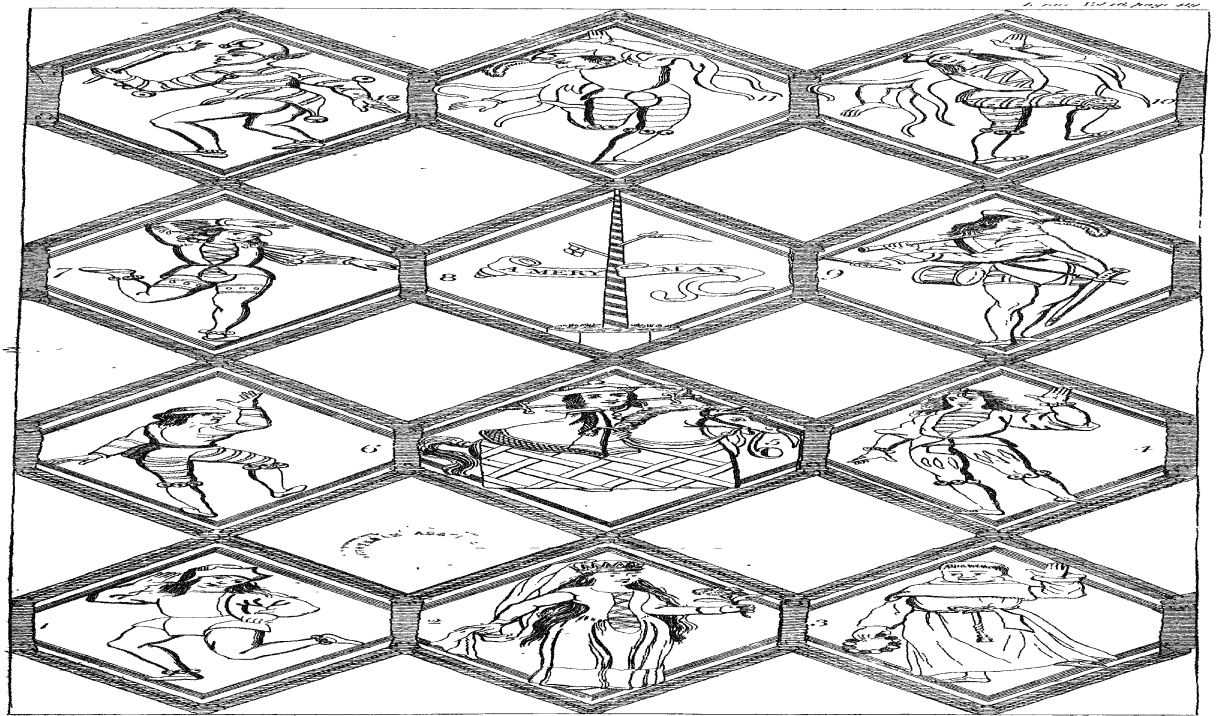
"Within the spring-tide of my flowring youth
"He [his father] stept into the winter of his age;
"Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)
"That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrais page*."

Again, in a pamphlet entitled "The wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen," 4to. (the date torn off, but apparently a republication about the middle of the last century) is the following passage in the Glutton's speech: "I do not live by the sweat of my brows, but am almost dead with sweating. I eate much, but can talk little. Sir John Oldcastle was my great grandfather's father's uncle. I come of a *huge* kindred." REED.

Different conclusions are sometimes drawn from the same premises. Because Shakspeare borrowed a single circumstance from the life of the *real Oldcastle*, and imparted it to the *fictitious Falstaff*, does it follow that the name of the former was ever employed as a cover to the vices of the latter? Is it not more likely, because *Falstaff* was known to possess one feature in common with *Oldcastle*, that the vulgar were led to imagine that *Falstaff* was only *Oldcastle* in disguise? Hence too might have arisen the story that our author was compelled to change the name of the one for that of the other; a story sufficiently specious to have imposed on the writer of the Wandering Jew, as well as on the credulity of Field, Fuller, and others, whose coincidence has been brought in support of an opinion contrary to my own.

STEEVENS.

Having given my opinion very fully on this point already, I shall here only add, that I entirely concur with Mr. Steevens. There is no doubt that the Sir John Oldcastle of the anonymous King Henry V. suggested the character of Falstaff to Shakspeare; and hence he very naturally adopted this circumstance in the life of the real Oldcastle, and made his Falstaff page to Mowbray duke of Norfolk. The author of the Wandering Jew seems to have been misunderstood. He describes the *Glutton* as related to *some* Sir John Oldcastle, and therefore as a man of a *huge* kindred; but he means a *fat* man, not a man nobly allied. From a pamphlet already quoted, entitled, The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, it appears that the *Oldcastle* of the old K. Henry V. was represented as a very fat man; (see also the prologue to a play entitled Sir John Oldcastle, 1600, in which the Oldcastle of the old K. Henry V. is described as "a *pampered glutton;* ") but we have no authority for supposing Lord Cobham was fatter than other men. Is it not evident then that the Oldcastle of the play of King Henry V. was the person in the contemplation of the author of The Wandering Jew? and how does the proof



MORRIS-DANCERS.

From an ancient Painted Window in the House of GEORGE TALBOT Esq. at HALES-OWEN in SHROPSHIRE.

that Shakspeare changed the name of his character advance by this means one step?—In addition to what I have suggested in a former note on this subject, I may add, that it appears from Camden's Remaines, 1614, p. 146, that celebrated actors were sometimes distinguished by the names of the persons they represented on the stage:—"that I may say nothing of such as for well acting on the stage have carried away the names of the personage which they acted, and have lost their names *among the people*."—If actors, then, were sometimes called by the names of the persons they represented, what is more probable than that *Falstaff* should have been called by the multitude, and by the players, *Oldcastle*, not only because there had been a popular character of that name in a former piece, whose immediate successor Falstaff was, and to whose cloaths and fictitious belly he succeeded, but because, as Shakspeare himself intimates in his epilogue to this play, a false idea had gone abroad, that his jolly knight was, like his predecessor, the theatrical representative of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham. MALONE.

Mr. Tollet's Opinion concerning the Morris Dancers upon his Window.

The celebration of May-day, which is represented upon my window of painted glass, is a very ancient custom, that has been observed by noble and royal personages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer's Court of Love, that early on May-day "furth goth al the court, both most and lest, to fetche the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome." Historians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers "rose on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows shooting to the wood." Stowe's Survey of London informs us, that "every parish there, or two or three parishes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with diverse warlike shews, with good archers, Morrice Dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long." Shakspeare * says it was "impossible to make the people sleep on May morning; and that they rose early to observe the rite of May." The court of King James the First, and the populace, long preserved the observance of the day, as Spelman's Glossary remarks, under the word, Maiuma.

Better judges may decide, that the institution of this festivity originated from the Roman Floralia, or from the Celtic la Beltine, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothic ancestors. Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus, lib. xv. c. viii. says,

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* King Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. III. and Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV. Sc. I.

" that after their their long winter from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a custom to welcome the returning splendor of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached." In honour of May-day the Goths and southern Swedes had a mock battle between summer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters. It appears from Holinshed's Chronicle, vol. iii. p. 314, or in the year 1306, that, before that time, in country towns the young folks chose a summer king and queen for sport to dance about Maypoles. There can be no doubt but their majesties had proper attendants, or such as would best divert the spectators; and we may presume, that some of the characters varied, as fashions and customs altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition seems to have been made to the diversion by the introduction of the Morris or Moorish dance into it, which, as Mr. Peck, in his Memoirs of Milton, with great probability conjectures, was first brought into England in the time of Edward III. when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist Peter, King of Castile, against Henry the Bastard. " This dance, (says Mr. Peck,) was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts with ribbands and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd person besides, being a boy* dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the sport."—" Thus, (as he observes in the words of Shakspeare †,) they made more matter for a May morning: having as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonson and Drayton, to call some of the representations on my window Morris Dancers, though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Moorish personage; as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandish swords or staves in their hands ‡, nor are they in their shirts

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* It is evident from several authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one, as I think, of unsullied reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† Twelfth-Night, Act III. Sc. IV. All's Well That Ends Well, Act II. Sc. II.

‡ In the Morisco the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward, says Dr. Johnson's note in Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Sc. IX. The Goths did the same in their military dance, says Olaus Magnus, lib. xv. ch. xxiii. Haydocke's translation of Lomazzo on Painting, 1598, b. ii. p. 54, says : " There are other actions of dancing used, as of those who are represented

adorned with ribbons. We find in Olaus Magnus, that the northern nations danced with brass bells about their knees, and such we have upon several of these figures, who may perhaps be the original English performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diversion of our ancestors in all its principal parts. I shall endeavour to explain some of the characters, and in compliment to the lady I will begin the description with the front rank, in which she is stationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Steevens think with me, that figure 1 may be designed for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the slabbering bib, as Bavon, in Cotgrave's French Dictionary, means a bib for a slabbering child; and this figure has such a bib, and a childish simplicity in his countenance. Mr. Steevens refers to a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of The Two Noble Kinsmen, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that several of the Morris dancers on my window tumbled occasionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aside the May-pole; and I apprehend that jigs, hornpipes, and the hay, were their chief dances.

It will certainly be tedious to describe the colours of the dresses, but the task is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian's cap is red, faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hose red, and his shoes black.

Figure 2 is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of summer. The flower seems designed for a red pink, but the pointals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like mistake. Olaus Magnus mentions the artificial raising of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the supposition of the like practice * here will account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the season of its natural production in this climate. Her vesture was once fashionable in the highest degree. It was anciently the custom for maiden ladies to wear their hair † dishevelled at their co-

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with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering skilfully, *shaking their weapons* after the manner of the Morris, with divers actions of meeting," &c. "Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles."

* Markham's translation of Heresbatch's Husbandry, 1631, observes, "that gilliflowers, set in pots and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmness of the place."

† Leland's Collectanea, 1770, vol. iv. p. 219, 293, vol. v.

ronations, their nuptials, and perhaps on all splendid solemnities. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, King of Scotland, with the crown upon her head: her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif hanging down behind the whole length of the body.—This single example sufficiently explains the dress of Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her surcoat blue, her cuffs white, the skirts of her robe yellow, the sleeves of a carnation colour, and her stomacher red with a yellow lace in cross bars. In Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII. Anne Bullen at her coronation is *in her hair*, or as Holinshed says, "her hair hanged down," but on her head she had a coif with a circlet about it full of rich stones.

Figure 3 is a friar in the full clerical tonsure, with the chaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expressive of his professed humility, his eyes are cast upon the ground. His corded girdle, and his russet habit, denote him to be of the Franciscan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a russet or a brown russet, as Holinshed, 1586, vol. iii. p. 789, observes. The mixture of colours in his habit may be resembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the rising sun, and streaked with black; and such perhaps was Shakspeare's Aurora, or "the morn in russet mantle clad." Hamlet, Act I. Sc. I. The friar's stockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twist, and with a golden tassel *. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of provision, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named Walleteers or budget-bearers. It was customary † in former times for the priest and people in procession to go to some adjoining wood on May-day morning, and return in a sort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and such like tokens of the spring; and as the grey friars were held in very great esteem, perhaps on this occasion their attendance was frequently requested. Most of Shakspeare's friars are Franciscans. Mr. Steevens ingeniously suggests, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood's beloved

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p. 332, and Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 801, 931; and see Capilli in Spelman's Glossary.

* Splendid girdles appear to have been a great article of monastick finery. Wykeham, in his Visitatio Notabilis, prohibits the Canons of Selborne any longer wearing silken girdles ornamented with gold or silver: "Zonisve sericis auri vel argenti ornatum habentibus." See Natural History, and Antiquities of Selborne, p. 371, and Appendix, p. 459. HOLT WHITE.

† See Maii Inductio in Cowel's Law Dictionary. When the parish priests were inhibited by the diocesan to assist in the May games, the Franciscans might give attendance, as being exempted from episcopal jurisdiction.

mistress, and as she was the queen of May, the Morris friar was designed for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Huid, king of May, as Robin Hood is styled in Sir David Dalrymple's extracts from the book of the Universal Kirk, in the year 1576.

Figure 4 has been taken to be Marian's gentleman-usher. Mr. Steevens considers him as Marian's paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her; and as it was a custom for betrothed persons to wear some mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the cross-shaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian's hand, denote their espousals or contract. Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, April, specifies the flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine, gilliflowers, carnations, and sops in wine. I suppose the flower in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a stock-gilliflower, or the Hesperis, dame's violet, or queen's gilliflower; but perhaps it may be designed for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent botanist apprehends the flower upon the man's head to be an Epimedium. Many particulars of this figure resemble Absolon, the parish clerk in Chaucer's Miller's Tale, such as his curled and golden hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hose, and Paul's windows corvin on his shoes, that is, his shoes pinked and cut into holes, like the windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhibits upon his right thigh a yellow scrip or pouch, in which he might, as treasurer to the company, put the collected pence, which he might receive, though the cordelier must, by the rules of his order, carry no money about him. If this figure should not be allowed to be a parish clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or some juggler attendant upon the master of the hobby-horse, as "faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeciere," in Boyer's French Dictionary, signifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His red stomacher has a yellow lace, and his shoes are yellow. Ben Jonson mentions "Hokos Pokos in a juggler's jerkin," which Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a short kirtle, and such seems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5 is the famous hobby-horse, who was often forgotten or disused in the Morris dance, even after Maid Marian, the friar, and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated in Ben Jonson's masque of The Metamorphosed Gypsies, and in his Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe *. Our hobby is a spirited

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* Vol. vi. p. 93, of Whalley's edition, 1756:

"*Clo.* They should be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.

"*Coc.* No, nor a hobby-horse.

"*Clo.* Oh, he's *often* forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor friar amongst them, which is the surer mark."

Vol. v. p. 211:

horse of pasteboard, in which the master dances *, and displays tricks of legerdemain, such as the threading of the needle, the mimicking of the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, &c. as Ben Jonson, edit. 1756, vol. i. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains the swords in the man's cheeks. What is stuck in the horse's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its use was to receive the spectators' pecuniary donations. The crimson foot-cloth fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden tassel, and studded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the simplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jesters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only sent for such actors upon great festivals, but out of complaisance to the people was obliged to assist at their plays, though he was averse to publick shews. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horse is a reddish white, like the beautiful blossom of the peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right side of it is yellow, and the left red. Such a particoloured † jacket, and hose in the like manner, were occasionally fashionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonson's, who, in Epigram 73, speaks of a "parti-per-pale picture, one half drawn in solemn Cyprus, the other cob-web lawn."

Figure 6 seems to be a clown, peasant, or yeoman, by his brown visage, notted hair, and robust limbs ‡. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of The Two Noble Kinsmen, a clown is placed next to the Bavian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him on the file, or in the downward line. His

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"But see, the hobby-horse is forgot,
"Fool, it must be your lot
"To supply his want with faces,
"And some other buffoon graces."

* Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire, p. 434, mentions a dance by a hobby-horse and six others.

† Holinshed, 1586, vol. iii. p. 326, 805, 812, 844, 963. Whalley's edition of Ben Jonson, vol. vi. p. 248. Stowe's Survey of London, 1720, book v. p. 164, 166. Urry's Chaucer, p. 198.

‡ So, in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the yeoman is thus described: "A notte hede had he, with a brown visage."

Again, in The Widow's Tears, by Chapman, 1612: "— your *not-headed* country gentleman."

bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his sleeves yellow, striped across or rayed with red, the upper part of his hose is like the sleeves, and the lower part is a coarse deep purple, his shoes red.

Figure 7, by the superior neatness of his dress, may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple, his doublet red with gathered sleeves, and his yellow stomacher is laced with red. His hose red, striped across or rayed with a whitish brown, and spotted brown. His codpiece is yellow, and so are his shoes.

Figure 8, the May-pole, is painted yellow and black in spiral lines. Spelman's Glossary mentions the custom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakspeare, in the play of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act III. Sc. II. speaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are displayed St. George's red cross, or the banner of England, and a white pennon or streamer emblazoned with a red cross terminating like the blade of a sword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inspection of the window, that the upright line of the cross, which is disunited in the engraving, should be continuous *. Keysler, in p. 78 of his Northern and Celtic Antiquities, gives us perhaps the original of May-poles; and that the French used to erect them appears also from Mezeray's History of their King Henry IV. and from a passage in Stowe's Chronicle, in the year 1560. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us that the May-games, and particularly some of the characters in them, became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament † in April, 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the constables and church-wardens, &c. After the Restoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented, but we still on May-day adorn our doors in the country with flowers and the boughs of birch, which

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* St. James was the apostle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the most honourable there; and the ensign that they wore, was white, charged with a red cross in the form of a sword. The pennon or streamer upon the May-pole seems to contain such a cross. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of England and the ensign of Spain upon the May-pole; and perhaps from this circumstance we may infer that the glass was painted during the marriage of King Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the ensign of the knights of St. James, see Ashmole's History of the Order of the Garter, and Mariana's History of Spain.

† This should have been called the *Long* Parliament. The *Rump* Parliament was in Oliver's time. REED.

tree was especially honoured on the same festival by our Gothic ancestors.

To prove figure 9 to be Tom the Piper, Mr. Steevens has very happily quoted these lines from Drayton's 3d Eclogue:

" Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
" Who so bestirs him in the Morris dance
" For penny wage."

His tabour, tabour-stick, and pipe, attest his profession; the feather in his cap, his sword, and silver-tinctured shield, may denote him to be a squire minstrel, or a minstrel of the superior order. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181, says: "Minstrels used a red hat." Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced or turned up with yellow, his doublet blue, the sleeves blue, turned up with yellow, something like red muffettees at his wrists, over his doublet is a red garment, like a short cloak with arm-holes, and with a yellow cape, his hose red, and garnished across and perpendicularly on the thighs, with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming seems to be called gimp-thigh'd in Grey's edition of Butler's Hudibras; and something almost similar occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. Sc. II. where the poet mentions, "Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose." His shoes are brown.

Figures 10 and 11 have been thought to be Flemings or Spaniards, and the latter a Morisco. The bonnet of figure 10 is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red with red sleeves down the arms, his stomacher white with a red lace, his hose yellow, striped across or rayed with blue, and spotted blue, the under part of his hose blue, his shoes are pinked, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loss to name the pennant-like slips waving from his shoulders, but I will venture to call them side-sleeves or long sleeves, slit into two or three parts. The poet Hocclive or Occleve, about the reign of Richard the Second, or of Henry the Fourth, mentions side-sleeves of pennyless grooms, which swept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the use or fashion of two pair of sleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is asked, in the appendix to Bulwer's Artificial Changeling: "What use is there of any other than arming sleeves, which answer the proportion of the arm?" In Much Ado About Nothing, Act III. Sc. IV. a lady's gown is described with down-sleeves, and side-sleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with sleeves down the arms, and with another pair of sleeves, slit open before from the shoulder to the bottom or almost to the bottom, and by this means unsustained by the arms and hanging down by her sides to the ground or as low as her gown. If such sleeves were slit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinshed says: "that at a royal mummery, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered sleeves;" and I consider the bipartite or tripartite sleeves of figures 10 and 11, as only a small variation of that fashion. Mr.

Steevens thinks the winged sleeves of figures 10 and 11 are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Pilgrim:

" —— That fairy rogue that haunted me
" He has sleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from these perhaps the fluttering streamers of the present Morris dancers in Sussex may be derived. Markham's Art of Angling, 1635, orders the angler's apparel to be " without hanging sleeves, waving loose, like sails."

Figure 11 has upon his head a silver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop. In my opinion he personates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be represented upon my window. He has a post of honour, or, " a station in the valued file," * which here seems to be the middle row, and which according to my conjecture comprehends the queen, the king, the May-pole, and the nobleman. The golden crown upon the head of the master of the hobby-horse, denotes pre-eminence of rank over figure 11, not only by the greater value of the metal †, but by the superior number of points raised upon it. The shoes are blackish, the hose red, striped across or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his codpiece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow side-sleeves, and red arming sleeves, or down-sleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable. There is great variety in the dresses and attitudes of the Morris dancers on the window, but an ocular observation will give a more accurate idea of this and of other particulars than a verbal description.

Figure 12 is the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houses, to make sport for the family. He appears with all the badges of his office; the bauble in his hand, and a coxcomb hood with asses ears on his head. The top of the hood rises into the form of a cock's neck and head, with a bell at the latter; and Minsheu's Dictionary, 1627, under the word *cock's comb*, observes, that "natural idiots and fools have [accustomed] and still do accustome themselves to weare in their cappes cocke's feathers or a hat with a necke and a head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon," &c. His hood is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its scalloped bottom, his doublet is red, striped across or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow, his girdle yellow, his left side hose yellow, with a red shoe, and his right side hose blue, soled with red leather. Stowe's Chronicle, 1614, p. 899,

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* The right hand file is the first in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to Count Mansfield's Directions of War, 1624.

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets, the dukes and counts wore silvered ones. See Selden's Titles of Honour for the raised Points of Coronets.

mentions a pair of cloth-stockings soled with white leather called "cashambles," that is, "Chausses semelles de cuir," as Mr Anstis, on the Knighthood of the Bath, observes. The fool's bauble and the carved head with asses ears upon it are all yellow. There is in Olaus Magnus, 1555, p. 524, a delineation of a fool, or jester, with several bells upon his habit, with a bauble in his hand, and he has on his head a hood with asses ears, a feather, and the resemblance of the comb of a cock. Such jesters seem to have been formerly much caressed by the northern nations, especially in the court of Denmark; and perhaps our ancient *joculator regis* might mean such a person.

A gentleman of the highest class in historical literature, apprehends, that the representation upon my window is that of a Morris dance procession about a May-pole; and he inclines to think, yet with many doubts of its propriety in a modern painting, that the personages in it rank in the boustrophedon form. By this arrangement (says he) the piece seems to form a regular whole, and the train is begun and ended by a fool in the following manner: Figure 12 is the well known fool. Figure 11 is a Morisco, and Figure 10 a Spaniard, persons peculiarly pertinent to the Morris dance; and he remarks that the Spaniard obviously forms a sort of middle term betwixt the Moorish and the English characters, having the great fantastical sleeve of the one, and the laced stomacher of the other. Figure 9 is Tom the Piper. Figure 8, the May-pole. Then follow the English characters, representing, as he apprehends, the five great ranks of civil life. Figure 7 is the franklin, or private gentleman. Figure 6 is a plain churl or villane. He takes figure 5, the man within the hobby-horse, to be perhaps a Moorish king, and from many circumstances of superior grandeur plainly pointed out as the greatest personage of the piece, the monarch of the May, and the intended consort of our English Maid Marian. Figure 4 is a nobleman. Figure 3, the friar, the representative of all the clergy. Figure 2 is Maid Marian, queen of May. Figure 1, the lesser fool, closes the rear.

My description commences where this concludes, or I have reversed this gentleman's arrangement, by which in either way the train begins and ends with a fool; but I will not assert that such a disposition was designedly observed by the painter.

With regard to the antiquity of the painted glass there is no memorial or traditional account transmitted to us; nor is there any date in the room but this, 1621, which is over a door, and which indicates in my opinion the year of building the house. The book of Sports or Lawful Recreations upon Sunday after Evening-prayers, and upon Holy-days, published by King James in 1618, allowed May-games, Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles; and, as Ben Jonson's Masque of The Metamorphosed Gypsies, intimates, that Maid Marian, and the friar, together with the often forgotten hobby-horse, were sometimes con-

tinued in the Morris dance as late as the year 1621, I once thought that the glass might be stained about that time; but my present objections to this are the following ones. It seems from the prologue to the play of King Henry VIII. that Shakspeare's fools should be dressed "in a long motley coat guarded with yellow;" but the fool upon my window is not so habited; and he has upon his head a hood, which I apprehend might be the coverture of the fool's head before the days of Shakspeare, when it was a cap with a comb like a cock's, as both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson assert, and they seem justified in doing so from King Lear's fool giving Kent his cap, and calling it his coxcomb. I am uncertain, whether any judgment can be formed from the manner of spelling the inscrolled inscription upon the May-pole, upon which is displayed the old banner of England, and not the union flag of Great Britain, or St. George's red cross and St. Andrew's white cross joined together, which was ordered by King James in 1606, as Stowe's Chronicle certifies. Only one of the doublets has buttons, which I conceive were common in Queen Elizabeth's reign; nor have any of the figures ruffs, which fashion commenced in the latter days of Henry VIII. and from their want of beards also I am inclined to suppose they were delineated before the year 1535, when "King Henry VIII. commanded all about his court to poll their heads, and caused his own to be polled, and his beard to be notted, and no more shaven." Probably the glass was painted in his youthful days, when he delighted in May-games, unless it may be judged to be of much higher antiquity by almost two centuries.

Such are my conjectures upon a subject of so much obscurity; but it is high time to resign it to one more conversant with the history of our ancient dresses. TOLLET.

A full investigation of this curious subject may be found in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare. BOSWELL.

"I saw young Harry with his *beaver on*." p. 362. There are two other passages in Shakspeare's plays that relate to the *beaver*, which it will be best to insert here for the purpose of avoiding confusion, and to afford likewise the means of assembling together the various and discordant opinions of the commentators. They are, 1, in Henry IV. Part II. Act IV. Sc. I.—their beavers *down*; and, 2, in Hamlet, Act I. Sc. II.—he wore his beaver *up*.

In the first of these passages Dr. Warburton would read—with *his beaver up*; and he remarks that "the beaver is only the visiere of the helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen, but when upon action, it was let down, to cover and secure the face." All this is correct, except that the beaver is certainly not the visor.

Dr. Johnson says, "there is no need of all this note; for beaver may be a helmet." This too is very just; the beaver, a part only of the helmet strictly speaking, is frequently used to express a helmet generally. Thus, in the first scene of the third part of King Henry VI.: "I cleft his *beaver* with a downright blow." The latter part of the doctor's note was unnecessary, and its inference apparently wrong.

Mr. Malone remarks that "Dr. Warburton seems not to have observed, that Vernon only says, he saw *young Harry*, not that he saw his *face*." But surely, Dr. Warburton having contended for the reading *beaver up*, could not have misconceived Vernon's meaning as above.

Dr. Lort contents himself with distinguishing and explaining the beaver and visor. He is however wrong in stating that the beaver was *let down* to enable the wearer to drink.

Mr. Malone's second note relating to Hamlet, will be considered in the third passage.

In the second passage, Mr. Malone remarks that the *beaver* "is confounded both here and in Hamlet with visor, or used for *helmet* in general," but that "Shakspeare is not answerable for any confusion on this subject, as he used *beaver* in the same sense in which it was used by all his contemporaries." The latter part of this note applies very justly to the first passage—*beaver on*, where it is used generally for a *helmet*, but not to the present; *beavers down* being perfectly accurate. It is submitted that the former part of the note, which relates to a supposed confusion both here and in Hamlet between *beaver* and *visor*, is not quite accurate, as may hereafter appear.

In the third passage Mr. Malone says: "though *beaver* properly signified that part of the helmet which was *let down*, to enable the wearer to drink, Shakspeare always uses the word as denoting that part of the helmet which, when raised up, exposed the face of the wearer; and such was the popular signification of the word in his time. In Bullokar's English Expositor, 8vo. 1616, *beaver* is defined thus:—"In armour it signifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up* to take the breath more freely." On this passage Mr. Malone had also before remarked that Shakspeare confounded the *beaver* and *visor*; for in Hamlet Horatio says that he saw the old king's face, because he wore his *beaver up*; and yet the learned commentator inadvertently quotes Bullokar's definition, which is adverse to his own opinion. Another observation that suggests itself on Mr. Malone's note on Hamlet is, that Shakspeare does *not always* use *beaver* to denote that part of the *helmet* which, when raised up, exposed the face of the wearer; because we have just seen that he *sometimes*, as other writers do, applies it to the *whole* of the helmet.

And lastly, as to preceding notes; the present writer had, in defending Shakspeare's accuracy, expressed himself in most

faulty and inaccurate terms, when he said that "the beaver was as often made to lift up as to let down." A great deal of confusion has arisen from the want of due attention to these words.

There is a chance that the reader, unless he have paid more attention to what has already been stated than it perhaps deserves, may have got into a labyrinth; from which it shall be the endeavour of the rest of this note to extricate him.

In the first place,—no want of accuracy whatever is imputable to Shakspeare.

The *beaver* of a helmet is frequently used by writers, improperly enough, to express the helmet itself. It is in reality the lower part of it, adapted to the purpose of giving the wearer an opportunity of taking breath when oppressed with heat, or, without putting off the helmet, of taking his repast. As it was *raised up* for this purpose, it could of course be *let down* again; but it could not be *let down* on either of the before-mentioned occasions. The *visiere* or *visor* was another moveable part in the front of a helmet, and placed above the beaver in order to protect the upper part of the face; and being perforated with many holes, afforded the wearer an opportunity of *discerning* objects: and thence its name. It was made also to *lift up* when the party either wanted more air, or was desirous of seeing more distinctly. It was perhaps never down but in actual combat; whilst the beaver would be thrown up or *kept* down at the wearer's discretion, without much difference, except that in battle it would be closed, and at meals, or for additional coolness, thrown up. In short, the visor or beaver could only be *let down* after they had been already lifted up; and when a writer speaks of their being *down,* it is generally meant that the helmet is closed.

See Grose's Treatise on Ancient Armour, plates 10, 26, 30.

DOUCE.

Mr. Douce in his Illustrations has given us several representations of ancient helmets, to exemplify his remarks. BOSWELL.

For the following curious paper, relating to the frequent robberies on Gadshill in our author's time, I am indebted to my friend Mr. Ellis of the British Museum. BOSWELL.

Gadshill, on the Kentish road, the scene of the robbery of Falstaff in The First Part of Shakspeare's Henry the Fourth, has been but slightly noticed, and that by one only of the commentators on our great bard.

Mr. Steevens informs us, that as early as 1558, a ballad entitled The Robbery at Gadshill was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; and this place is again noticed as dangerous in the play of Westward Hoe, published in 1606.

Shakspeare, however, on whom the more noted facts and events of his time were never lost, probably alluded to the conduct of a particular gang, who appear in 1590, to have infested Gadshill and its neighbourhood with more than common daring-

ness; and who, like Shakspeare's robbers, were mounted and wore vizors.

The particulars respecting them are found in a Narrative preserved among the Lansdown Manuscripts in the British Museum, in the hand-writing of Sir Roger Manwood, at that time Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and indorsed with the date of 3d July, 1590.

" Circumstances vrginge me S^r^. Roger Manwood to proceade to the late indytinge of Curtall, Manweringe, and other Malefactors in Kent.

" When a Contrye is anoyed with frequent Robberyes, and the malefactors not discovered, I holde yt to bee a good parte of Justice to examyne and learne what persons in the contry doe havnt Innes, typling howses, and highe wayes, ryding gallantlye, lyvinge in Apparell and other expences far above their knowne lawfull meanes of lyvinge and abilitye; of which sorte Manweringe, Curtall, and Essex, weare knowne to bee iij.

" In October, at beginninge of last Mychaelmas Terme iij or iiij^or^ robberyes done at Gadeshill by certen ffoote theves, vppon hughe and crye, one of the Theves named Zachfeild flying and sqvatted in a bushe was brought to me, and vppon examynacōn fyndinge a purse and things about him suspiciouse, and his cause of being there and his flyinge and other circumstances very suspiciouse, I commytted him to the Jayle, and he ys of that robberye indyted.

" In the course of that Mychaelmas Terme, I being at London, many robberyes weare done in the hye wayes at Gadeshill on the west parte of Rochester, and at Chatham downe on the East parte of Rochester, by horse theves, with suche fatt and lustye horses as weare not lyke hackney horsses nor farr jorneyng horsses, and one of them sometyme wearing a vizarde greye bearde, (by reason that to the persons robbed the Theves did use to mynister an othe that there should bee no hue and crye made after, and also did gyve a watche woorde for the parties robbed, the better to escape other of their Theves companye devyded vppon the hyghe waye,) he was by common report in the Contry called Justice greye Bearde; and no man durst travell that waye without great companye.

" After thend of that Mychaelmas terme, iij or iiij gent^n^: from London, rydinge home towards Canterburye, at the West end of Gadeshill, we are overtaken by v. or vj horsemen all in Clokes vpp about their faces, and fellowe like all, and none lyke servants or waytinge on thother, and swiftly ridinge by them gat to the East end of Gadeshill, and there turned about all their horsses on the faces of the trewe men, wherby they became in feare; but by chanse one of the trewe men did knowe this Curtall to bee one of the v or vj. swift ryders, and after some speache betwene them of the

manyfold robberyes there done and that by company of this Curtall that gentleman hoped to have the more saffetye from robbing, this Curtall, with the other v or vj swifte ryders, rode awaye to Rochester before, and the trewe men coming afterwards neere Rochester they did mete this Curtall retorning on horsebacke, rydinge towards Gadeshill againe. And after they had passed Rochester, in Chatham streete, at a smyths fordge they did see the reste of the swyft ryders tarying about shoing of some of their horsses, and then the trewe men doubted to be sett vppon at Chathan downe, but their company being the greater they passed without troble to Sittingborne that nighte when they harde of robberyes daylye done at Chatham downe and Gadeshill, and that this Curtall with v or vj other as lustye Companyons and well horssed mvche havnted the Innes and typlinge howses at Raynham, Sittingborne, and Rochester, with liberall expences.

Afterwards at a howse wheare payment of monye was made, and by chance vppon the monye pooringe out (one Testerne) fell from the heape, and whiles the partie was busye in telling the heape, this Curtall being in companye, toke awaye that Testerne, and being in talke with one of his acquaintance, who sayde he marvelled to see Curtall in so good estate for apparell and horsse and other mayntenance, Curtall sayde that he spent c^{li} by yeare; thother asking him howe he came by somuche lyvinge Curtall answered that he dyd serve no man, but lyved of himselfe, but, nowe and then, when yt pleased him he had entertaynment at the howse of his good Captaine S^{r}. Edward Hobby, and in the course of that winter nere Chatham downe, within a myle or ij of S^{r}. Edward Hobbyes howse weare manye robberyes done, uppon one Gason, one Chapman, one Manser, and many others, but no discoverye of the malefactors.

Howbeyt one Shawe of Rochester nere Chatham downe, rydinge in the hye waye was sett vppon by ffoote theves who did fell him from his horsse, and by other trewe mens company cominge he escaped robbinge, which Shawe, vppon his cominge to Rochester beinge examyned by a Justice of Peace sayde that for the hurte to him done he would bee revenged vppon this Curtall, and one other Parker, S^{r}. Edward Hobbyes Cater, whom he did know to bee ij of them that sett vppon him.

Afterwards, at Lent Assizes, one Manwaringe, a notoriouse theife and a famylier of Curtall was araigned for a Fellonye, and notwithstandinge plaine evidence againste him, was acquitted by a badd Jury which weare by the Justices of Assize bound over to awnsweare for their misdemeanor, and Curtall was present at the same Assizes and thought he did vse meanes for helpinge of his ffreind Manwaringe. And notwithstandinge that Acquittall of Manwaringe, the same Manwaringe was for a burglarye done in Canterburye and other matter of felonye (besydes that whereof he was acquitted) repryed to the Jayle by the Justices of Assize

and Gaiole deliverye before my coming home from Circuit, S^r. Edward Hobbye came to Canterburye and there procured some one or ij other Justices of the Peace unlearned in the lawe to bayle Manwaringe, and so a notoriouse theife ys escaped from his deserved pvnishment, a manifeste contempt againste Justice for Justices of Peace to bayle a prysoner (repryed without bayle by Justices of Assize and gaole deliverye): and because a Justice of Peace who had travelled in thexamynacion of Manwarings offence, and, declaringe to S^r. Edward Hobbye the Repry of the Justices of Assize and Gaole deliverye, would not ioyne in bayle of Manwaringe, therefore with reproachfull speeches, the sayde S^r. Edward Hobbye grewe in offence withe the same Justice: whiche Manwaring and the sayd Curtall weare great famyllyars.

Afterwards the Customer of Sandwiche with his men rydinge in the hye waye betwene Chatham downe and Syttingborne this Curtall came by one horsebacke swyftelye vuinge and crying aloude zaghe, zaghe, after a Frenche manner, in suche wyse as the Customer and his man became in some dismaye, and then one other horseman, a ffamyliar of Curtalls and knowne to the Customer, told the Customer he shoulde not neade to feare; The Customer asked who that man was that so ranne by a horsebacke cryinge zagh, zagh, and he told him it was Curtall, who was commonly called Justice Grey Bearde, but sayde that the Customer should have no hurte, and so the Customer passed to Syttingborne.

After all these aforesayde circumstances declared to me, I finding the Robberyes to be suche and so manye as the contrye was grevyd and greatly annoyed, and against the malefactors suspected no Justice of peace durst proceade, and finding that Manwaring, a notoriouse theife was contemptuosely sett at libertye by Sir Edward Hobbye, and being at libertye was like to doe muche mischeife, and that this Curtall and Manwaring kepte themselves aboute S^r. Edward Hobbyes howse in the Isle of Sheppey, where no Constable or any like officer from the partes about Canterburye durste there entermedle, and finding that the over nomber of typling howses did muche harbor and encrease malefactors, for some reformacion of those ij myscheiffes thought good withe advise of some other of the Justices of peace learned in the lawe to hold a speciall Sessions for inquirye and reformacion of those ij matters; At which Sessions vppon dewe sommons weare eight or ix Justices of peace; and I geving a brief chardge gave one note for reformacion of those inordynate robberyes that persons by common fame suspected to lyve havnting Innes and ryding in the hye wayes from place to place with apparell and expences farr exceadinge their knowne lyvings and abilyties weare moste lyke to bee the malefactors, of which sorte I declared what circumstances to me had bene confessed touching Curtall, and Manwaringe, and shewed a purse with a horne whistle for a call

amonge theves dispersed in a woode, by myselfe taken vppon one Zachfeild after a robbery at Gadeshill att begininge of mychaelmas terme And I did give an other noate for suppressinge of vnnessessarye typling howses with the names of them also, wheruppon the Jurye more of their owne knowledge, lying in the Contry^e^, all the wynter, than of my knowledge lying in London, did endyte Curtall and Manwaringe, and presented dyverse of the typling howses, and no man of myne was any of the Jurye, after which specyall Sessions an other robberye of one Hall in the Queenes highe waye was done at Elham fayre by iiij.^or^ or v. horsemen theves, and by myne Examynacion and searche I found John Essex, a lyke myspender of his thrifte and lyving as Curtall ys, to bee one of that companye, And theruppon I rode to Maydstone Quarter Sessions, and there, upon my Chardge and Notes shewed the sayde Essex was also indited, and so by meanes the said iiij^or^. malefactors be indyted, viz. Zachfield, Manwaring, Curtall, and Essex, iij. of them beinge yet at lardge and cannot be apprehended: howbeyt this my begininge of proceadinge against them hathe shattered the Nestes and Companyes, so that Robberyes hathe not vsually bene done since as weare before to the good quiett and comforte of the Contrye which was the cause I did only seeke without malice to any person as God shall be my judge. And for the mystakinge of the daye and tyme of the robberye layde in thendytment or super hominem Ignotum, that ys in lawe not materyall, so as uppon evidence at th'araignment the facte may be proved to be done uppon any man at another daye, and to aggravate any evydence at th'arraignment at Thassizes I will not yf Manwaring and Curtall his famyliar will appeare at the Assizes, and if Curtall will declare truly the names of those iiij^or^. or v. of his swifte rydinge companyons who did overtake Mr. Fyneux, Mr. Smythe, Mr. Pryse, and Mr. Hadds, at Gaddeshill after thend of laste Mychaelmas terme, wherbye the havntinge robberyes in the hye waye ceasse, and not be frequent as they have bene. HENRY ELLIS."

END OF VOL. XVI.

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